Collier's

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

APRIL 11, 1942

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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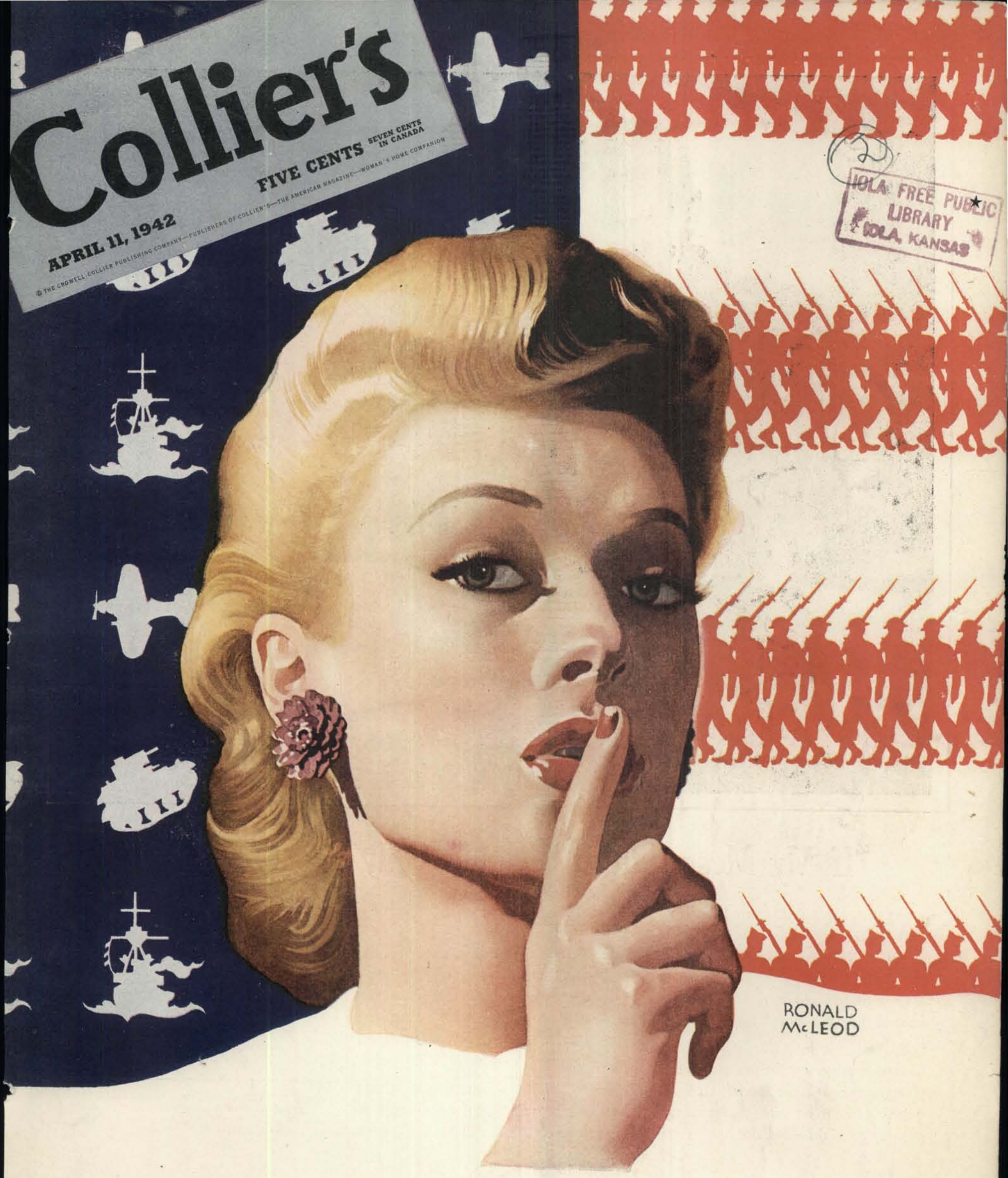

RONALD McLEOD

Panama Jungleers By Walt

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"If My Mess Sergeant Could Only See Me Now!"

"WHEN MESS CALL sounds in Uncle Sam's Army we know we're going to get the best 'eats' a soldier ever had. But after all, nothing can really take the place of mom's cooking...and the pickin's foraged 'between times' from her G-E!"

Folks at home may take their General Electric Refrigerator for granted, but not your young man in the Service! He knows what it's like to be *without* one for raiding day or night—and does he miss it!

Today the importance of a dependable, economical refrigerator is recognized more than ever! Five of the six essential foods required daily for proper diet need constant refrigeration to retain their valuable vitamins! So if you have a refrigerator that maintains temperatures below 40 degrees, keep it in good working order.

There will not be many new refrigerators available this year, but if you buy a G-E you can be certain it will be of the same high quality that has made the General Electric "tops in preference, tops in performance." Actually, the new 1942 G-E Refrigerator provides *even lower temperatures and better food preservation with even less current than the 1941 model*—and, of course, the General Electric 5-year Protection Plan applies as always.

JUST OFF THE PRESS—Timely new 24-page booklet "How To Get The Most Out Of The Food You Buy." Write General Electric Co., Dept. XG-294, Bridgeport, Conn. Enclose 3c stamp to cover postage and cost of mailing.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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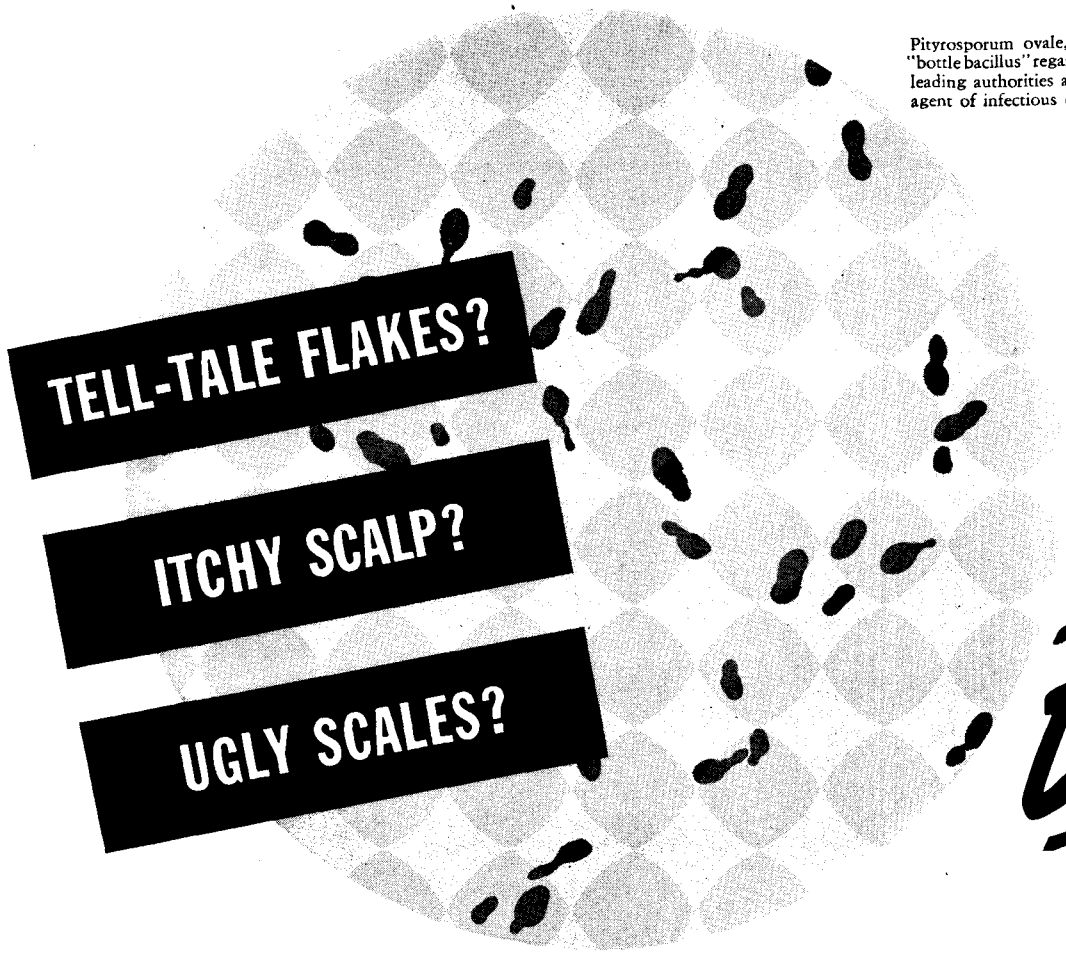

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

TELL-TALE FLAKES?

ITCHY SCALP?

UGLY SCALES?

LOOK OUT FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

Start NOW with LISTERINE!

Take these signs seriously. They may be a warning of the infectious type of dandruff, so common and frequently so stubborn! Don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the condition. And don't rely on one application of some makeshift, "over-night" remedy to treat a stubborn infection.

Medical—Not Magical Treatment

Your common sense tells you that it's wise to treat an infection with an antiseptic which attacks large numbers of the germs accompanying the infection.

So, be wise . . . start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's a simple, delightfully easy, *medical* treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine gives hair and scalp an antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, *including Pityrosporum ovale*, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Those distressing, loosened dandruff flakes begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

We've received countless letters from men and women all over America, praising Listerine to the skies for bringing them relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms!

Not only that . . . there's even greater evidence, from scientific quarters. In a series of severe clinical tests, fully 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within a month!

If you have the slightest sign of infectious dandruff, don't wait . . . get after it *now* with Listerine Antiseptic, the tested treatment. The large economy-size bottle will save you money.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

The LISTERINE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

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Is There Something
MISSING
?
FROM YOUR CAR
The hours you spend in your car *without* a Motorola Radio are NEWS BLACKOUTS. You miss the news, the warnings, the bulletins and entertainments, etc. Radio in your car is not a luxury. In today's world it's a positive *necessity!*
EVERY CAR CAN HAVE
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
Now is the time to have your Motorola installed. Your dealer will demonstrate that . . . .
There is a Motorola to
FIT and MATCH
Your Car—Old or New
You get more stations . . . richer and clearer with exclusive VITA•TONE reception. Don't miss another program or a newscast . . .
See a Motorola Dealer Today!
Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR CAR AND HOME

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Far East
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
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GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

Collier's

PRICE GOES UP
MAY 9th

Collier's is more determined now than ever before to maintain its high editorial standards. This policy, we are sure, will be endorsed by our readers. In view of higher costs, we are obliged to increase the price to TEN CENTS a copy, effective with the issue of May 9th.

Also on May 9th, subscriptions will be advanced. In the United States and Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador and all countries in the Pan-American Union:

Present Price $2.00 a Year
After May 9th $3.00 a Year
(Foreign Countries, $3.50 per year extra)

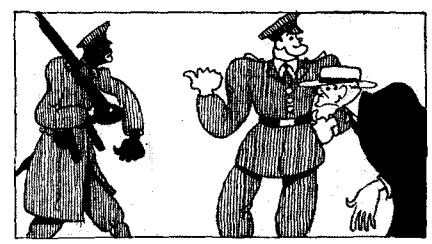
No subscriptions will be accepted at present price after May 9, 1942.

WRITING this on a South America-bound plane has certain social aspects. We've done this before. In fact this column has been written on planes, battleships, destroyers, trains, motorcars and various other unconventional places including a fishing expedition during which we were almost fatally seasick. And all this may account for certain efforts which fell somewhat short of brilliance. However, we are doing our best and have ample assistance. Five people—three gentlemen and a lady with an infant in her lap—are intensely interested in what we are doing. Crowded together like this, four of our five closely packed fellow travelers are even more absorbed in your letters. At first they read them along with us rather politely, doing it out of the corners of their eyes, at the same time trying to look unconcerned. But they soon dropped their little pretense and frankly pitched in reading what you've written to this magazine and agreeing with you or disagreeing with considerable vigor. After five or six letters, the baby fell asleep, leaving us to carry on as well as we can.

SO MR. JULIUS B. McWHITT of Louisville, Kentucky, will be glad to know that his letter touched off a discussion which presently spread all the way up and down the aisle. At one point the debate became a trifle bitter and a gentleman named Bintress or some such said that he was going to write to Westbrook Pegler. This latter, incidentally, is now done by many irate citizens who used to be content to write to their editors or to their congressman. Mr. Bintress made it clear to us that he knew all the better columnists—so well that they all looked to him to supply them with important ideas and devastating facts. We asked him why he had ignored us. We're a little stupid that way. Anyway he took our name and address and promised to put us on his list—on probation anyway.

WHAT started us on Mr. Bintress anyway? Ah, yes. Having retrieved our copy from the lady with the baby we find that it was Mr. McWhitt's letter. Mr. McWhitt writes about pensions, saying in part that if the President, members of Congress and other ladies and gentlemen who work for the government rate government pensions, so does he. "Nobody," says Mr. McWhitt, "can say that I'm not working for the government and if you want any proof look at my income tax. The way I have it figured, I work two days a week for the McWhitts and four for the government." Of course Mr. McWhitt is not alone in this. Lots of us are doing it, including Mr. Bintress, who adds that it's because of the increased income tax that he is compelled, this winter, to limit his Florida vacation to one month. However, he is bearing it with a smile.

WHILE we are looking around for the rest of our mail (*OUR* mail, my eye!) we may as well tell you that we paused in Savannah, Georgia. The airport was well stocked with Army and Navy bombers, fighters and observation planes. Also it was well patrolled by soldiers whose orders must have been sharply to the point. You could walk from your plane to the airport waiting room and you could walk back. But the moment you did more than that



you had a couple of sentries riding herd on you. Some of the soldiers were white and some Negro—we'd say 50-50. We talked to a sergeant. He carried no arms—not even a pistol or a bayonet. But ten feet away was a very tall, very thin black soldier with everything—pistol, bayonet, Garand rifle and about a ton of ammunition. "All I'm supposed to do," said the

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APRIL 11, 1942

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COVER RONALD McLEOD

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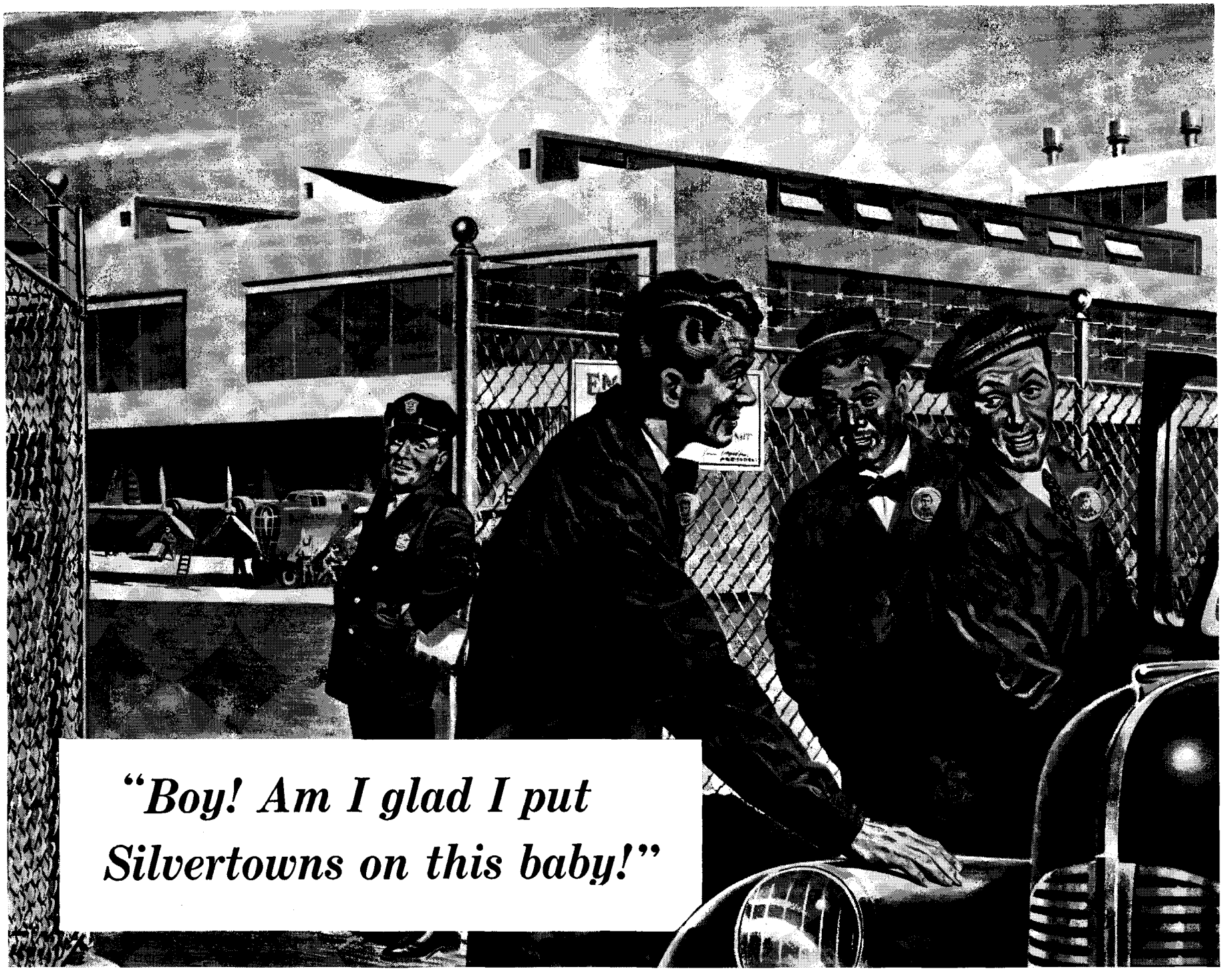

"Boy! Am I glad I put Silvertowns on this baby!"

"AND YOU FELLOWS ought to be glad, too," Tex continued. "It means we won't have to hike home 15 miles from our shift for a year or two anyway."

"Do you figure they'll last for the duration?" asked Jim.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Tex answered. "*Duration* is one thing Silvertowns are famous for!"

Few things are more important to America today than the automobile. Thousands of cars that were used for pleasure driving a few weeks ago are carrying workers to their jobs today. They are truly defense weapons.

What does this mean to you? Just this: as the nation's need for tires and rubber grows, it becomes more and more necessary that you help America save its rubber. Your tires are part of our country's rubber reserve. If you use them wastefully, you throw away a bit of the rubber our country needs so much.

You know better than anyone else when to use your car, and when not to. You know the simple rules of care that will make your tires last long. Don't be a rubber-waster.

Even Silvertowns won't last forever. It's true that they're made with Duramin, the famous B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young. It's true that you can expect extra miles from Silvertowns. But you'll get *even more* if you drive with reasonable care.

Everyone wants to help America today. Saving rubber is one way. And while you may think your part is small, the total amounts to more than a hundred million tires. Keep 'em rolling!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store is tire information headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.

How to make your tires last longer!

1. Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times.
2. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel every 5000 miles to insure uniform wear on all tires, including spare.
3. Don't take corners at high speed; that wears tires faster than anything else.
4. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country

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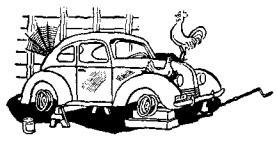
1892 The FLORSHEIM Shoe 1942

Fiftieth Year



TIRE-LESS CARS

CALL FOR TIRELESS FEET... WEAR

FLORSHEIM WALKING SHOES

The new era of "pavement-pounding" makes *comfort* the first requisite of any shoes you buy... and that's where Florsheim Walking Shoes *shine!* Built of soft, supple leathers...on lasts that provide extra toe-room and instant flexibility... they make walking the pleasant, healthful exercise it should be. And Florsheim Quality gives you *extra miles* of wear! *Left,* THE CHIEF; *right,* THE ECLIPSE.

Most Summer Styles $10 *and* $10.50

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Leibovitz sisters of Philadelphia, identical twins and both artists, sometimes produce "joint pictures." Freda, the right-handed twin, paints one side of the canvas while Ida, who is left-handed, does the other side. When the painting is finished, it appears, even to experts, to be the work of a single artist.

A man has been taught to dilate the pupils of his eyes at will. The first step was the association of a decrease in light with the ringing of a bell, followed by the association of the bell with a verbal command of the teacher. Then the subject gave the verbal command to himself, which he was eventually able to replace with a mental command. *—By J. F. Hamaker, Jr., Washington, D. C.*

In Japan, most religious worship consists only of visiting a temple for a few minutes to say a prayer, either alone or with a small group. When entering their sacred edifices, Shintoists clap their hands and Buddhists ring a bell in order to arouse the enshrined deity and get his attention.*—By Peggy Rust, Leesburg, Virginia.*

When Elihu Yale gave $2,500 to the Collegiate School, its name was changed to Yale University and, when John Harvard bequeathed $3,500 and a small library to Cambridge College, its name was changed to Harvard University. Today gifts to educational institutions often amount to millions of dollars and receive little or no publicity.*—By B. C. Cartmell, Houston, Texas.*

During a trip between San Francisco and Honolulu in 1928, the 33,000-ton U. S. Airplane Carrier Lexington traveled 768 statute miles in one day, the longest distance ever made by any kind of vessel in twenty-four hours.*—By Martin Goldwasser, Woodside, Long Island, New York.*

Judith Skinner, a 26-inch midget who died in London in 1763, made a unique maternal record. During the twenty-three years she was married to Robert, her 25-inch husband, this woman, weighing less than thirty pounds, gave birth to fourteen normal-sized, robust children, all of whom grew to adulthood. Furthermore, she is believed to be the only mother in history who survived fourteen Caesarian operations.

The oldest business house in the United States, and one that is still in the hands of the founding family, is the Perot Malting Company in Philadelphia, established in 1687 or 255 years ago.*—By Michael Norton, Homewood, Pennsylvania.*

An odd disaster was the explosion of a two-million-gallon tank of molasses in Boston on January 15, 1919. Flying fragments of the tank crushed or damaged several buildings and injured more than sixty persons, while the deluge of thick syrup entrapped and suffocated eleven others before help could reach them.*—By Elmer A. Maker, Swansea, Massachusetts.*

The 300,000 people on the island of Malta receive their radio entertainment through a "rediffusion" system. One central radio station tunes in the best European program every hour and transmits it by telephone wire to each receiving set, which rents for $3.75 a year.

Flashes of lightning from a cloud to the earth have been less than three thousand feet in length, while flashes from one cloud to another have been more than twenty miles in length.*—By Ruth Albaugh, Cleveland, Ohio.*

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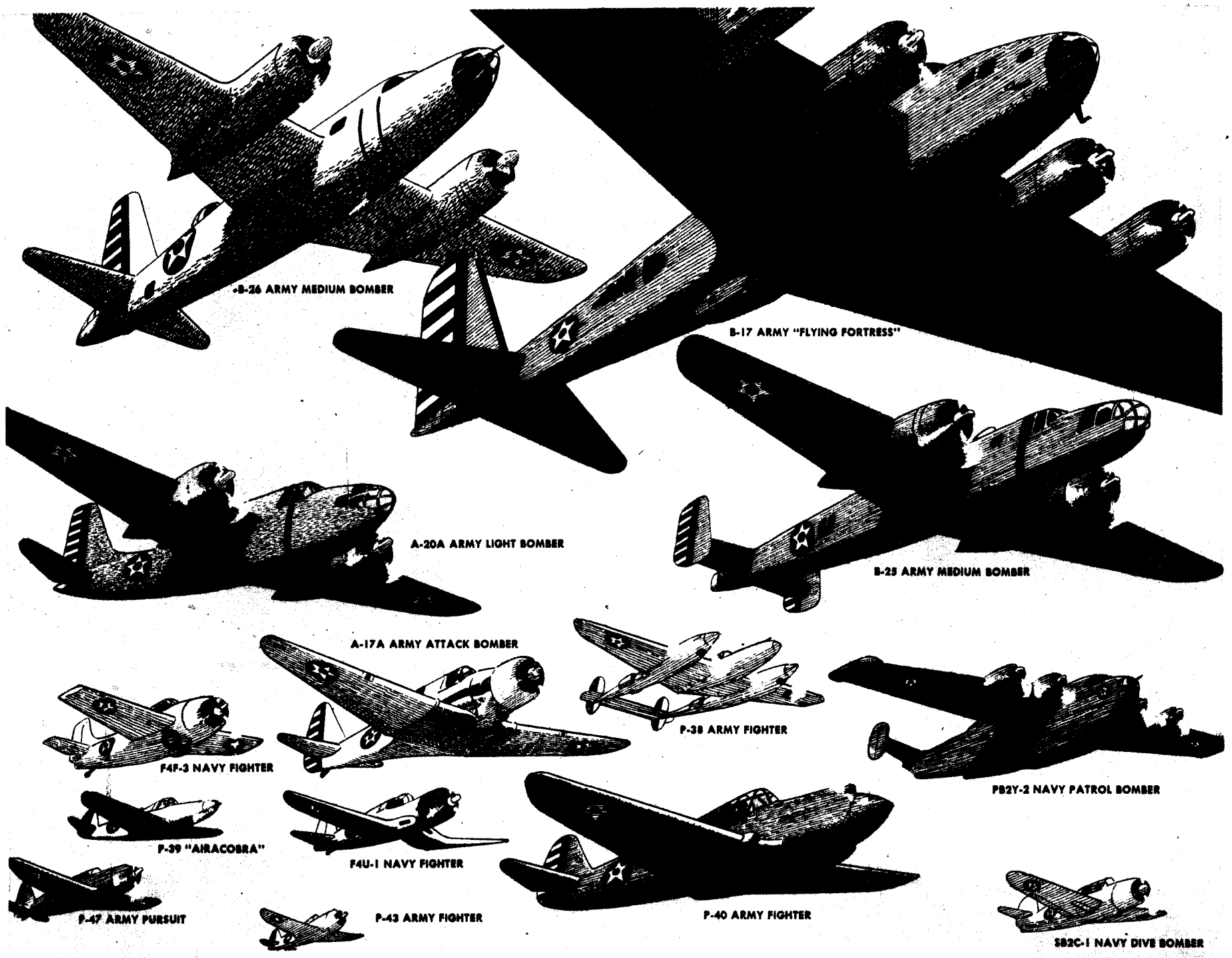

IN ONE WAY ALL THESE AMERICAN WAR PLANES ARE ALIKE

★ All American fighting planes have one important feature in common: their engines are designed for high-octane gasoline. That's the basic reason why they have more power than similar enemy planes. And because they have more power, they will—plane for plane—outfly and outfight our enemies'.

We alone have *all three* things needed to produce high-octane gasoline—and plenty of it: *one*—vast resources of high quality crude oil; *two*—superior refining processes, developed by America's petroleum industry; *three*—adequate production of anti-knock fluid to improve octane ratings of military gasolines.

The makers of Ethyl brand of anti-knock fluid have geared their plants, laboratories and technical staffs to meet the oil industry's war needs. Until victory is won, our Army, Navy and Allies have first call on Ethyl fluid to make fighting fuels for planes, tanks, armored cars and other mechanized equipment.

AMERICA'S VAST RESOURCES OF HIGH QUALITY CRUDE OIL *plus* SUPERIOR REFINING PROCESSES DEVELOPED BY OUR PETROLEUM INDUSTRY *plus* ADEQUATE PRODUCTION OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID (*containing tetraethyl lead*) = SUPERIOR FIGHTING FUELS

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID

REG. TRADE MARK

MADE BY ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

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Economy...yet meats so good

THEY DESERVE TO BE CALLED

Swift's Premium

Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, Piedmont potato croquettes with cream sauce, 7-minute cabbage with peas, spiced orange wedges.

"Guard nutrition as well as your budget!"

Says **MARTHA LOGAN**, *Famous Home Economist*

"Increasing demands upon our time and money need not interfere with serving wholesome, appetizing meals. Indeed, they *must* not. For good nutrition is an important weapon in our war effort. Busy homemakers will find the answer to part of this problem by serving Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts frequently. These delicious frankfurts have the appetizing flavor and the extra quality of all Swift's Premium meats. Quick as well as nutritious, they're ready to serve after simply simmering 5 to 8 minutes."

ONLY TENDER, JUICY CUTS of beef, pork and veal go into the making of Swift's Premium Frankfurts. Extra good because the meat itself is extra good.

SKINS "TENDERED" in pineapple juice. An exclusive Swift process (Patent pending). No pineapple flavor remains, but the skin cuts at the touch of a fork!

REAL HARDWOOD SMOKE flavors every juicy, tender link and gives the meat a savory, aromatic goodness. One whiff arouses the sleepiest appetite!

IN 2 SIZES — *Swift's Premium label on every 4th link*

STANDARD SIZE — NEW DINNER SIZE

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" Table-Ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Lunch Meat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Leona . . . Liver Cheese . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of quality!

WING TALK

Champion of pilots' rights is David L. Behncke, former pilot and president of the Air Line Pilots Association since its founding

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is an ancient and honorable organization of stern, gray-haired, experienced pilots of the iron horse and known to just about everybody. So it's time to report on its counterpart of the skies, the Air Line Pilots Association (A. F. of L.) which after a very trying decade of organization and development is now firmly established as an integral part of our scheduled air transport system.

Inadequate appreciation, by a brand of management no longer identified with present-day airlines, of the vital role played by the pilot was the basis for the formation of an association or "union" of pilots in 1931. In this little group was David L. Behncke, former Army pilot and then an active scheduled airline captain. He was elected ALPA's first president and has been re-elected for two-year terms ever since.

Dave was contemplating resigning his airline job early in 1934 to devote his entire time to ALPA when a freak accident stepped in and hastened his decision. He was out on his regular run on a winter night when his carburetors iced up and both engines expired. He pancaked the airliner into some trees and brought it safely to rest with tail down and nose high.

Passengers, copilot and hostess left by the regular door, but Dave stepped out through the emergency cockpit exit onto the wing. It was glazed with ice; he slipped and fell to the ground, breaking a leg in three places. Dave was hospitalized and crutch-bound for nearly a year, and in the days of his convalescence he made a dramatic figure hobbling up to testify at Congressional hearings on remedial legislation for airline pilots.

To Dave Behncke, the airline pilot is an ideal. He sees red and utters volumes of bitter words against any and all who don't treat his boys right. Particularly violent does he become at what he calls the "blame-it-on-the-dead-pilot" line of reasoning.

He cites an airline accident last October in which all on board except the pilot were lost. With the help of a brother pilot and a wide-awake and cooperative management, Mr. Behncke declares, the sole survivor was able to point to the real cause of the accident. And he adds: "Who is there to deny that it wouldn't have been blamed on the dead pilot?"

In the Association's publication, The Air Line Pilot, of which he is also editor, Dave keeps alive the memory of his boys under a heading "In Constant Memoriam." This list, surrounded by a black border, now numbers 150 active members of ALPA killed in flying accidents. In addition, there were nine who died of natural causes. Twenty-three inactive members were lost in aircraft accidents, two were on the waiting list for membership and four were unemployed. The list concludes with two honorary members, Dr. Ralph Greene, noted authority on aviation medicine; and Will Rogers.

DEEP in the heart of Texas is a branch factory of North American Aviation which publishes a house organ devoted to the life and times of its thousands of employees. A feature of the publication is a classified ad section entitled "Lost Something? Want a Ride? Want to Sell Something?" Under the latter subhead there is a brisk traffic in pistols, holsters, rifles and shotguns. This just had to be cleared up so we went to a North American Aviation official who did it without hesitation:

"You see," he said, "ninety per cent of our aircraft workers are Texans. And you know how they love to shoot. Nothing to do with defending the plant against invasion. Just a nice bunch of rootin', tootin', shootin' Texans who are equally good with aircraft rivet guns."

WHEN the efficiency of every war worker of any kind should be running at full throttle, there are always a few to be found in every plant who look upon the day's work as a pastime. They loaf, stall, have fun or just wander through their jobs with their minds beyond the walls of the plants. It is of no consequence who was the first to adopt the method of ridicule for such borderline slackers, but the aircraft industry is doing it and with much success.

The Boeing News, a highly attractive

(Continued on page 61)

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B[illegible]X ECLIPSE PIONEER SCINTILLA STROMBERG FRIEZ ZENITH

He can't fly a rousing cheer!

Our millions of young men in uniform, though ever so gallant, can't bomb a foe with even the most inspiring oratory. They need the tools to fight with, and producing those tools is Industrial America's Number One Job. Vital participants in our nation's vast air program, as well as in truck, tank, ordnance and ship equipment, more than *forty thousand* Bendix employees, aided by the output of hundreds of sub-contracting plants, are producing . . . for Victory.

★ *Bendix* ★

AVIATION CORPORATION

Serving the cause of Victory in twenty great plants spread across the continent from the Atlantic Seaboard to California.

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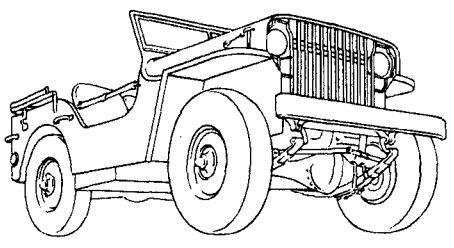
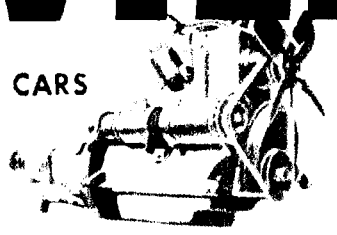
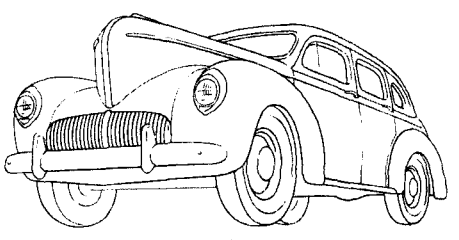


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS





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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 11, 1942

"What I say is," remarked one who had a voice like a macaw, "and I says it firm, is this: Who done it?" The speaker was a small bald man with a choleric red face

Four-and-Twenty Cobblers

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk encounters a mystery, suspects a crime, and discovers the tragic secret of a woman's heart

THOSE mysterious circumstances which attended the death of Major de Maura might never have been explained, nor the true story of why the White Hart on Lychgate Heath became so uncomfortably crowded one night in September never have been told, if two men who had nothing to do with the matter had not chanced to meet there.

On the night in question, a man who wore a rough tweed suit and carried an ash stick, made his way into the bar. He was deeply tanned and his rather sleepy eyes looked almost startlingly blue in their dark setting. Immediately inside the door he paused for a moment surprised by a fog of tobacco smoke and boom of conversation created by an unusual number of customers who crowded the place.

Joe Porter, the landlord, beckoned to him and, "Would you care to step into the Sergeants' Mess, sir?" he suggested. "It's getting pretty fuggy in the bar."

The Sergeants' Mess was a tiny coffee room in which might be seen a print of "Ye White Harte, Lychgate Heath, 1743." This sanctum gained and two pints being served:

"What has happened?" the customer asked. "Have you got a Lodge of the Ancient Order of Foresters or what?"

"Not at all, sir. It's clean beyond me. That crowd out there are shoemakers."

"Shoemakers?"

"Yes. There's over twenty of 'em."

"But why have they all decided to come here tonight?"

JOE PORTER took up a copy of the County Mirror and indicated a paragraph. This was the paragraph:

TO COBBLERS AND WORKING SHOEMAKERS

A cobbling match for the Champion's Cup and a purse of One Hundred Pounds. Entries between 9 and 9:30 P.M. on Thursday, September the eighteenth, at the White Hart, Lychgate Heath.

"That's the explanation," said Joe Porter. "It's filled my house with cobblers from miles around. Even old Jerry Stickle is here tonight. Won't go out after dark for nobody as a rule. Not," he added, "as anybody's going to work overtime to persuade him."

"H'm," murmured the visitor. "Queer business. Practical joke?"

"I suppose so. Anyway, nobody's come forward to explain it."

Voices from the bar grew louder at this moment, and Joe Porter raised the hatch so that the man in tweeds, looking through, could both see and hear the disputants.

"What I says is," remarked one who had a voice like a macaw, "and I says it firm, is this: Who done it?"

The speaker was a small, bald man with a choleric red face. He wore spectacles with uncommonly thick rims, was attired in riding breeches, green stockings, and a rough sort of tunic, while his shoes had been built for alpine occasions. On his back he carried a steel helmet and a gas mask.

"There's twenty-four of us here," he announced, "includin' six from Uphill. I have been a-countin' of 'em."

A heated dispute thereupon arising, Joe Porter excused himself and went to restore order. As he retired by way of one door, a customer entered by the

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other. He was a big blond man with that in his bearing which suggested the soldier.

"B.B., by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were on Africa's burning shore!"

"So I was ten days ago." B.B. sprang up, a light of welcome in his eyes. "But I have established an unfortunate reputation as a Bow Street runner or something. So, now, I'm back in England. Delighted to see you, Colonel."

Colonel Dawney, commandant of a military hospital in the neighborhood, smiled into the blue eyes of Bimbâshi Barûk. Although still young, Mohammed Ibraham Brian Barûk of the Camel Corps had—entirely contrary to his wishes—become an almost legendary figure among those who served in Africa.

"You haven't looked me up," said Dawney, as Joe Porter's face appeared behind the hatch. "I sometimes drop in here, because it's the only pub I know where one can get a decent glass of beer."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Joe. "Two pints?"

"I didn't know you were here," the bimbâshi replied. "I am billeted on some worthy people out Kinton way, where I share a small bedroom with a large bust of W. E. Gladstone which frightens me."

"You look fit," commented the medical officer, running an appraising glance over Barûk's spare, athletic figure. "Quite recovered from that nasty one you stopped in Libya?"

"Quite. In fact, I think it did me good to let some daylight into my dark interior."

"Well—what about dining with me tomorrow night?"

And so this was arranged, as Joe Porter's parade-ground tones reached them: "Final orders, please!" But when at closing time, four-and-twenty cobblers reluctantly faced the blackness of Lychgate Heath, they did not disperse until Sam Jollet, the constable, had pointed out that they were creating a public disturbance.

FOLLOWING quite a sound dinner, Colonel Dawney and Bimbâshi Barûk were lingering over the excellent port (the colonel was a connoisseur) when an urgent phone message called the colonel away to one of the wards. The bimbâshi emptied his glass (he didn't care for port, even when it was super) and filled his pipe. He was lounging in an armchair island surrounded by a sea of tobacco smoke when Dawney returned.

"Sorry to leave you, B.B. It was that chap I mentioned—Major de Maura. Came in at eight, and now it's"—he glanced at his watch—"nine forty-one."

"Well?"

"Finished. He's gone."

"Sorry. Very sudden surely?"

"Yes." Colonel Dawney helped himself to a stiff brandy and soda: he was clearly upset, because he failed to note that his guest was not drinking. "Heart, I think, at the end. Phew! I'm bothered."

"Let me see, Dawney: This was the man who was working as a linguist for the War Office people on the Hill. Born in the Argentine, you said, and had served in Morocco and elsewhere?"

"That's the fellow. Unique at languages, they say. He was billeted at the house of a Mrs. Saunders near Hayland Common. She called the police when he was seized with this attack. The M.O. on duty diagnosed tetanus, but it was difficult to see how it had occurred. They found a small scar, certainly, on the side of his calf—probably caused by brambles—healed and unlikely to have led to such violent infection. There was also, I should add, a tiny pinprick, quite recent, on his right forefinger. A thorn again might have done it.

"From what little I have learned—believe I told you—I gather that de Maura was by way of being a Don Juan. Normally, I should say he was a good-looker of his type. Lorkin, the medical officer who went to collect him, didn't like his heart. He picked up some story from Mrs. Saunders about a woman who used to visit him secretly. However, that's neither here nor there. It appears that a phone message came through for him—female voice, foreign accent—just before they called me."

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"It was taken by the orderly on duty and sent up to the ward. You see, the patient's mind was clear, at intervals, although his tongue was paralyzed. They decided to read the message out to him. Here it is, as the orderly wrote it down—" and he passed the chit across.

Bimbâshi Barûk read the following words aloud:

"Please tell Major Rafael de Maura that Gabriel Varez is with him in spirit!"

"Did he seem to understand?"

THE colonel nodded: it was an eloquent nod.

"He forced himself upright in bed—and he spoke, for the first and the last time—"

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'My shoes—' "

"My shoes?"

"Just that. Then came the final seizure—and his heart conked out."

Dawney suddenly observed that Bimbâshi Barûk was not drinking. He became conscience-stricken.

There was an interval of silence. Bimbâshi Barûk watched a daddy-long-legs bent upon committing hara-kiri in

(Continued on page 62)

I ran after Hannibal. What is more, I caught him—stealing out of the back porch with the shoes that Gabriel had worn

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Faithfully, JUDITH

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The story behind a letter which wrote an end to a love affair

JUDITH MURRAY stepped from the train into a great wind beating off the prairie.

Wind struck harder as soon as the train pulled away, driving her back to the wall of the small station house, pressing her clothes on her body until she felt indecently exposed. This town, Virgil, was a single street of frame buildings against which the wind rushed, crying through every thin projection, straining at walls, slamming and slatting among movable things, rushing on with a soft roar of its own. A buckboard and two horses ran forward on the street, ripping up the gray-yellow dust. The driver yelled "Heyii!" and turned and halted the buckboard hard by the station's platform. He dropped to the ground and gave her half a glance; then his hands went automatically toward the tobacco pocket of his shirt. "You're Judith Murray, the new schoolteacher for Ingrid?"

"Yes," she said. "My trunk's down there on the express cart."

He was a spare young man with black hair and gray eyes and he kept his eyes on the cigarette forming in his fingers. He wore a pair of gray trousers, sharp-heeled boots, a thin cotton shirt that was no protection at all from the wind's sharp bite, and a wide-brimmed hat. He lighted the cigarette, which was a deft trick in this wind, said, "I'm Charley Graves," and gave her a hand up to the rig's seat. He went on for the trunk and brought it back to dump it in the buckboard's bed, thereafter taking his place beside her. He looked upon the horizon as he spoke: "Three-hour ride ahead of us. You warm enough?"

"Yes."

He wheeled the buckboard into the main street and stopped before a store and went in, presently reappearing with a sack of mail and a blanket. He tossed the mail sack at his feet; the blanket he spread over Judith Murray's lap. "You might get cold. Air's thin out here. Heyii!" The next moment she was flung against him as the team lunged into a full run. Charley Graves seemed drunk with the wind. He hallooed at a friend on the boardwalk; he rushed by a lumber wagon, hub almost touching hub; the buckboard bounced through the ruts at the end of the street and left Virgil behind a violent pall of dust. "May be rough," he explained. "Long ride—can't go slow."

Before them and to either side of them the prairie's horizons were a-mist with ragged, fast-driven clouds of dust and that dust hurt her face with its gritty stinging; she felt it in her throat, in her clothes and in her hair. Tumbleweed rolled in great, growing balls and the sun was a dull round spot in the

(Continued on page 36)

Graves fell into step beside her, leading his horse. "Everything all right? Having any trouble at school?"

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The Perils of Judy

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

In Angel Street, Judith Evelyn is the tortured wife of a murderer who tries to drive her mad, and the play owes much of its success to her acting

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Disaster dogged Judith Evelyn persistently. That's the only reason the leading lady of Angel Street was surprised when she turned out to be the sensation of a Broadway hit

THIRTY-ONE curtain calls and a theater full of people shouting "Bravo!" "Aren't you thrilled?" someone asked Judith Evelyn, the hit of the evening.

"Surely!" said Judith. "I'll *eat!*"

Not that eating was a completely new experience for her but it did have certain elements of novelty. It is to be feared that as she bowed to those cheering customers she saw only a long line of sirloin steaks, medium rare.

Until that moment she hadn't dared hope beyond her rehearsal diet of canned sardines and plenty of good cold water. Angel Street, the play of which she was leading lady, had looked like something a great deal less than the four-star all-out hit of the season it became. In fact, only the last-minute madness of one of the actors—who had suddenly and astonishingly come through with the thousand dollars necessary to get the curtain up—had got them an opening night at all.

Wags around Broadway had come to refer to it as Poverty Row instead of Angel Street. When the critics arrived, the cast was unhappy to note that they had all come alone—wearing what seemed to be their very oldest clothes. If they come all brushed and pretty and with their best girls on their arms—you're in. But when they slink in alone and in sackcloth, as on this night of December 5, 1941, backers have been known to cry out and stagehands to leave in a body.

It wasn't just an opening for Judith. It was her first Broadway role and almost her first professional performance on any stage. That would have made her nervous enough but she was the central character of the play; on her efforts depended the fates of all.

Judith had written her mother: "It's too bad we're opening on a Friday. That means we'll only get two nights out of it, Friday and Saturday. Now if it had been a Tuesday, say, they'd probably have kept it open the rest of the week. Oh, well!"

Throughout the first act the audience was strangely, unpleasantly silent. The play is a Victorian thriller and no one's expected to laugh or whistle or anything, but an occasional cough would have been reassuring. Vincent Price, Judith's leading man, admits that he thought everybody had gone home.

They Just Had to Like It

Judith's Angel Street role requires her to concentrate deeply on making it clear to the audience that she is really sane, while leaving room for reasonable doubt in the minds of the other characters. She played that night with a particular intensity because she was angry. She knew the play was good, she knew the others in the cast were good, and she could honestly tell herself that she had put everything into her characterization that she was capable of putting. They'd *better* like it!

When the curtain went down on the first act, the terrible silence from the audience continued and Price shrugged at Judith and said, "Maybe we'll get to act together again sometime."

And then it began—sudden deafening applause. Judith and Price rushed to the peephole in the wings, convinced that the mayor must have just come in or, judging by the swelling sounds of approval, perhaps Mrs. President herself. But no, the members of the audience were standing in front of their seats beating their dear hands together and staring happily at the stage.

They clapped right through the intermission and, from then on it was like playing to a houseful of shills and close friends of the family. During one tense scene in which Leo G. Carroll, portraying a police inspector, shows signs of forgetting his derby before hiding in another room, there was a shrill shout from one of the orchestra seats:

"Your hat, you fool! *Don't* leave that hat!"

That's the happy ending. The notices next day were what West Forty-fourth Street likes to call "terrific." And the most terrific part of every notice had to do with the "striking, brilliant performance of a newcomer named Judith Evelyn." Another reviewer came right out with it: "Miss Evelyn is that rare and wonderful thing—a finished actress." A finished actress who had, before Angel Street, earned a total of two hundred and thirty-two dollars from the stage, she's the answer to those young Thespians who weep that "stock" is dead;

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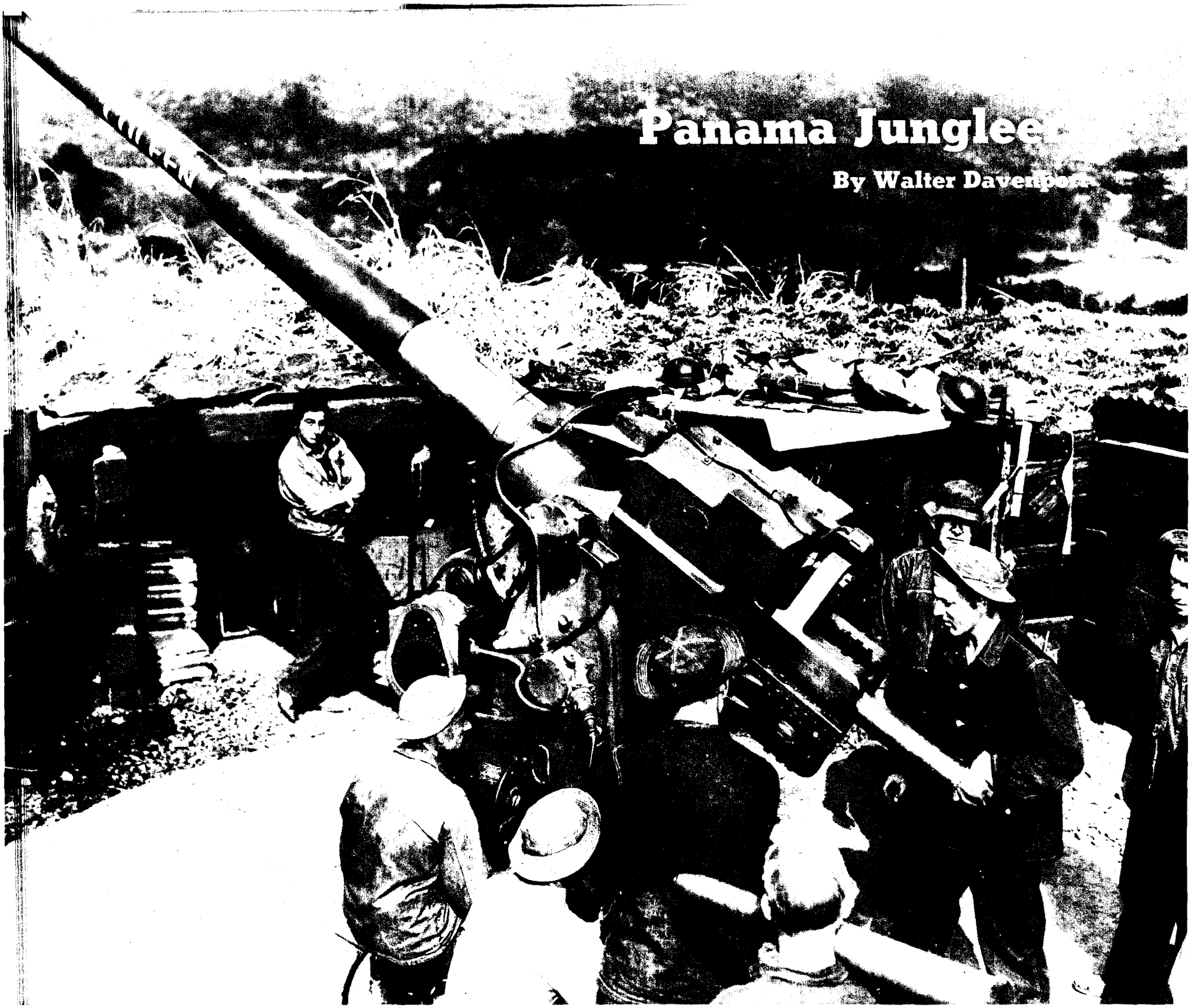
Panama Junglee

By Walter Davenport



PRESS ASSOCIATION

A Panama Coast Artillery crew mans its gun for target practice. Loader is Mickey Harris, former Boston Red Sox pitcher

Deep in the tangle of mountain and jungle guarding the flanks of the Panama Canal, boys from the streets of American cities watch and wait, and acquire a brand-new set of values

AS SOON as we caught our breath and got the thick smear of the jungle out of our eyes we saw Izzy Gishmick. "Sweetheart," yelled Izzy, "the first time I climbed up here to this whistle stop to heaven, me I died on the same last ten toeholds you did. What gives on Jacobs' Beach these days? The minute I saw you crawlin' up I says to the sergeant here: 'Friend,' I says, 'that citizen that's dyin' down there is from New York. That citizen's one of the shoves I used to hook for ducats outside Madison Square Garden. That sweetheart's lookin' for an usher.' "

Izzy Gishmick went right on talking as he gave us a canteen of water and a slice of pineapple. We sat there on the flat top of a mountain in the Panama jungle, our back against a tall fat, naked cuipa tree. If anybody had told us when we struck into the jungle beyond Gatun Lake that we were out of condition like this we'd have been sore.

"Citizen," said Izzy, comforting us, "you're breathin' like a fighter I had a piece of, a double sundae called Young Rhino. Ask Dan Parker of the Mirror. That soup tureen used to get winded just pullin' on the gloves. We used to have to change his oil between rounds, if he lasted a round. Ask Damon Runyon. Sam Pian discovered him in Chicago—hangin' on a hook in Armour's. Pian shipped him to Jimmy Johnston, the Boy Bandit, and Jimmy give me a piece of him if I would lead him home to my place until we could get him a fight with—"

But by now we'd got our breath, got to our feet and took a look down the jungle trail we had climbed to *el rancho en el cielo,* one of the searchlight and antiaircraft battery aeries of the Panama Coast Artillery Command. Well, we'd asked for it. When they asked us what we wanted to see we said that we wanted to know what the Army was doing to stop the Nazi or the Jap before their planes could smash the Panama Canal, isolate what remained of our Pacific Fleet and otherwise add to the ill fortunes of war.

So we hit the road to the jungle. The Canal Zone is only ten miles wide. Beyond that, east or west, you're in the Panamanian jungle. We struck east. Like all strangers in the tropical forest we didn't bother about direction, just followed a guide hoping he knew what he was doing. It was early in the morning and we were licked to begin with because there was the sun rising huge and molten out of the Pacific Ocean. They had warned us not to worry about incidents like that. They had told us that the Pacific Ocean entrance to the canal was twenty-seven miles east of the Atlantic entrance and that no matter what it looked like, the sun still rose in the east. So we put our silly compass back in our pocket and followed our guide. Six months ago this kid, our guide, was an architectural draftsman with a drafting-board chest, paper shoulders, ivy-vine arms and morning-glory hands. Now, stripped to the waist, as brown as a native, he swifts his way through the Central American jungle like a Choco Indian. But we'll come to that in a moment. If you don't think that this war's crazy, come down here to Central America.

We rode the first nine miles on Enoch John Hooper's banana railroad. Hooper, a wholesale brawl of a man, fifty years old, a handsome, powerful guy from Alabama, helped dig the canal. And when the digging was done he wandered off into the jungle and built himself a home and began to grow bananas. He has survived the bite of the coral snake and the bushmaster. He has cut his way free of the coils of the boa constrictor. He has been carried out thrice by naked blacks to the hospital to die of malaria. And three times he has walked back to his jungle home to survive the spring of pumas, jaguars and the ocelot. A very tough guy is Enoch John Hooper who says:

"Aaaaaw shoooo, jungle's been ma home fo' thirty year come the rain. Right sociable, too. Now and then some native gits angry at you and takes on you with a machete, but it don't amount to much. Take a machete right back at him if he gits serious."

So nine miles of Enoch John Hooper's nervous-breakdown railroad shuddered us into the heart of the Panama jungle. Maybe there's another railroad like it somewhere else in the world but we haven't seen it. He built it himself with

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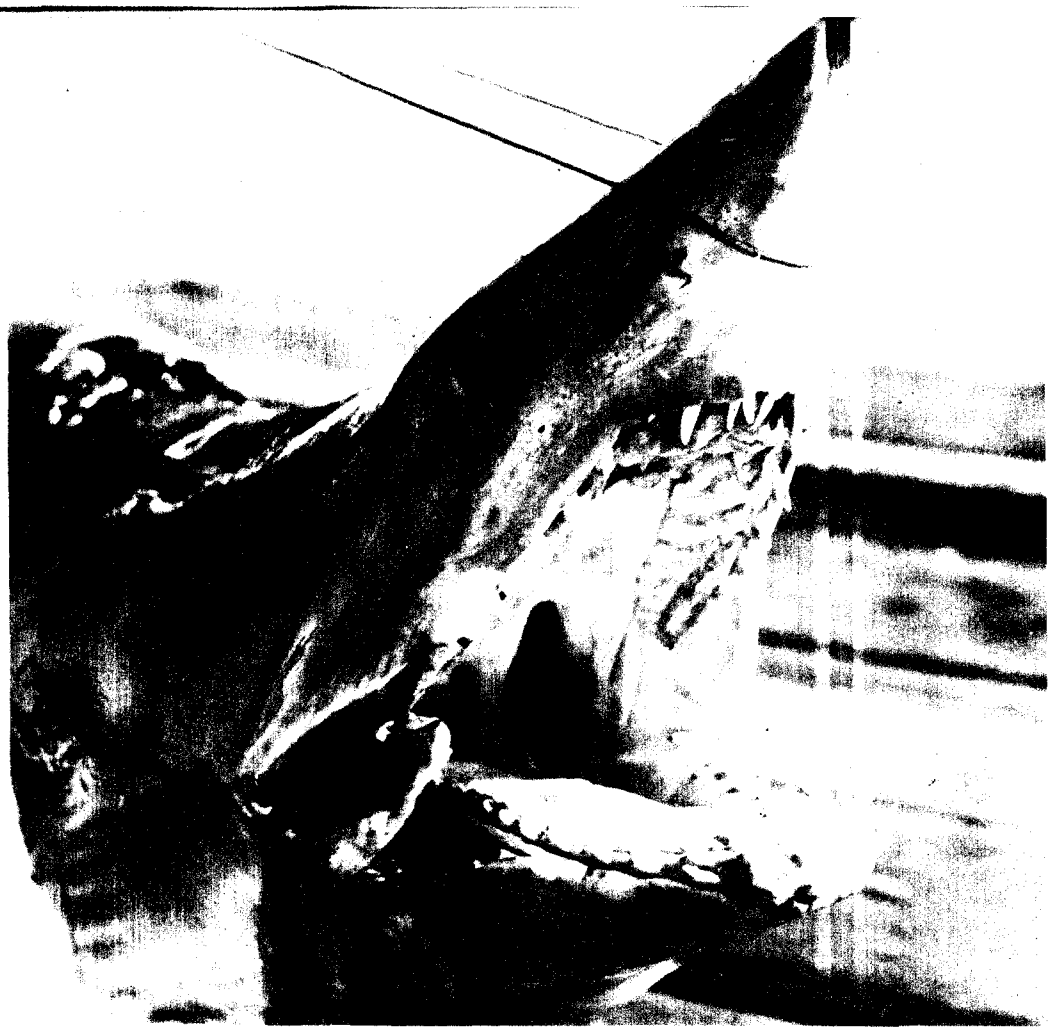
BROADBILL!

By S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

In this corner, Señor Albacora, the pride of Chile, 800 pounds of muscle and meanness. Take him and you join the world's most select sporting group—the rod-and-reel men who have beaten the mighty broadbill



CARL BURGER

Again and again the angler has hit the huge fish—good hard jolts that have set the hook deep and firm—and the battle is on. It may last ten hours; the broadbill never gives up

"ALBACORA! ALBACORA!" shouts the Chilean boatman. *"Grande albacora!"* echoes the helmsman, as he swings the boat in the direction of the finning broadbill swordfish, the Number One Prize in the fishing world —called albacora in Chile.

The name sounds doubly sweet to the angler in the cockpit, and instantly he is full of activity. Off come his sweaters and other outer garments. The bait is taken out of the icebox. A last-second look is given the rod, reel, line and leader. A half-dozen thoughts flash through his mind. Will the swordfish stay on the surface until the boat gets to him? Will a bird fly down and attempt to dive on the bait, perhaps scaring the fish away? Is the bait swimming correctly? A swordfish is the hardest of all big fish to fool. Will he be in a mood to strike when he sees it? The boat is now within four hundred feet of the fish, and the lookout men on top call out to the angler to put the bait over.

Swordfish do not rise to a trolled bait as other big salt-water fish do. They must be sighted on the surface before the angler can go into action. They are bottom feeders and evidently come to the top to digest their food. That's why they are so seldom interested in the bait.

The helmsman has throttled the motors down, so that the boat is running at the lowest possible speed, at the same time maneuvering to get into the most advantageous position. Everything is quiet. No one speaks except in a very low voice. The sound of the motors is hardly audible. The angler, in his fighting chair, with his harness attached to the reel, is letting the bait run out to about two hundred and fifty feet astern.

The fish looks good; he is swimming on a course and not circling, a favorable sign. Another minute elapses and the Chilean boatman maneuvers his boat so that the bait, a seven-pound oceanic bonita, is within twenty feet of the swordfish. Señor Albacora shows no interest in the bait and is not the least bit afraid of the boat. He just swims slowly and steadily on the same course. The boat circles, and again the bait is presented to him. Again there is no sign of interest on his part. The boat then makes a wide circle, the angler lets out about fifty feet more of line, allowing the bait to sink even deeper. The Chilean puts it within ten feet of the fish.

Usually, if the fish does not strike after the bait has been presented to him three times, he is not going to strike at all. I have presented a bait as often as sixteen times to a swordfish without any interest on his part. But just as the angler is about to give up hope, the fish gives his tail a tremendous kick and goes under, leaving on the surface a boiling resembling the explosion of a miniature depth bomb. That kick of his great tail is not always a sign that he's going to hit the bait, but it usually tells the angler that the fish has seen it.

The boat is barely moving as two, three, and then four minutes elapse without a strike. Suddenly the angler, holding the line about three feet out from the reel (which is on a free spool and above his left hand), gets a jolt so hard that his hand is snapped back to the rod before he can let go of the line. Instantly the line begins running off at a fairly fast pace, and the lookout men climb down from the top of the cabin roof as fast as they can, extremely pleased that the albacora has at least hit the bait.

Let Him Have It!

The angler is all attention as about two hundred feet of line run off the reel. He is waiting for the line to stop, which, if everything goes according to Hoyle, usually happens when the fish is swallowing the bait. Seventy-five feet more of line pay out, then it stops. Another two minutes go by, then fifty feet of line simply spurt off the reel. Another pause. Then, as if it had been shot from a gun, the line really begins to leave that reel, faster and faster, with the water flying off it in the angler's face as he intently watches the free-running spool for signs of dangerous backlashes in the making. When about four hundred feet have left the reel, he yells *"Avante!"* The Chilean at the wheel throws in the clutch (the boat having been stopped when the fish struck), opens the throttle wide. The angler throws on his brake, the line comes up tight, and he begins to strike the fish —once, twice, three times; seven or eight times if he can, and each one of them a good, stiff, hard jolt.

After about five hundred additional feet of line have run off the reel, the Chilean slows up the boat to maneuver it into the most advantageous position and the fight is on. It may last fifteen minutes, or it may last ten hours—no one can ever tell, when he hooks a swordfish.

The method that I have just described of hooking "the greatest gladiator of them all," as the late Zane Grey correctly named Señor Albacora, was developed by W. E. S. Tuker, who pioneered the swordfishing off Tocopilla, Chile. It is here that swordfish run to larger size and are more numerous than in any other place in the world. Mr. Tuker has taken eighteen of them, a record exceeded only by Michael Lerner, who is recognized as the world's leading angler and has a total of twenty-three to his credit. The writer holds the Number Three spot, with eleven.

Only 336 swordfish altogether have been caught on rod and reel in all the waters of the world (and by less than a hundred fishermen!). All the record-breaking catches were made off the coast of Chile except for one 674-pounder caught off New Zealand and Lerner's 601-pound Atlantic fish. Six of those caught off Chile weighed 800 pounds or better, and one between 700 and 800 pounds. The average is about 585 pounds.

In 1939, when I caught the smallest swordfish ever taken at Tocopilla—a 236-pounder—my Chilean boatmen did not want me to bring it in, as they said it would pull down their average. Tuker holds the world's record with an 860-pounder, followed by my 853-pounder. George Garey, Tuker's associate in Tocopilla, is in third place with an 842-pounder. Tuker and Garey tied for fourth, each with a fish weighing 837 pounds, and Garey has another weighing 800.

This is really Herculean angling, and yet, believe it or not, swordfish harpooned off Tocopilla by the commercial fishermen there have weighed up to 1,500 pounds! In Chile, these interesting and hard-working men receive about three pesos a kilo for their catch, a far cry from the North Atlantic market swordfishermen, who receive from ten to fifty cents a pound, depending upon the time and the season. But take it from me, no matter what waters he is caught in, Mr. Broadbill is one of the finest eating fish that was ever placed on a table, and he is exceptionally delicious smoked. There is nothing quite like eating smoked swordfish when you are fighting a swordfish! Last year we gave the townspeople of Tocopilla over 6,000 pounds of swordfish which dressed out for the table at more than a ton.

The majority of the baby swordfish caught or seen have been found in the Mediterranean Sea, so it is presumed that they spawn there. Very few males have ever been seen on the North Atlantic coast of the United States, where so much commercial fishing is done, and of those investigated to date off Chile and Peru by the scientists of the Michael Lerner-American Museum of Natural History Expedition to those countries, all of the fish opened have been females.

It took me six years to catch a swordfish, and I know many men who have been more than twice that long without succeeding. A good friend of mine has hooked twenty-two, but has yet to catch one. They have the softest mouths of all the big fish, so it is very easy to pull the hook out of them when they have been hooked in the mouth. Nevertheless, probably 80% of those caught have been so hooked, a fact that is not surprising when you consider how hard they hit the bait with their long sword, causing the hook and leader to fly. Another reason for this is that they roll over and strike from underneath without coming to the surface, as marlin do, when hitting the bait.

If the hook ends up in the sword, the dorsal fin or the pectoral fin, the angler is in for a long, hard fight because the fish then has full control of his great fighting strength and is able to keep his mouth closed. It is like handling a lion on a leash. Hooked in the corner of the jaw, the swordfish is also apt to prove a tough fighter for the angler, since the fish evidently thinks the hook is just some new kind of parasite annoying him and does his level best to shake it off.

The Fish That Fights to the End

If he swallows the bait and is hooked in the stomach or heart it naturally kills him very quickly, or if he is hooked directly in the eye, it paralyzes him even more rapidly. In most cases, however, a swordfish fights until he is almost dead; when finally brought alongside, the flurry that he kicks up will usually be his last. Off Montauk, I once fought one for eight hours and fifty minutes after hooking him in the dorsal fin; I finally boated him at midnight after he had taken us twenty-two miles to sea, always on a southwesterly course. About two hours after the swordfish had been hooked, a shark came swimming slowly along, and Mr. Broadbill chased him around the ocean for about ten minutes. At half past six, after the fish had been hooked for three hours and twenty minutes, we ran into a school of bonitas. The swordfish promptly started to feed

(Continued on page 54)

Deadliest enemy of the broadbill is the big Mako shark. Big game sport fishermen consider him the only one worth their attention

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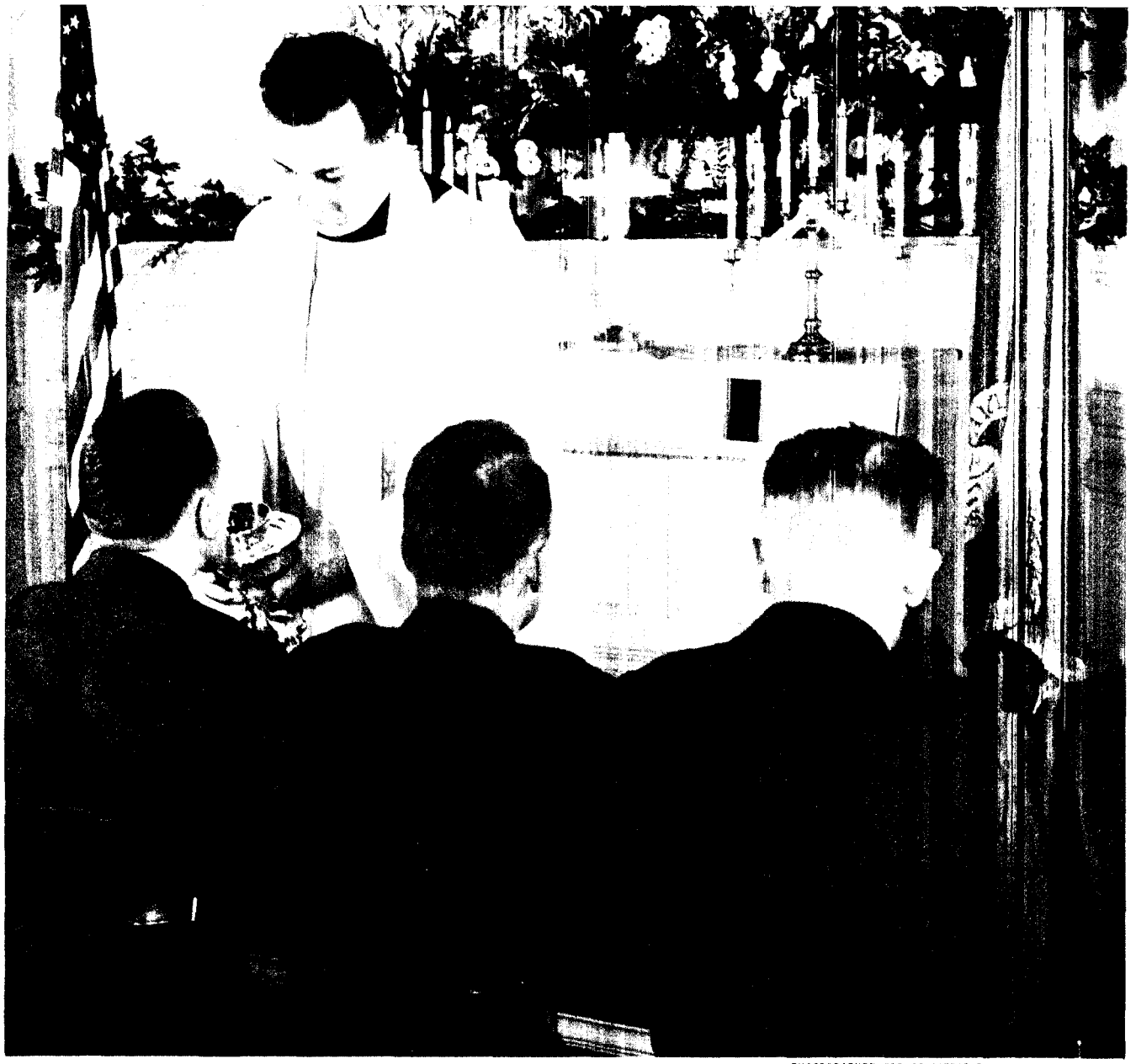

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY [illegible]

This Easter, soldiers like these at Ft. Tilden, N. Y. (above), will attend services in Army chapels recently completed at military bases throughout the country. Below, one of the 12 standard chapels at Ft. Dix, N. J.

Our Fighting Men

SAN FRANCISCO. Since the War Department has officially revealed that American forces are in Australia and other parts of the Western Pacific, it's baring no military secret to suggest that some of them may have passed through here to get there. Also no secret, although not generally appreciated, is the fact that the most unpleasant task facing Army and Navy officers in all American ports is clamping down on last flings by men who have a hunch they'll soon be going places from which some may not return. Brass hats understand the farewell-party urge, but they understand, too, that it must be stifled for two blunt reasons: the danger of men contracting disease, and the danger they may let slip some information on troop or ship movements—even though confining their celebrations to absolutely dry and super-chaperoned social evenings and family dinners.

The keep-your-mouth-shut campaign has made the traveling soldier's seaport visits lonely and somewhat gloomy, and hospitable citizens feel almost like enemy aliens. Those who would like to stop obviously out-of-town soldiers on the street and invite them home for dinner know it can't be done. First place, the soldier would be suspicious; secondly, there's nothing to talk about. Everything conversational about a soldier's life, from "Where'd you come from?" to "Well, do you expect to take a crack at the Japs soon?" is out.

For a time after Pearl Harbor, last flingers found a certain type of welcome and conviviality in taverns and night clubs where the breezier citizens gathered to slap uniformed men on the back and tell 'em how good they were. That led to loose talk, which led to a drastic tightening of discipline. Navy shore patrolmen and M.P.s began rounding up guys who sounded off too much; police cleared such places of so many gals that all city jails, and some in near-by counties, were jammed. A Naval Intelligence officer assembled all San Francisco bartenders one 3 A. M. and told them they'd have to silence service men, as well as serve them; otherwise they'd find their places out of bounds and surrounded by guards. The bartenders sighed. It was their traditional duty to listen sympathetically when a customer poured out his drink and his soul, but they agreed that even that tradition was out for the duration.

The city's lusty voice hasn't been completely stilled. There's considerable activity for the fellow who knows his way around. Yet fewer fellows seem to get around. Leaves have been cut to a minimum. Those who get them are hoping the going may be easier when all the Japs and alien Italians and Germans are hoisted out of the big towns where there's fun if a guy could only have it. Until then . . . "Soldier," said a friendly San Franciscan to a lad on Market Street, "you look as sad as the words of a Broadway blues song." "What," asked the soldier quickly, "makes you think I'm from back there?"

JAMES B. McCORKLE pantingly reported in at 12th Naval District headquarters the other day. "I've been up in the mountains prospecting for gold all winter," he explained, "and hurried down here soon's I hit civilization and heard about the war." The officer handed him a bunch of mail and McCorkle opened envelope after envelope until he added up $2,400 in Navy retainer pay checks that had been looking for him since he was discharged to Fleet Reserve in 1937, after sixteen years of service. Now he's back in at his former rating: water tender, 1st class.

4TH ARMY

CAMP ROBERTS, Calif. It took quite a while for Rags, dog mascot of a training unit here, to learn that his mascoting duties included retrieving a *(Continued on page 48)*

RELIGION IN THE RANKS. Chaplains are gratified by the response of U. S. soldiers to the opportunities for worship afforded by some 600 new, identical, typically American village chapels in the nation's camps. At Ft. Dix, N. J., church attendance increased 125% over that of services formerly held in mess halls. Each chapel has an electric organ, seats 400 and costs about $21,000

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China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—in New York City, Elaine Brian is lonely and restless. Hoping to find peace, she flies to China (without telling her father, a self-centered man, of her plans) where she becomes an assistant to a priest—Father Valerian, one of her mother's dearest friends—in his work at a little mission.

Two men are in love with her: Larch Corpran, whom she had met by chance in New York; and Father Valerian's German-refugee aide: Rudolf Helgel. A third man—Elton Field, who lives in Shanghai—hopes to marry her for her money; he pursues her, follows her to Ta-ming; and finally (when Elaine refuses to see him) sends a cable to her father, in New York, informs him that his daughter is in peril, suggests that he force her to come home. . . .

Meanwhile, Field's Eurasian mistress Helen Kung (recently discarded) has left Shanghai, gone to Ta-ming (which is held by the Japanese), and opened a "house of amusement." Among her girls is Mei-su, the sister of a young Chinese guerrilla leader: Captain Siao. Mei-su informs her that her brother—*secretly advised by Rudolf Helgel*—is preparing to attack Taming and take it away from the invaders.

The Eurasian now has Helgel in her power. In accordance with her carefully formulated plans, she proceeds to make use of him. . . . A Japanese captain visits Helen's establishment. While intoxicated, he raves about "fighting the Americans." Finally, he mumbles, "We will bomb their ships—in the harbor." *But he cannot be induced to name the harbor.*

In New York City, Paul Brian, Elaine's father, receives Elton Field's cablegram. He reads it; then, summoning Larch Corpran, he gives him a curious assignment: To go to China, by clipper, meet Elton Field, and bring Elaine back to America. . . . Corpran leaves at once. A short while later, he and Field reach Ta-ming. There Elaine (trying to avoid Field, whom she dislikes) slips into a lovely Chinese courtyard, where an old Chinese lady accords her a courteous welcome, and, following a brief conversation, astonishes her by saying to her bondmaid, "Little Peach," who is with her: "I won't make her a full daughter, but I will keep her for a toy, a foster-daughter."

Elaine can hardly believe her ears. "If I amuse you, I am glad," she says gently; and she laughs half sadly as she might laugh at children who did not know there was a war, a cruel war, around them.

X

WHEN the Japanese captain came into the café where he now spent all his evenings he was surprised to find not his favorite, Mei-su, but the mistress of the establishment herself preparing to entertain him. He had, it is true, often looked at Helen with some longing, but he was afraid of her. She was handsome and, in a way he could not understand, she looked foreign. She was much more beautiful than the young Chinese girl, but also she looked proud and difficult, and he hated these qualities in a woman. He liked to feel a woman instant to obey his command.

So he pursed his lips and did not smile and swaggered into the inner room where Li-hua led him. Helen was waiting there. She was heating the pewter wine pot in hot water when he came in.

"Mei-su is ill," she said gently. "But that you may not be robbed of your evening's pleasure, I will take her place so far as I am able."

He nodded curtly, and hid his surprise under surliness. Then he unfastened his wide leather belt with its clanking sword and sat down. She poured his first cup of wine. This man, she perceived, was full of some sort of importance. She must find out what it was. But she did not speak. She moved quietly to fill his wine cup again. In complete silence he drank down six of the small bowlfuls. Then he cleared his throat.

"When did the girl fall ill?" he asked.

"Only this morning," Helen replied. "She sent her sorrowful apologies to you and she hopes she will be well tomorrow."

"Is it a catching disease?" the Japanese asked.

"It is not," Helen replied.

"You Chinese," the Japanese said with contempt on his thick lips, "you are all filthy."

She did not answer this, and he fixed his eyes on her exquisite hands, one hand on the handle of the wine pot, the other holding on the lid.

"The Americans are very clean, are they not?" Helen said after a moment. "At least I have heard they are. I have not been in America."

"The Americans!" the Japanese grunted. He drank down two more cups of the hot wine. A plate of cakes stood near him and he ate one in a bite. Then he cleared his throat again loudly and spat into a tissue he took from his pocket and threw the tissue across the room into a corner. "The Americans are pigs! They are animals! But I do not worry about them. In a short time there will be no more Americans."

"So?" Helen said carelessly. "Is your wine warm enough?"

The Japanese paid no heed to her question. "We shall bomb the Americans out of the Pacific," he said still in his loud voice. He pulled his short stiff mustache. "It will be easy—a few days."

"So?" Helen said again. "Now would you like a little cold wine?"

"I like any wine," the Japanese retorted. He drank quickly a few cups of the cold wine she brought. "The Americans," he said, "they are children. While we have been preparing to demolish them they have been playing with their toys, their ships and their airplanes, so neatly side by side. Yes, they play—over the week ends, you understand, they all play. They make war as the Chinese do—only so far as it is convenient for them and enough only not to interrupt their football games. The Chinese stop a battle when it is mealtime and eat before they go on fighting. But

"What's the matter with him?" Elton Field asked. "He looks as though he'd had a stroke!" "He is only drunk," she said quietly

(Continued on page 26)

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Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She dropped it onto the fire. With a quick gesture that hurt my back I jerked it off again just before it caught. "Don't," I said. "We may need it. For the police"

The Story Thus Far:

JERRY BURTON, a young Londoner, is injured when a plane he is piloting crashes. On his physician's advice, he goes—with his sister, Joanna—to the provincial town of Lymstock. There he rents a house and sets to work to regain his lost strength.

For a time, all is well. Then Burton receives a foul anonymous letter in which the writer insists that Joanna is not his sister! Others (he soon learns) are being similarly attacked through the mails; nevertheless, he and Joanna are disturbed, nervous. . . . Among those whom the newcomers meet are:

Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his strong, self-reliant sister, Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his severely pious wife; Mr. Pye, *a well-to-do dilettante; Miss Emily Barton, a* spinster who owns the house the Burtons occupy; Megan Hunter, Symmington's stepdaughter (a curious girl who is looked on askance by the townspeople); and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' good-looking nursery governess. . . .

Knowing Joanna as he does, Burton is not surprised when she informs him that she *rather likes* Owen Griffith. Joanna, a lively, modern girl, is never quite happy unless she is deep in a love affair—usually amounting to nothing. . . .

While alone in her home, Mrs. Symmington kills herself with cyanide. Investigation reveals that, a short time before her death, she had received an anonymous letter—a "poison-pen" missive in which the writer had asserted that the father of one of her sons was not Richard Symmington!

Feeling sure that, with the Symmington household in an uproar, Megan would be happier in new surroundings, Burton and Joanna invite her to visit them for a few days. Megan (who has always fancied that her parents resent her presence, are sorry she is not a boy) accepts the invitation with alacrity.

Burton and Aimée have a talk, during which Megan's curious personality and problems are discussed. Aimée thinks that the girl should have a job, *do* something; she inveighs against the "silly old-fashioned idea that a woman's place is always in the home." Listening to her, Burton is astonished—he had had no idea that Aimée Griffith *could be so vehement.*

III

I MET Symmington in the town later in the day.

"Is it quite all right for Megan to stay on with us for a bit?" I asked. "It's company for Joanna—she's rather lonely sometimes with none of her own friends."

"Oh—er—Megan? Oh, yes, very good of you."

I took a dislike to Symmington then which I never quite overcame. He had so obviously forgotten all about Megan. I wouldn't have minded if he had actively disliked the girl—a man may sometimes be jealous of a first husband's child—but he didn't dislike her, he just hardly noticed her. He felt toward her much as a man who doesn't care much for dogs would feel about a dog in the house. You notice it when you fall over it and swear at it, and you give it a vague pat sometimes when it presents itself to be patted. Symmington's complete indifference to his stepdaughter annoyed me very much.

I said, "What are you planning to do with her?"

"With Megan?" He seemed rather startled. "Well, she'll go on living at home. I mean, naturally, it is her home."

My grandmother, of whom I had been very fond, used to sing old-fashioned songs to her guitar. One of them, I remember, ended thus:

"Oh, maid most dear, I am not here,
I have no place, no part,
No dwelling more, by sea nor shore,
But only in your heart."

I went home humming it.

EMILY BARTON came just after tea had been cleared away. She wanted to talk about the garden.

We talked garden for about half an hour before we turned back toward the house.

It was then that, lowering her voice, she murmured, "I do hope that that child—that she hasn't been too much *upset* by all this dreadful business."

"Her mother's death, you mean?"

"That, of course. But I *really* meant the—the unpleasantness *behind* it."

I was curious. I wanted Miss Barton's reaction.

"What do you think about that? Was it true?"

"Oh, no, no, surely not. I'm quite sure that Mrs. Symmington never—that he wasn't"—little Emily Barton was pink and confused—"I mean it's quit untrue—although, of course, it may have been a judgment."

"A judgment?" I said, staring.

Emily Barton was very pink, very Dresden china shepherdesslike.

"I cannot help feeling that all these dreadful letters, all the sorrow and pain they have caused, may have been sent for a *purpose*."

"They were sent for a purpose, certainly," I said grimly.

"No, no, Mr. Burton, you misunderstand me. I'm not talking of the misguided creature who wrote them—someone quite abandoned that must be. I mean that they have been permitted (*Continued on page* 43)

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Your Sugar Bowl Blows Up

By Frank J. Taylor

That second spoonful of sugar you so nobly pass up today may help shoot a Jap. Sugar-cane molasses is the best source of smokeless powder and we need a million sweet tons of it in a hurry. That's one reason for saving sugar

IN CASE you've been wondering why, with all our sugar-cane plantations in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Cuba and the Gulf States, and with our 150,000 sugar-beet farms in fourteen states, we Americans have to go easy on the sugar bowl for a spell, here's the answer: We're shooting a lot of sugar at the Japs and the Nazis. Worse luck, the Japs may be shooting some of our sugar from the Philippines back at us.

Our shootin' sugar goes into the all-out manufacture of smokeless powder which, it appears, is not powder at all but a sort of black, pasty spaghetti. The best solvent to turn guncotton and the other ingredients of this potent explosive into an easily handled paste is ethyl alcohol, and the quickest, cheapest way to get 190-proof ethyl alcohol is to ferment enormous quantities of sugar-cane molasses with special, fast-working yeasts; then distill the residue.

This is a clue to why the U. S. Defense Supplies Corporation contracted, shortly after Pearl Harbor, for the entire Cuban crop of sugar cane, which is harvested from January to May. Instead of dehydrating the whole crop into raw sugar, the Cuban mills will leave the equivalent of a million tons of sugar in concentrated molasses. This is the pure stuff—not the blackstrap residue of the refineries that most of us know as molasses—and is easily delivered by tankers to the ethyl alcohol distilleries in this country. Less than three days after it arrives, the molasses can be ethyl alcohol.

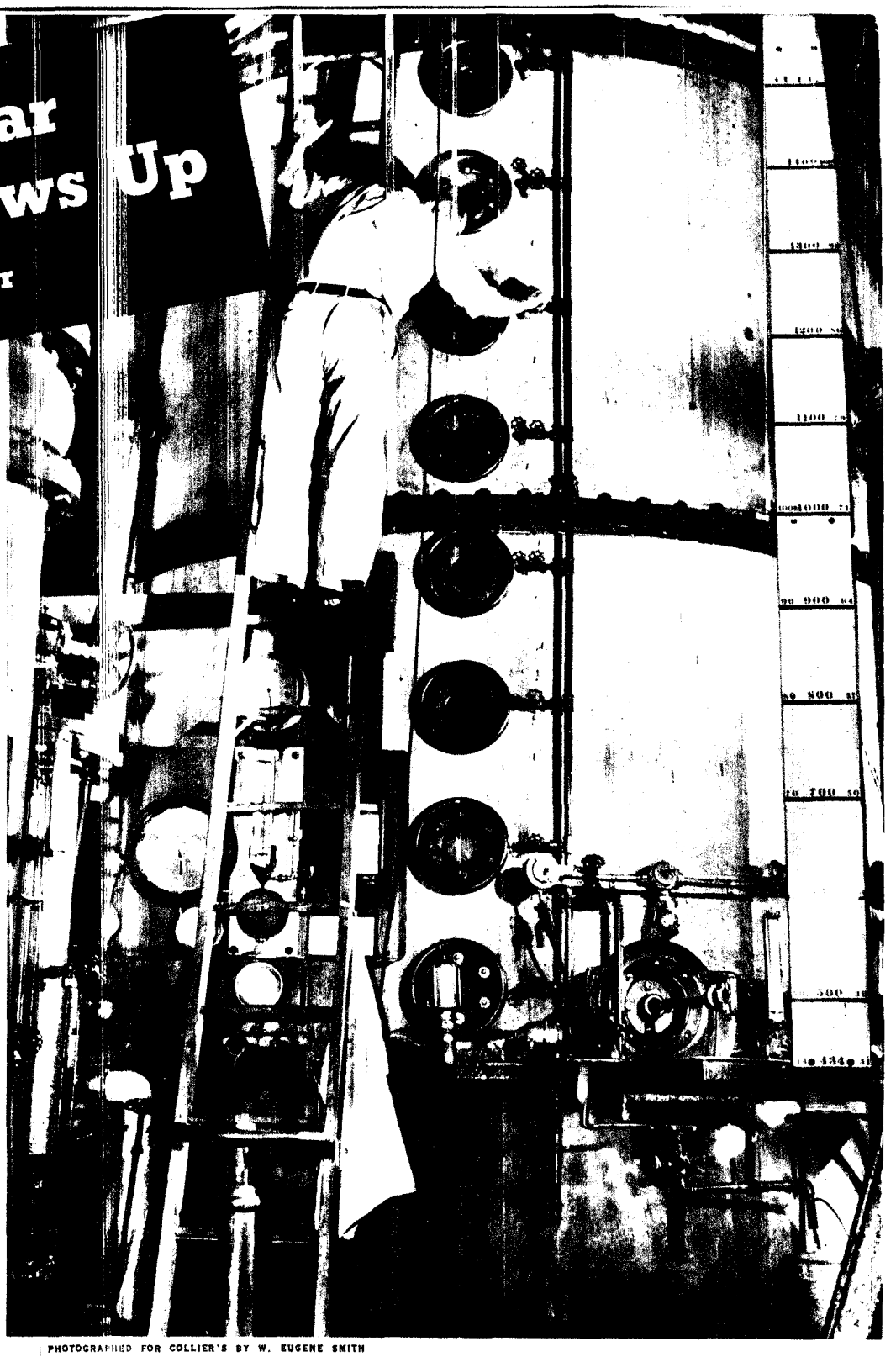
Now you may want to know why we don't divert some of our superabundance of grain to the whisky distilleries to be made into ethyl alcohol, and have our sugar. There's an answer to that one, too: Ethyl alcohol made from grain takes longer and costs more; and the best the whisky distilleries turn out with their regular equipment is 160-proof, which isn't good enough.

Of course, the munitions makers might produce powder without ethyl alcohol, as do the British, who use an explosive powder, whereas ours is a burning powder. Explosive powder is dangerous to handle and is blamed for the blowing up of the battle cruiser Hood when a shell from the Bismarck scored a direct hit on the powder magazine. That's one risk our men-of-war don't run as long as we're willing to forego about one spoonful of sugar out of six for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

Even if we didn't shoot a million tons of sugar, there would still be a shortage. The Japs in the Philippines have cut us off from plantations and mills that normally send us 850,000 tons of raw cane sugar annually. In Hawaii, which usually sends us another 900,000 tons of raw sugar, the plantations and mills have diverted much labor and equipment to speed up war work and they will be able to harvest only half a crop this year. Adding to the predicament, the beet-sugar men in this country were held under wraps in 1941 by the quota system by which the U. S. Department of Agriculture attempted to prevent a sugar glut, so that they entered 1942 with a stock pile 500,000 tons below normal. That was one of those instances where hindsight is better than foresight. Altogether, that's "two million eight," as the sugar men put it, that we don't have this year for the sugar bowl, and for baking, candy-making, chocolate and soft drinks.

That's the dark side of the cloud. There's a bright one, too. Fortunately, the sugar shortage isn't like the rubber

(Continued on page 55)

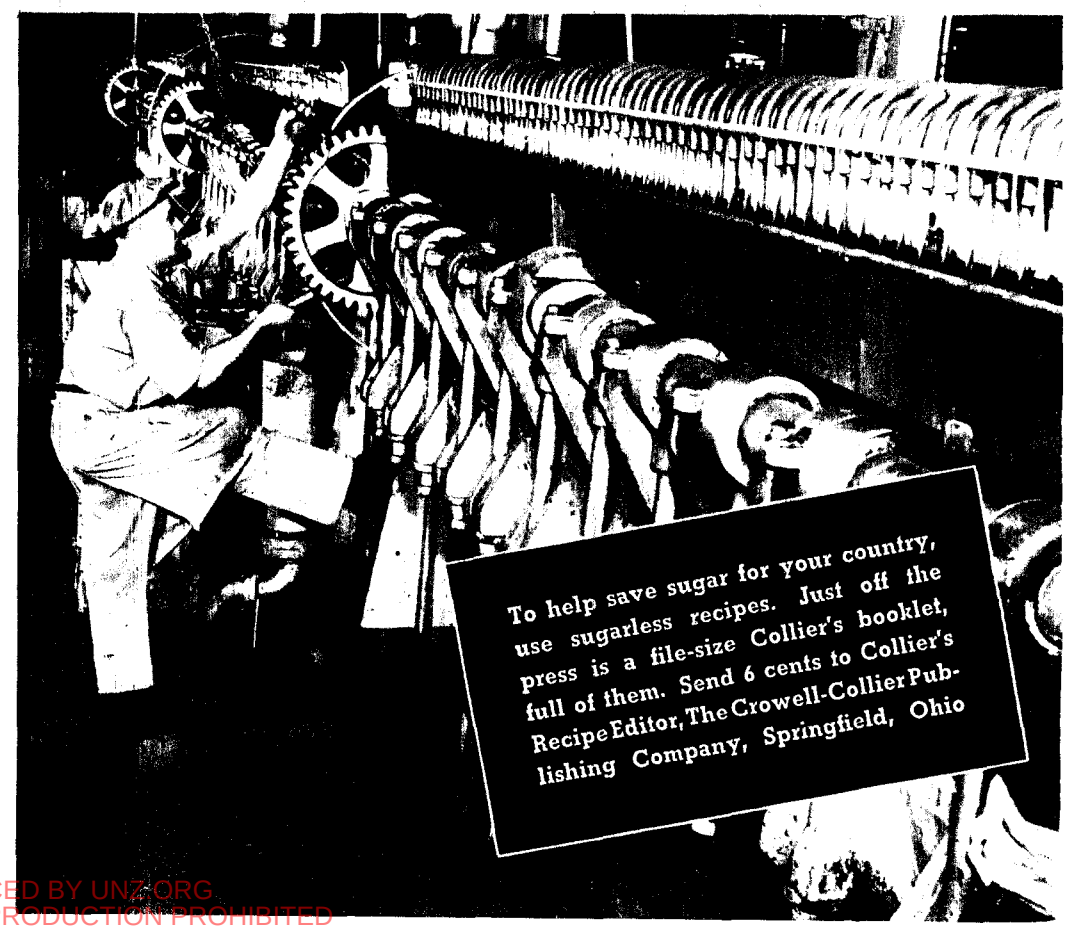


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Sugar is sweet, heavy syrup until it has left the 16-foot vacuum pan above, in which refined liquors undergo a complicated heat and pressure process that causes crystallization

The filter press below requires from 72 to 96 hours to clear the refined sugar liquors of the last of their impurities before sending them on to the big vacuum pans for crystallization

Constant check is maintained on the raw sugar liquor during the many steps in refining it. Worker below is taking samples from the liquor gallery



To help save sugar for your country, use sugarless recipes. Just off the press is a file-size Collier's booklet, full of them. Send 6 cents to Collier's Recipe Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio

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One way to win the battle of the Atlantic. Stranger things have happened, but not very often. Nazi bombers please take note

ORTON PORTINGALE sat in the small and deserted wardroom of His Majesty's Canadian corvette Windlestraw. He was drowned in gloom, or rather, he was drowning, and seeing in review the events of his past life. His naval life at any rate. That was not very long.

Two years before, at twenty-eight, he had been sitting for a master's ticket, the goal of his young lifetime in the merchant service, and speculating on the chance of getting a ship of his own before he was old and gray. From that he had walked straight into the war, with an application to Ottawa for naval service, accompanied by his worn and much-thumbed B.O.T. discharge book, letters of recommendation from several owners, his birth certificate, and the crackling new master's ticket.

He was sound in wind and limb, and stood an inch short of six feet, though his big chest and heavy shoulders made him look shorter than he really was. He had gone to sea after leaving high school, and had come up the hard way, beginning with schooners in the fish-and-lumber trade to Demerara. The combined assets of education and experience had given him a supreme confidence in himself, which went very well with the Portingale nose and jaw. He was quite sure that Ottawa would accept his services promptly—and the prompt acceptance came. Young men with master's tickets and well-filled B.O.T. discharge books are not to be sneezed at when a navy is being built up in a hurry.

There followed an order to report at Halifax for medical and other tests, and the passing of those tests in the busy ant heap of the naval dockyard. Then came the training. He was a Bluenose of the Bluenoses—his father and grandfather had been deep-sea captains before him; and he made no bones about saying, with the instinctive and faintly hostile cockiness of the Bluenose, that he knew a good deal more about the sea than the average brass-bound naval officer; and what he did not know he could pick up quickly. He clung to the first half of this belief, but the rest had suffered a sea change. It began on land, really, in the training school for officers, where the day began with physical jerks on a chilly parade ground at seven in the morning and ended (theoretically) with telegraphy at six pip emma. This left the evening free for study.

He studied, among other things, the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, and found it a peculiarly absorbing book. From it, and from the talk in the barracks, he learned that the navy, like Gaul, was divided into three parts. First there was the Navy proper, the *ne plus ultra* of the business; then the Reserve, a little lower than the angels; and last, and very low indeed, the Volunteer Reserve—the V.R.'s, the "Wavy navy."

HE WAS inclined to sniff at the superior airs of the Navy; but he took comfort in his prospective commission in the Reserve, which enabled him to look down upon the "wavies."

The prewar occupations of the "wavies" ran the gamut from banker to college student. Portingale was prepared for that. But he had discovered, to his horror, that a good half of them were fresh-water men from the Great Lakes, and worse, from the prairie towns. He had an instinctive distrust of a man who had never seen salt water. And he made no secret of these things.

He remembered the great day when he became Lieutenant Orton MacIan Portingale, R.C.N.R., and the journey to the Saint Lawrence to take over his first command, the little corvette in whose lonely wardroom he now sat. He remembered the crowd in the shipyard, and a charming creature bashing the bow with a champagne bottle, and his horror at the name—Windlestraw. *Windlestraw!* Apparently they were running out of strictly botanical names. He soothed his nerves with the thought that it might have been Violet—or even Pansy.

He remembered his first impression of his officers, all but one wearing the wavy gold sleeve braid of the Volunteer Reserve. The first lieutenant, Raith, a yachtsman from Vancouver; the navigator, Goswill; the gunnery officer, Sub-Lieutenant Hogarty, a former land surveyor. But he reserved a special distrust for Sub-Lieutenant Reckling, the extra watch-keeping officer, the asdic specialist, who had been a law student in Winnipeg when the war broke out. He had reckoned Goswill as one of the two men he could count on—Goswill had been a third mate in the merchant marine. The other was Gilbroath, the gray-haired, mild-mannered warrant engineer. Gilbroath was a stroke of luck, for warrant engineers were scarce. Most corvettes had to put up with a Chief E.R.A.

He remembered the first ocean crossing, the gales that scattered the convoy,

(Continued on page 57)

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Query...for a gentleman at the Kentucky Derby

US: If your favorite romps home to win the wreath of roses today, we dare say you'll be having a drink.

MAN: Win, place or show—I'm having a Mint Julep!

US: Good. But first we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: I've been meaning to, but . . .

US: Then since Derby Day is such a special day, we wish you'd try a very special Mint Julep . . . made with today's Four Roses! Because, unless you've tasted today's Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey! Ah, what bouquet! what surpassing flavor and mellow richness! What matchless amber-gold magnificence!

MAN: Say—I'm glad I ran into you! I suggest that we meet at the clubhouse bar after this race. And if today's Four Roses lives up to the send-off you've given it, the Juleps are on me!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO START YOUR OWN FOUR ROSES KENTUCKY MINT BED?

Naturally, even so glorious a drink as a Four Roses Mint Julep tastes *more* glorious when it's made with real Kentucky mint.

So we'd like to send you—with our compliments (at the proper time for planting) a sturdy young plant of real Kentucky Bluegrass Spring Mint, with instructions for starting your own "Four Roses" mint bed. Just write before June 15, 1942 to Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., 501 Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

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Old Hands at new Jobs

THERE is a new look of grim satisfaction on the faces of many a veteran Buick worker these days.

There is the look of the seasoned infantryman who, having patiently waited while advance forces engaged in all the early skirmishing, at last gets the marching orders that let him move up front.

You didn't have to tell these old Buick hands why the whole Buick factory hadn't been called to action before.

They knew with the practical experience of men who work with their hands that, even if you had the orders, you can't stamp tanks out of automobile sheet metal, or machine rapid-fire cannon with the same tools and methods that make car assembly lines tick.

They knew that new methods had to be established, tried and tested—that new machines and fixtures had to be designed and built—that even such fine skills as their own had to be refreshed, redirected, reapplied.

They knew that normally this would take years—it took more than a year, didn't it, to "make ready" even a new car model?

So they noted with appreciative approval as new plants went up, new techniques were established and new skills developed in a matter of weeks.

They were assured that their chance would come months ago, when fellow workers in the same plants began to take on first one wartime job, then another.

Their chance did come, and now they're making the most of it.

The job of change-over was handled, and like reservists called up, these quality-wise veterans went into action.

Old hands at the fine, precise, on-the-button work modern war equipment calls for, they relish their opportunity to prove that when Uncle Sam needs better war goods, Buick men can build them.

So there's new buoyance in their stride as these veteran craftsmen march to work.

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WHEN BETTER *war goods* AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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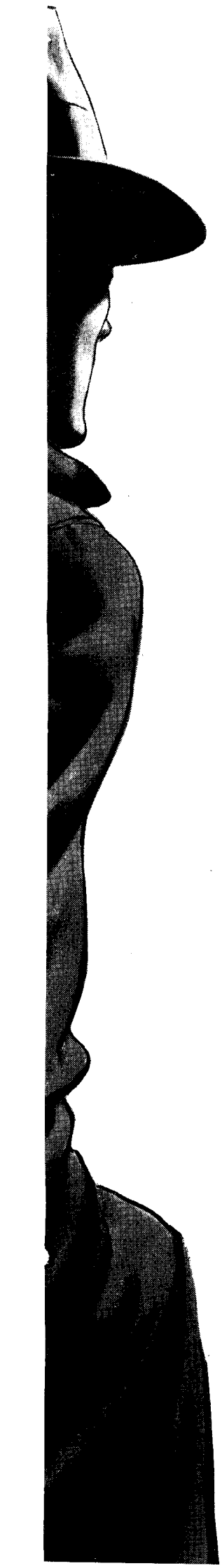

Kitchen Police

By William E. Brandon

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

"Who there?" Uncle Pitch asked. A voice said, "Evening, tarball," and a little figure stepped inside and pulled the doors shut. "Don't start up a racket"

UNCLE PITCH was worthless as kitchen help but it was better anyhow, Daisy thought, to keep him back with her and out of trouble rather than let him hang around the driveway and the office and the restaurant ushering customers in and out and pretending to shine up their cars when he saw them coming, and hinting for nickels and dimes in a dozen other bothersome ways. Miss Nelly didn't mind it too much but Daisy thought it didn't look decent, Uncle Pitch out begging, as if she didn't keep him in pocket money. Uncle Pitch sorely despised the kitchen but there wasn't much he could do about it; he was downright afraid of his niece.

Daisy was coal black, rising forty, and as hefty and strong as the bull of Bashan, Uncle Pitch often declared with some pride; furthermore, she was the best cook in the world and with a head full of sense for money, and Uncle Pitch couldn't deny that she kept him better than he'd ever kept himself, but none of that knowledge eased his kitchen misery.

"I like company, honey," he complained. "Just gimme a raft of company and I'm content. What do I do back here? High and lonesome by myself, all the blessed day."

"Now bring me them pickles," Daisy said, busy over her great stove.

"And half the night," Uncle Pitch said. "From the crack o' dawn to—pickles?"

Daisy turned on him: "Ain't you fished them pickles outen the barrel and sliced 'em, like I told you?"

"I forgot," Uncle Pitch said, stricken. "I guess I wa'n't paying attention, honey. I'll fetch 'em right now."

"You ain't never paying attention," Daisy said, sweeping ahead of him into the coolroom. "Here it is most dark, and supper time—you stir yourself and sweep out this coolroom; looks like there's been rabbits fed in here with that coleslaw you tried to make. Get, now! And you ask me where is the broom I'll use it on you!"

Uncle Pitch grabbed the broom and limped into the coolroom and scuffed and brushed around half-heartedly.

"And light my stove in there," Daisy called, "and the oven too; I ain't got room here for biscuits."

"Yes, honey," Uncle Pitch said. The coolroom, so called because it was closed off from the kitchen and the heat of the wood range there, was used generally to store supplies delivered through its big double doors that opened on the back drive. But due to the exigencies of space it also contained Daisy's other stove, a range fed on bottled gas, for use in emergencies.

Uncle Pitch opened the double doors and swept the broad stone step outside. Around at the front of the restaurant he could hear the sound of cars, slamming doors, distant voices, and beyond that the intermittent roar of traffic on 31. There were lights in the tourist cabins visible from here, and activity along the driveways, as new customers came in.

MISS NELLY had the best tourist place and highway restaurant in Indiana, and maybe in the whole country, and she did get the business too. Uncle Pitch was proud to be connected with such a successful enterprise. But you take two women like Miss Nelly and Daisy, and they made a combination, that was all. Miss Nelly was young and slight and slim, with dark brown hair and blue eyes deep and innocent like a little child's, and always smiling, but there wasn't anything anyone could put over on Miss Nelly.

Daisy called at him, "Pitch! Did you hear me tell you to light that stove?"

Uncle Pitch moved to obey. He secretly feared lighting the contraption, especially the oven. Immersed in his task, he heard a step outside and swung his white head to peer at the night framed in the double doors.

"Who there?" Uncle Pitch asked.

A voice said, "Evening, tarball," and a little runty figure stepped inside and pulled the double doors shut. The little man wore a new-looking light felt hat and a blue topcoat, and he was a stranger to Uncle Pitch.

"Don't start up a racket," he said. "You understand, don't you?"

"Wh-why certainly, most certainly," Uncle Pitch said. "Yes sah, yes sah, I do."

"That's good. This the kitchen through here? All right, let's go in."

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch replied nimbly. That little man sounded as if, down underneath the soft way he talked, he was mad, maybe scared mad. Uncle Pitch moved through the coolroom door into the kitchen as quickly as possible.

Daisy encountered the little man, when he entered, with surprise, and said, "Ain't nobody supposed to be in here but the help."

"That's fine," the little man said. He walked quickly the length of the kitchen and glanced through the serving door into the restaurant and came back. He said again, "That's good. I want the place to myself."

Daisy frowned through the cloud of steam from an opened pot. "How is that you say?"

"Daisy," Uncle Pitch said, "don't fuss with the gentleman."

The little man opened the coolroom door again and held it open with his foot while he looked around. "You shines behave, and I won't bother you," he said. "Understand what I mean?"

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch said.

"That's good." The little man stepped inside the coolroom and partly closed the connecting door. He discovered a small window set in the door, and was pleased. He said, "I can watch you through this door. If somebody comes and asks you, you ain't seen anyone, there ain't anyone here. Understand what I mean?"

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch said. "Indeed we do. Yes sah."

The little man closed the door and they could see his face through the little window. Daisy moaned, "Oh, Pitch, he got a gun."

"Be quiet, honey, and cook your supper." Uncle Pitch picked up his broom and began to sweep and whistle.

PRESENTLY Miss Nelly came back from the restaurant with Malory. Malory was a cop, and he was Miss Nelly's beau. They asked if there'd been someone running through the back drive, and Uncle Pitch replied that they never saw a soul, cooped up back there in the kitchen. Malory explained that the little man had hit a soldier hitchhiker with his car, back on the edge of town, and he had shot at a traffic cop who had tried to stop him, and that other cops had chased him out this far before shooting out one of the tires on his car. But he had got away again in the dusk and they thought he must be hiding someplace around Miss Nelly's Motel. They didn't know who he was but they thought he might be a bank bandit.

Miss Nelly asked Daisy what was the matter, she was shaking; and Daisy, trying to keep from looking at the coolroom, said she guessed she wasn't feeling very good. Malory went out again to help the other cops search around, with Miss Nelly calling after him to please be careful, and then Miss Nelly went back to the restaurant and Daisy leaned against the stove, holding her heart and breathing with her eyes closed. Uncle Pitch went on sweeping, from time to time glancing at the coolroom door.

When he saw that the little man's face was no longer visible through the small window, he said, "Now, honey, you go fetch Mr. Malory and we'll drag that gentleman out."

Daisy opened her mouth to protest and Uncle Pitch said, "You hurry too, or he'll be daid. When I turned on your gas stove in there it purely slipped my mind for a minute to light it, and he bust in on me before I thought of it again. You tell them police to come in by the outside door too, so they won't blow up your kitchen. Now you trot."

There was no reward attached to the little man, who proved to be a fugitive from an East Chicago holdup murder charge, but Uncle Pitch was satisfied with the new position Miss Nelly gave him, in which he sat all day in a chair by the front drive, wearing red suspenders and a badge, as the motel detective. Daisy declared it was sinful, but Uncle Pitch didn't mind her any more.

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China Gold

Continued from page 19

the Americans only prepare for war according to the hours their labor unions allow work. Four hours—five hours a day, no work on the week end!"

He was laughing horribly, and he was not looking at her. The drug she had put into his wine was taking effect. He struggled against it. He leaped to his feet and with fumbling hands he picked up his belt and tried to fasten it about him.

"Let me help you," Helen said. She rose and took him by the shoulders and pushed him into his seat. He sank helplessly, his eyes wide open and upturned to her. They were completely blank. She stared down into them.

"Tell me," she said, "where will you bomb the Americans?"

He muttered an answer. She could not hear it and she shook him. "Tell me!" she insisted. "Say it again!" But it was too late. He sagged into his chair and his head fell on his bosom.

"I gave him too much," she thought, angry with herself. "How could I have been so stupid? But no, it is because the Japanese are too easily drunk. I ought to have remembered that."

She gazed at him, disgust curling her red lips. For a moment she played with the idea of having Li-hua tie him with ropes. She might give him to the guerrillas. Then she rejected the thought. No, it was too soon—she might have need of the Japanese. She shouted for Li-hua, and when he came in she said: "He is drunk again. Take him and lay him on the bed. When he comes to himself, give him a little hot rice."

"Ha," Li-hua said, in enigmatic assent.

IN THE mission house the three men listened to Father Valerian's gasping explanation. It was no explanation—Elaine had been with him and she was gone! It was Larch who really listened, Larch who was dismayed with all his heart. Rudolf and Elton heard, but they watched Larch each of them bitterly jealous of him.

Larch leaped to his feet. "She can't simply disappear! She's somewhere! She's got to be found!"

"Don't be a fool, Corpran," Elton Field said. "It's no good simply dashing off. Let us think a moment what we ought to do—it will save time in the end."

Father Valerian came out of his confusion for a sudden clear moment. He gazed at Elton Field with his piercing blue eyes. "It would have saved everything had you not come," he said. "She was trying to escape you."

Larch, already at the door, stopped. "Why should she try to escape you?" he demanded.

Elton Field did not answer. The light of anger sprang into his gray eyes. But Father Valerian answered for him.

"This man wishes to marry her," he said, "and she does not wish to do so."

Elton Field jumped out of his chair. "This is an absurd time to speak of such a thing. But since you have spoken—yes, it is true, and if I love this girl and want to marry her, it only gives me the more right at this moment—"

Larch strode across the floor and stared down at him, his fists clenched. "You old goat," he said distinctly. "So this is why you cabled her father!"

"Is there any law against my wishing to marry her?" Elton Field retorted.

Rudolf had not moved or spoken. He stood back against the table, his arms folded, contemplating the two men with a look of sad amusement upon his face.

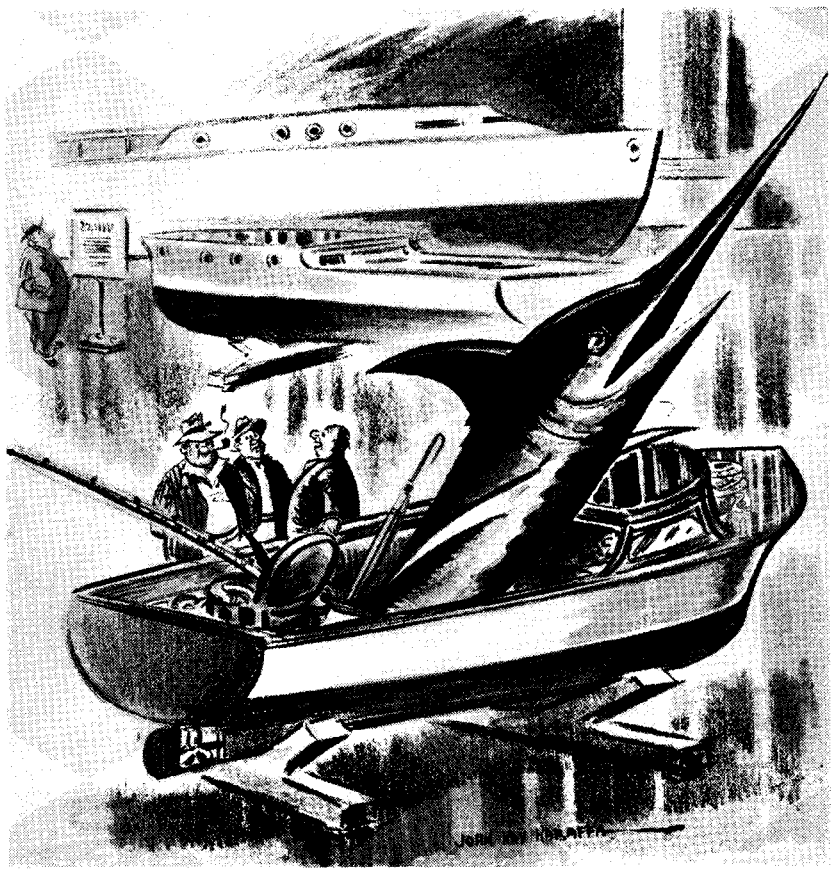
"Before you two fight over the lady," he said with irony, "it is perhaps better that we find her. You, Mr. Field, were about to make a suggestion."

Father Valerian sat down and wiped his face with the skirt of his cassock. He had stepped on the edge of his cassock in his haste and ripped the edge. Now when he saw the rent, he tore the hem off and threw it on the floor. The men watched him, without seeing him.

"I suggest," Elton Field said, his eyes fixed on the rag, "that I go at once to the Japanese headquarters and demand a house-to-house search."

"Good," Rudolf said coolly. "I agree that this would be an efficient thing to do. Gentlemen, suppose we allow Mr. Field to proceed at once to the Japanese captain. He has more influence with the Japanese than we have."

Larch stepped back and in silence



"This one comes fully equipped" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

Elton Field put on his coat and his hat. "Let us meet here at the end of two hours to compare what we find out," Rudolf said, "that is, if we can."

"She'll be found long before then," Elton said brusquely and went out.

Behind him Father Valerian sighed. "Why do I hate that man?" he inquired of Rudolf. Then his eyes fell upon Larch. "Who are you?" he asked. "And why are you here?"

"I am Larch Corpran," Larch said, "and I have come to take Elaine home."

FATHER VALERIAN rose, his eyes fixed on Larch. "How did you know where she was?"

"Her father sent me," Larch said. "And that fellow Field told him where she was. And now, please, let's not waste our precious time!"

"Larch Corpran!" Father Valerian echoed. Surprise passed over his face and was gone in a second. "Why should I be surprised?" he muttered. "Father in heaven, forgive me that I am surprised when having prayed for help, it comes to me!" Resolution and confidence strengthened in his face. "Come," he said, "we will go from door to door, and find her somewhere, you and I—"

AT THE door of Helen's sitting room Elton Field paused. They had told him at headquarters that the captain was at the new café, and so here he had come. But she? He could not believe what he saw.

"Helen!" he cried. "What are you—"

"I have been here a long time," she said. She did not rise. She was grateful for the moment she had had to compose herself, to prepare for his coming. Li-hua had hurried in. "Your big-man is at the door—he asks for the Japanese."

She had paused for one second's thought.

"Do not show yourself," she said. "He may remember you. Let Mei-su bring him in."

So the girl Mei-su had brought Elton Field in, her eyes round with the strangeness of her mission. What was this man to her beloved mistress? She stood now just behind him.

"Come in," Helen said. She rose with a slow grace and stood while he came in. "Sit down," she said.

"I can't," he replied. "I have come in search of the Japanese captain. They tell me he is here."

"Yes, he is here," she said. "He is always here. But he is very drunk."

Elton stared at her, then around the room. "Is this what you did with my money?"

She nodded. "Business is very good."

"But why Ta-ming?"

She turned her head away. "I wonder why?" she echoed in her soft voice.

He took one step forward then checked himself and shook his head angrily. "I don't care what you do," he said. "Take me to the Japanese!"

She drooped her head. "This way, please." She moved with her incomparable silent grace toward an inner door.

Behind her Elton Field followed, his mind a torment of questions. It was not chance that brought her here to Taming. For a moment he was afraid of her. He glanced at the smooth black head bent as she walked. She looked altogether Chinese, this woman. Her hair was low on her neck and her great jade pins were crossed in it. He thought, "I hate these Chinese, the liars, with their smooth faces!"

"Here he is," she said, and drew a curtain. There on a great bed, half covered by a red silk quilt, the Japanese lay snoring, his mouth wide open, his eyes slightly open.

"What's the matter with him?" Elton asked. "He looks as though he'd had a stroke!"

"He is only drunk," she said quietly. "This is how he looks every night."

She looked so devilish in her beauty as she stood there that Elton Field was seized with horror. She looked up and caught the horror in his eyes.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked in the same still voice.

"You—" he gasped—"I believe you know where she is—I believe it's your wicked deceitfulness—"

"You mean Elaine Brian?"

Her voice was so silvery in its coolness that he choked. He leaped at her and seized her by the shoulders. "You do know!" he shouted.

Then with a movement as smooth as a snake's she put back one hand and drew out of her hair the jade pin, the jade pin she had brought with her years before from Fukien, the pin that was a long slender dagger, made to protect a Fukien woman from the man whom she hated, the foreigner, the conqueror, and with a thrust as sure as a snake's fang she thrust it into Elton's right eye and into the soft stuff of his brain behind it.

SHE waited while he staggered and she saw him fall and struggle and then lie still. She stooped and pulled out the pin and wiped it clean on the under side of the red silk quilt that covered the Japanese. There was very little soil on the dagger, and the stain it left on the silk scarcely showed. Then she flung back the cover and dragged the Japanese out of bed and let him fall over the inert body on the floor. He did not wake, and she contemplated the two of them for a moment.

"It will do," she thought. "Who is there to care how he died?"

She put the pin back into her hair and went out, closing the door behind her. In her sitting room at the end of the corridor Mei-su was still waiting. She lifted her head in curiosity and excitement as Helen came in and Helen answered the look, her voice as calm as ever.

"A strange thing has happened," she said. "For some reason the Japanese has killed the American. He leaped off the bed and grappled him and flung him backward on the brick floor."

Mei-su cried out: "But will we be blamed?"

Helen shook her head indifferently. "Who is there to blame us in Ta-ming if a Japanese kills an American?"

She clapped her hands for Li-hua. When the old man came in, she said, "Li-hua, the American is dead. The Japanese fought him without knowing what he did, and he fell backward and broke his head on the bricks. When the Japanese comes to himself, tell him what he has done."

"She must be found," Rudolf was saying to Chen. "I will not allow the

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You wake up. You need a laxative. But you have an engagement at 9. You're afraid to risk embarrassment. You put off taking anything, and—

A shadow hovers all day!

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attack to take place until she is found!"

Chen smiled a still glimmer of a smile. "I can understand why you feel thus," he said, "and yet how can I tell the Hill and Water men that they must not attack the city because a young white girl has disappeared? They will only believe she has been taken by the Japanese."

"At least do not give the signal until the man Elton Field returns," Rudolf urged. "We agreed to return here, all of us, at the end of two hours."

"Since the Hill and Water men tell their time by the sun an hour or two will not matter to them," Chen agreed.

Some peculiar wisdom in his smooth and handsome face caught Rudolf's eye. "You know where she is!" he cried.

Chen smiled. "I do not know, but I have heard," he said. "That is, the old manservant who belongs to the house of the Pao family told his best friend who is a gate keeper at the camp of the enemy, who as you know is a spy of our side, and he told me."

"Then why—" Rudolf began, outraged.

CHEN interrupted him: "Why did I not tell you before? In the first place the thing only happened today. In the second place, had she wanted it known where she was she could easily have walked out of the gate as she walked in. I waited to find out the way the wind was blowing before I spoke."

"But you have known for half an hour that we are distracted because she was lost!" Rudolf cried. He put on his Chinese fur-lined cap as he spoke and his fur-lined soldier's coat.

"Since I knew she was safe—" Chen murmured.

But again Rudolf would not allow him to finish: "Take me to the house, Chen, and hold back the signal for attack until I have her safe in the mission."

The Chinese shrugged, threw out his hands, smiled good-humoredly and led the way without a word until they were in the street. Then he laughed.

"We had better keep it secret from those Hill and Water men that a woman has delayed the attack," he said. "They would be very angry if they knew."

"I do not care if they are angry," Rudolf retorted. He was now so anxious about Elaine that he could not believe her unharmed. When Larch and Elton Field and Father Valerian had left the house together, he had remained behind. He had already determined to talk with Chen before going out to find Elaine, knowing how usually the Chinese priest knew what no one else knew. All over the city spies faithfully brought him news, sometimes useful, sometimes of no worth. He had therefore gone straight to the hospital and found him, his cotton cassock tucked up under his white apron.

The apron he had taken off, and now his black robes, which somehow always looked more new than Father Valerian's, flew back in the dry wind as he walked.

"Here is the gate," Chen said. It was barred and he beat on it with the flat of his hand. It opened, and an old man looked out. "Let me in," Chen said with authority, "and the password is—" he leaned forward and whispered into the man's ear. Rudolf himself did not know that password.

"Follow me," Chen said, and Rudolf followed him through the beautiful formal courts. The old man trotted ahead of them and cried out as he went. A scar-faced bondmaid answered and ran more quickly ahead of him. Then in a moment they were at the main hall. The latticed door swung open and they went in. The great room was empty except for the bondmaid who had reached there before them.

"Tell your foreign guest that the German whom she knows is here and that she need not be afraid," Chen said.

"Hao," the bondmaid said and went away.

In the great room they waited for only a moment more, and then an inner door drew back, and Elaine stood there. She looked so well, so pretty, even half-mischievous, that Rudolf smiled at her with a sad sense of loss.

"You know you have distracted us *all?*" he asked.

A childish look of defiance came upon her face. "I had to escape," she said.

She felt a touch on her shoulder and the little old lady came through the door behind her. She was very elegant in a plum-colored robe of brocaded satin, cut with wide old-fashioned embroidered sleeves. She pointed her long pipe at Rudolf.

"Is this the man you ran away from?" she inquired of Elaine.

"No, not this one," Elaine replied, smiling with sudden brightness into Rudolf's eyes.

"How many men have you?" the old lady retorted. She sat down and stared with amiable curiosity at Rudolf, while the bondmaid filled her pipe.

But Elaine did not answer the old lady. She was looking at Rudolf. He was gazing at her with strange intensity. "Ah," he said quietly, "my intuition was right. I wondered why I hated that young man. Do you really want to escape him?"

"Yes," she said. "Help me, Rudolf—don't tell where I am!"

Rudolf pulled at his mustache. "You have chosen the worst possible moment to begin your complications. I do not understand them. But you ask me to hide you now when—" he paused and glanced at the old lady, who sat gazing at them tranquilly majestic as a tiny old queen in her carved chair. "Does she understand any English?"

"Not a word," Elaine replied.

"Then—I must tell you—at this very moment the guerrillas are waiting to attack the city. They are waiting for a signal—from me, in fact. But I have refused to give it until you were found. If the city were full of fighting men, how could I have found you? But now, what shall I do with you, dear and troublesome child?"

Her head drooped under the sad tenderness of his voice. "I am in the way," she murmured. "Perhaps it is true I ought to go home." She was wistful at the thought, not for any home she knew but for the mission house and for Father Valerian. "I don't want to go," she murmured, and tears filled her eyes. "I was never happy until I came here—I was never of use before. If Father Valerian does not need me then nobody needs me."

HE LONGED to cry out, "I need you—how desperately!" But he did not speak. What safety had he to offer a young and beautiful girl however much he loved her? In the world that might lie ahead of tomorrow, he did not even know whether there would be a place for him. If Germany and Japan triumphed, he would be called a traitor. If they lost, he would still be a German. There was nothing for him but silence and loneliness.

She lifted her head. "Does Father Valerian want me to go?"

"I do not know," he said. "I have not heard him speak of it."

Stubbornness straightened her pretty mouth. "Then I will wait until he tells me to go. Oh, Rudolf, help me to hide!"

"Where in this city can I hide you?" The words came thickly from him. "I have no home, no refuge of my own—I belong in the middle of the battle—I am committed to war—"

His mind was searching the city, and

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suddenly he thought of Helen Kung. "Wait," he said, "wait—I think of something! There is a café here—a woman in it from Shanghai—well, she cannot help us—but wait, her girls—there is a sister of the guerrilla captain. Yes, it is a hope. Come, let us go quickly there! The girl can take you away outside the city. You can hide in the village—if we are victorious, you will be safe. If we lose, then—well, we must win! Where is your coat? Had you a hat? It is very cold."

"I have on what I wore when I came here," she said. She turned to the little watching figure in the big carved chair. "Old one," her lips framed prettily the voweled Chinese words, "I must go. This one has persuaded me. Will you not come with me? See, you have given me such kind shelter, and now perhaps, it is my turn to help you."

But the old lady shook her head. Shrewdness came into her sharp black eyes. "Whatever is your reason, I cannot come," she said. "Even if there should be more war, I will stay here and here I will die. Can you persuade me when my own sons could not? No, whether I live or die means nothing to me. I will not take my own life, but if another reaches out his hand to take it, I will not step aside. I have lived as long as that."

"Come," Rudolf said, and Elaine tried no more. She bowed her thanks to the old lady and followed Rudolf into the dark street.

"This way," Rudolf said, "keep close to me."

"May I take your hand?" she asked. "It is so dark."

He hesitated and then she heard him say gravely: "Take my arm instead."

HELEN KUNG was not able to sleep. She did not dare to take opium this night, with the dead body of the man she had loved still pinned under the drugged Japanese. In another hour, perhaps, the Japanese would waken, and she must be ready. She sat still for minutes alone in her room, motionless, her hands folded in her satin lap, and then suddenly she could not be still and she rose and walked quickly back and forth, round and round the room, touching one object and another.

Then she heard the scratching at her door that meant Li-hua, and she went swiftly to the door and flung it open. He stood there, his face the color of clay. "All news is bad!" he said in a whisper. "The German is here with the white girl. I do not know what they want. But I have heard outside through my eyes and ears that tonight there is to be an attack on the city by the Hill and Water men. What will they say when they find the Japanese here?"

She stared at him with unblinking eyes while she comprehended this news. "Bring the German to me," she commanded.

"And the white girl? He will not leave her."

"Then let her come also."

She turned and went to the mirror and tinted her lips quickly and smoothed her dark hair. "I am safe, whichever way the wind blows," she thought. "If the guerrillas should win, I have Mei-su here. If the devils win, I have their captain here."

But what of Elton Field's body? She thought quickly, gazing at her own face in the mirror. Would it be better or worse if the body of an American were here? "Strange that I once loved him so much," she thought. She felt her heart desolate, but there was no pain in her. Love had died unperceived. But all feeling had died. "I do not care what happens to me," she thought. A deathly calm came into her. She turned when she heard footsteps and saw Elaine's astonished white face.

"Yes, you are surprised," she said. "Of course—you did not know I was here. But I have been here for months—almost as long as you have."

"Do you know this woman?" Rudolf demanded of Elaine.

"She — Mr. Field — I — that is — " Elaine stammered.

Helen broke in with smooth laughter. "Do not be disturbed," she said. "I am quite friendly to you. You must believe me. I have no cause to hate you and you must not hate me." She longed to say, "He is dead—so I do not hate you." But she was not yet ready to tell it. She turned to Rudolf: "And can I help you?"

"Yes," he said, "and, please, there is no time. You have here the sister of Captain Siao. Could you—would you be willing to allow her to take this—to take Miss Brian to her home village? There are reasons—"

"I know the reasons," Helen said quickly. She must give Li-hua a present, she thought. He had brought her the news that she needed and at a fortunate time. She clapped her hands. Li-hua came in instantly from behind the door where he always stood when she was not alone. "Call Mei-su to me," she commanded. He nodded and went away and they could hear his shoes, always too big, clopping at a dogtrot on the brick floors.

"If you know everything," Rudolf said slowly to Helen Kung, "ought you to stay here?" He was guarded, not knowing how much she knew.

"I am safe enough," she said indifferently; "I have friends on both sides." She debated in her mind whether or not she would tell him what the Japanese had said as he fell into his stupor. She played a moment with her secret knowledge and the sense of power it gave her. Then her eyes fell upon Elaine. The girl had sat down on the edge of a chair and she looked in her gravity so innocently young that Helen's heart moved toward an unwonted generosity. Now that Elton was dead, why need this girl suffer anything?

"You ought to go home," she said to her abruptly. "It may be that in a little while it will be hard here for Americans."

"I don't want to go home," Elaine said indistinctly.

BEFORE Helen could speak again or Rudolf ask her what she meant, the girl Mei-su came into the room. They heard her firm step at the door and then she put aside the red silk down curtain.

"You called me, Elder Sister," she said to Helen.

"Yes," Helen said. "I have a thing to ask you. This American girl must be taken out of the city for safety. You are to take her to your own village and let her hide there."

"But I will not stay there!" the girl cried.

"You need not stay," Helen replied. "But I warn you, child, it may be better for you to obey your brother and stay in the village."

"No, I will not!" Mei-su cried with passion. "You might go away and how could I find you?"

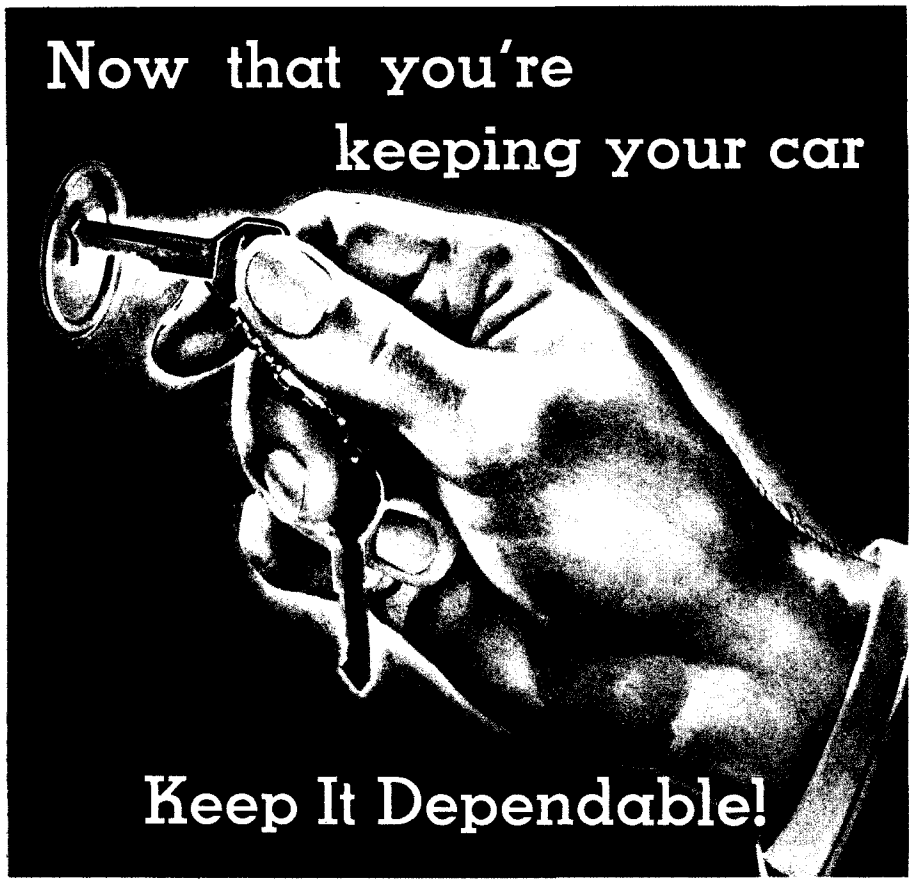
"Then come back," Helen said. "I shall be here."

She sighed as she spoke and passed her ivory-colored hand over her hair. "Go," she said to Rudolf in German, "it will be better if all of you are gone and gone quickly."

Rudolf turned to Elaine. "Go with this young girl," he commanded her. "Do not be afraid. I know her brother and he is to be trusted. I will come for you myself when I can. But keep yourself hidden."

She did not answer except to rise and follow the young girl away.

(To be concluded next week)



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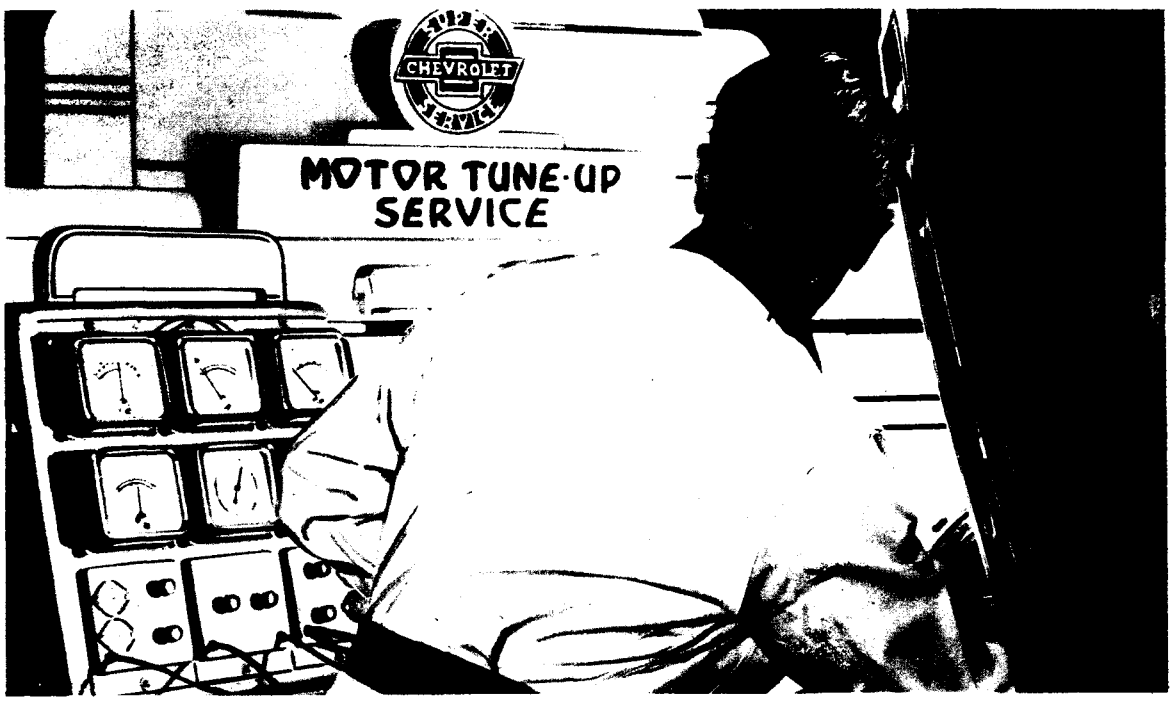

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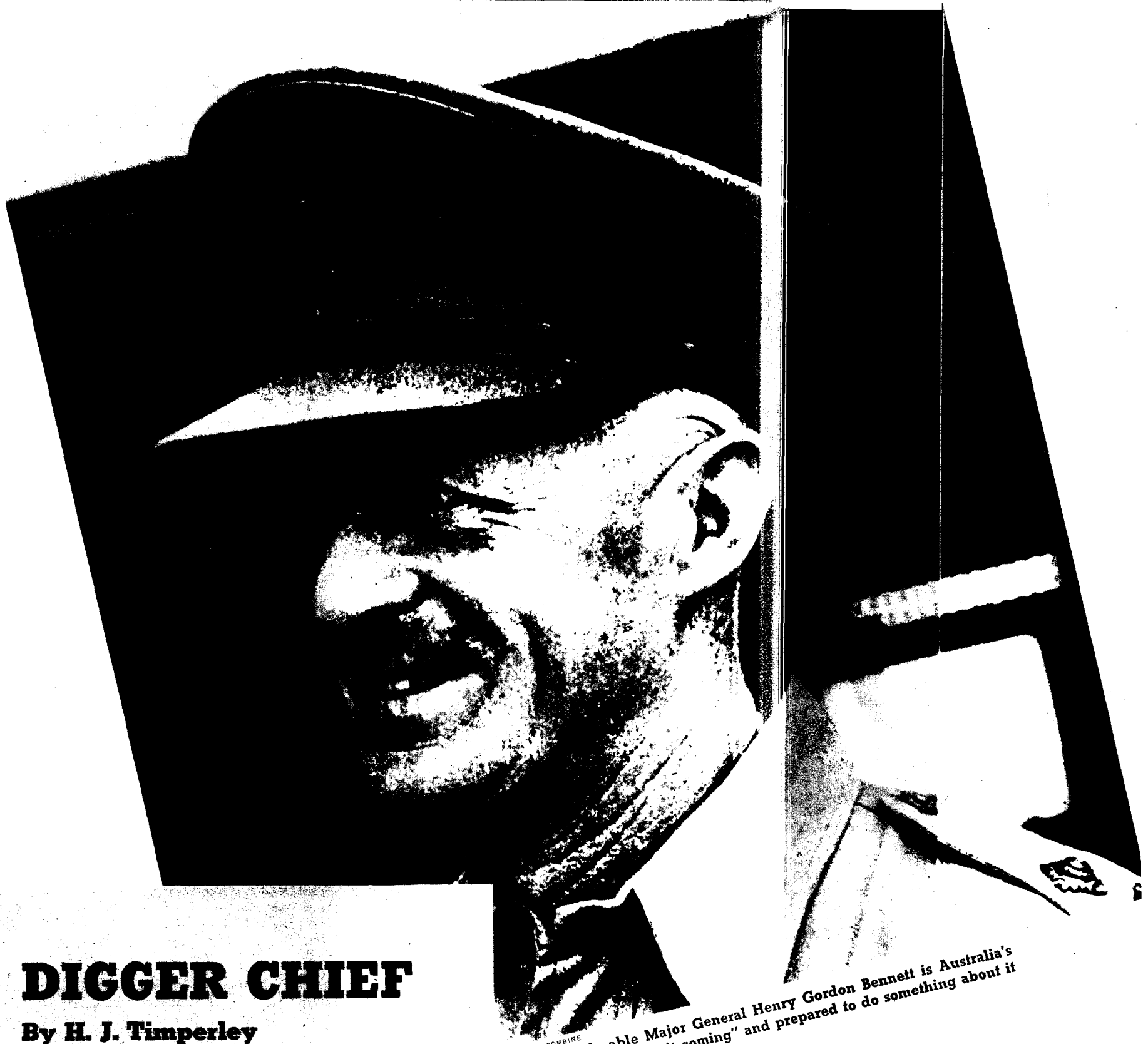

BRITISH COMBINE

Tough, able Major General Henry Gordon Bennett is Australia's "man who saw it coming" and prepared to do something about it

DIGGER CHIEF

By H. J. Timperley

One thing the Japs wanted at Singapore was Australia's Cocky Bennett, the man who battled them all the way down the Malayan Peninsula. They didn't get him. He's back on his home grounds, ready and eager to carry the fight to the Japs

AUSTRALIA need have no fear of the Japanese if it takes advantage of Malaya's lessons. If Australia has failed to learn from this experience, there can be no answer but defeat. In Australia, our one idea must be to attack, attack, attack. We must not sit back and stay on the defensive. The Japanese from general to private had the offensive spirit and that must be our spirit."

The man who proclaims this is a red-headed accountant, a businessman who is a soldier only when there's a war on, but who will play a vital part in aiding General Douglas MacArthur's defense of Australia.

"Who's Who" lists him as Major General Henry Gordon Bennett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. He was commander of the 18,000 members of the A.I.F. in Malaya, and he escaped from Singapore after the surrender. His report conveyed to the Australian War Cabinet was followed by directives to army schools and training centers insisting on new lines of defensive tactics.

"In Malaya, I learned that it is hopeless to underestimate the Japanese," said Gordon Bennett. "It was the universal fault of the British that we underestimated the power and capacity of the Japanese. Our general experience was that the Japanese soldier is inferior to the Australian soldier. I endorse this wholeheartedly. When they clashed with the Australians, we won.

"The Japanese will strike at our airdromes and use them for jumping-off places for further advances. We must hit them before they land and while they land. We must attack continuously. We must have aggressive inspiration at the top and brilliant junior leadership. These are the only answers to the tactics the Japanese use.

"Australian troops in Malaya succeeded in every clash with the Japanese by throwing overboard the 1918 textbook methods. They gave no thought to traditional training methods or antique battle technique, and solved each problem as it arose. From the start, the A.I.F. realized that the only way to stop the Japs was to take the offensive, particularly with the bayonet. The Allies must learn that it is by continuous offensive action only that the Japs will be beaten. I found that the Japs are well organized and trained, and that they are always on the offensive.

"It was the simplicity of the Japanese methods that enabled them to succeed. They won battles by maneuvering. There was no need for them to make frontal attacks. They could infiltrate and attack from the rear and snap our vulnerable communications. There was only one real frontal attack, and that was on the island of Singapore, and they succeeded because of their air support. The Japs weren't loaded down with equipment. Their main weapons were tommy-guns, machine guns, and mortars, and their main means of transport was the simple and efficient bicycle."

The man who said the foregoing is fondly known to his men as "Cocky." It is a term that implies the fighting spirit of a russet-feathered gamecock, something that Bennett has a lot of. Brass hats of larger tonnage have never had terrors for this spunky Australian. He has just gone ahead and blown them out of the water. A brush with authority occurred just before his appointment to the Malayan command. For some years Bennett had brooded over the shape of things to come, and early in 1939 this civilian, then president of the Chamber of Manufacturers of New South Wales and merely an officer in the reserve, wrote a series of trenchant articles for the Sydney Morning Herald in which he said just what he thought of the Australian General Staff.

The theme of the articles was familiar enough. Bennett said things that critics

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of the British Army and of the United States Army have said many times, chiefly that the democratic armies were preparing for the last war instead of the next. Bennett charged that the Australian General Staff was antiquated, and that if they had got beyond the tactical conceptions of Waterloo—which he doubted—they were thinking too much in terms of Spion Kop and Amiens and too little about the dust-up he knew to be just around the corner.

Bennett had a close friend in Major General Henry Wynter, a brilliant staff officer who had worked out probably the first general theory of the defense of Australia by Australian forces acting alone. This, too, was heresy to Wynter's imperial-minded colleagues. To them the assumption (now apparently a fact) that Australia might have to defend herself without large British assistance was a crime of unforgivable proportions. At all events, Wynter was deprived of his job as commandant of the staff school in Sydney and posted to a district command in Queensland.

The technical charge against Wynter was that he had once expressed his views to a nonmilitary audience. A similar complaint was made by the brass hats against Cocky Bennett because of his Sydney Morning Herald articles, and he resigned his command in the Australian military reserve. All of which would be so much ancient history if it did not offer a deadly Australian parallel to what happened in the democratic armies up to the beginning of the present war and for too long afterward, and if it did not throw light on just what sort of soldier Bennett is.

Down at the Imperial Service Club in one of Sydney's lanelike, 150-year-old streets, where the younger reserve officers do their serious drinking, Cocky Bennett became something of a hero. He stayed friends, too, with Major General Iven Mackay, then headmaster of a swank preparatory school in exclusive Rose Bay, who was recently recalled, after brilliant work in North Africa, to take charge of Australia's home defenses.

Cocky feels that this is a young man's war. Just before he left for Malaya he had dinner at the University Club in Sydney with a manufacturer who was running a small but essential industry but who wanted to get into the army. "Don't be a damn' fool," Cocky told him bluntly. "I wouldn't have a subaltern over twenty-three. He's got to be able to go for days and nights without sleep and still do a job better than any man under him. You're too old (the reserve officer was thirty-six). Forget it!"

The Major Proves a Point

"Today," Bennett says, "a man commanding a section has to know as much as a battalion officer did in 1918. In battle the section must be able to operate without further orders. Maybe it will be cut off from its own lines but fire power has increased so much that it is still a fighting unit. The man running it must know what it's all about. In 1918 there was perhaps one battalion concentrated on a half-mile front. Now the front might be ten miles. Each single unit in that ten miles must know just what to do. The sergeants are the lads. They've got to be good."

This dinner-table conversation was a preview of just what happened when the Japs first hit the Australians, and advanced Australian units had to cut their way back to the main lines. They fought squad by squad. They had no orders; only guns. The idea that you can give men a cut-and-dried set of orders in modern battle conditions is, as Bennett says, "bloody crazy."

Cocky Bennett, apostle of the young man's war, is fifty-five. He swore before he left for Malaya that he would take a masseur with him to keep him limber by rubbing his muscles with eucalyptus oil. Ironically, also, the first job he did in this war was to organize a veterans' corps.

When the Returned Soldiers League, Australian counterpart of the American Legion, decided that the time had come to form an ex-servicemen's volunteer defense corps, the military authorities scoffed at the idea of an "old men's brigade." Then Bennett stepped in and, knocking the corps into first-class fighting shape, successfully demanded its incorporation as an integral part of the Australian military force. Today, as a result of his foresight, 50,000 well-trained veterans are able to take the field in New South Wales alone, as Australia girds herself to meet the onrushing Japanese.

The Man for the Job

After this, Bennett's stock rose so rapidly in the public estimation that when it was decided to send a division to help in the defense of Malaya he was given the command. His qualifications for this key position were felt to be threefold: He had had the right kind of fighting experience in the last war, he was able to think in terms of current needs rather than textbook strategy, and, most important of all, he had everything that the Australian means when he talks about "guts."

There can be no shadow of doubt that the battling bookkeeper has red blood in his veins as well as red hair on his head. During the first World War he was cited for gallantry eight times. As a youthful major at Gallipoli he led a desperate stand on shell-torn Pine Ridge. Shot in wrist and shoulder when standing up to direct the fire of his men against the Turks, Bennett was evacuated to a hospital ship but "deserted" back to his unit to carry on the fight the next day. His younger brother, a lad of twenty, was killed in the same engagement.

At twenty-six, Bennett found himself a colonel and when he was appointed to command the battle-scarred 3d Australian Brigade in France he was, at twenty-nine, the youngest brigadier general in the entire Australian army. It was while serving with the 3d Brigade as a company signaler that I first came in contact with him in 1917. Company signalers don't hobnob much with brigadier generals, as a rule—their work takes them a bit too far forward for that—but it seemed that Cocky was always snooping around and he poked his red head into our dugout more than once.

Because I was an expert stenographer I was promoted to the job of confidential assistant to the battalion adjutant and in that capacity I saw many of Cocky's operation orders. As I recall them now, they were just the kind of thing you would expect to get from a man who was accustomed in civilian life to handling figures. They were clear, precise and they wasted no words. We were told exactly what we had to do without any beating around the bush, and I cannot remember that Bennett ever gave us any lead as to what we were to do if we failed to reach our objective. I doubt if that entered into his calculations.

It's a far cry from the mud and slush of Flanders to the faded splendors of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, but that is where, last September on my way back from a summer dodging bombs in Chungking, I caught my next glimpse of Cocky. It didn't seem to me that the intervening twenty-three years had made a lot of difference. True, the bright red thatch had thinned out to a fiery halo, and the close-clipped mustache was flecked with gray, but he was still alert and spry. At fifty-five he

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could pass for a well-knit forty-five.

It seems that Bennett never let himself run to seed either physically or mentally after the last war. He knew there was bound to be another showdown and kept himself in good shape for it. Though he likes an occasional Scotch and soda, he has never acquired the strenuous drinking habits of his fellow Australians. Too high-strung to excel at golf, Cocky finds a hard-hitting game of tennis more in his line. But his favorite prewar recreation was roaming the Blue Mountains back of Sydney with an army map in his pocket and his daughter Joan for company.

Gordon Bennett was always thinking and talking about the "next war." On his Sydney office table usually reposed a well-thumbed copy of Max Werner's "Military Strength of the Powers" cheek by jowl with the "Australian Company Directory." His favorite book is an account of the Battle of Tannenberg and he is able to recite long passages of it from memory.

Consider the Aussie

Always a strong advocate of defense in depth as a means of countering the mechanized offensive, Bennett long ago rejected as untenable the theory of static defense. He favors the offensive-defensive principle which the Russians have employed with such success against the Nazi hordes. He has developed a "unit initiative" plan which fits in perfectly with the individualistic temperament of the Australian fighting man.

The Australian troops who fought in the Malayan campaign and later, at Singapore, were probably the best-trained unit to be sent overseas by the Commonwealth in this or any other war. There were good reasons for this: They were under instruction for an unusually long period, and they were in the hands of Cocky Bennett while they were going through it. I have a very vivid recollection of what that means. Though it would not be correct to describe him either as a fusspot or a Simon Legree, Bennett is exacting and thorough when it comes to training. He has an uncanny knack of finding out the soft spots, and many a subordinate has learned to his cost that a high-powered explosive force lies behind that quietly authoritative manner. Cocky's vocabulary is restrained but scathing.

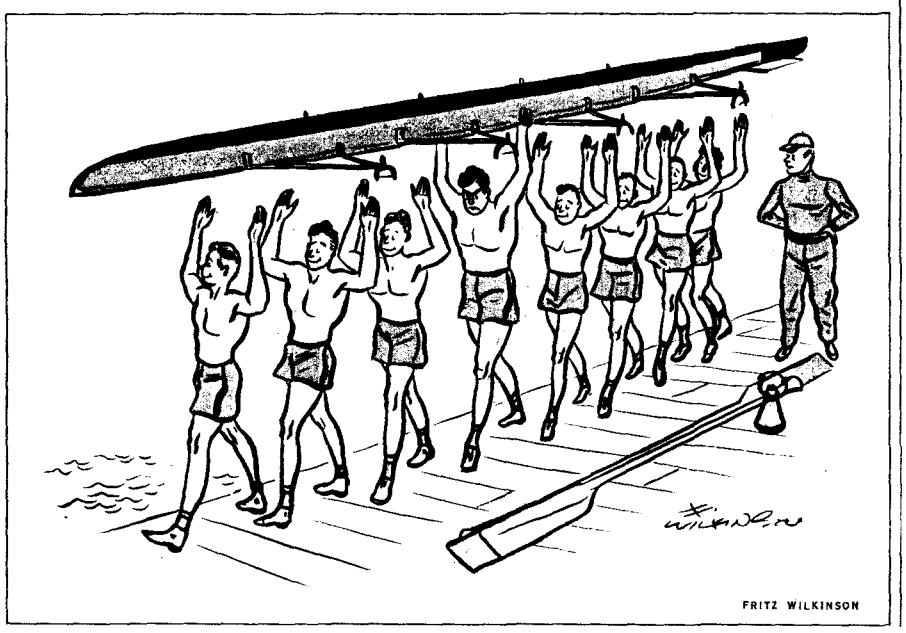
Bennett's division in Malaya was part of a composite British-Indian-Australian force, but, thanks to his dogged insistence upon the point, it operated as a homogeneous unit. The British High Command wanted to split it up, but Bennett demanded that his bunch should remain in being as a division. Most likely he remembered what happened in France in the early part of the last World War when various Australian units, his own included, were placed under English command. The "diggers" made no secret of their dislike of this arrangement and fought twice as well when eventually they were regrouped as an all-Australian army corps under Sir John Monash. Bennett knew what he wanted and the brass hats didn't stop him from getting it.

Nobody who understands the psychology of the Australian "digger" will doubt that every man-jack of them lived up to Bennett's pledge that he'd do his best. The Australian tends to become impatient with the "spit and polish" regulations so dear to the heart of the English brass hat, but in action he is second to none in rigid observance of essential battle discipline. The secret of the Australian army's fame lies in the ability of the commander to rely upon the determination of each man to carry out his part.

Long before the end of the Gallipoli campaign which gave them their baptism of fire in the last World War, the Australians had dispelled the notion that they would prove inefficient from lack of discipline. Although they had not yet acquired the astonishing technique which made them invincible as shock troops in 1918, they had revealed themselves as magnificent, resourceful fighters. This new force raised suddenly from a people totally unaccustomed to restraint was tested under the most exacting conditions of warfare and against literally overwhelming odds and was not found wanting in any single particular that matters when the guns begin to shoot.

What was the motive force which sustained these men as, at the Gallipoli landing and later in Palestine, in France and in Flanders, they fought on and on when there seemed no prospect of victory? The answer has been eloquently recorded by the official historian of Australia's part in the first World War.

"To be the sort of man," he wrote, "who would give way when his mates were trusting to his firmness; to be the sort of man who would fail when the line, the whole force, and the Allied cause required his endurance; to have made it necessary for another unit to do his own unit's work; to live the rest of his life haunted by the knowledge that he had set his hand to a soldier's task and had lacked the grit to see it through—that was the prospect which these men could not face. Life was very dear, but life was not worth living unless they could be true to their idea of Australian manhood. Standing upon that alone, when help failed and hope faded, when the end loomed clear in front of them, when the whole world seemed to crumble and the heavens to fall in, they faced its ruin undismayed."



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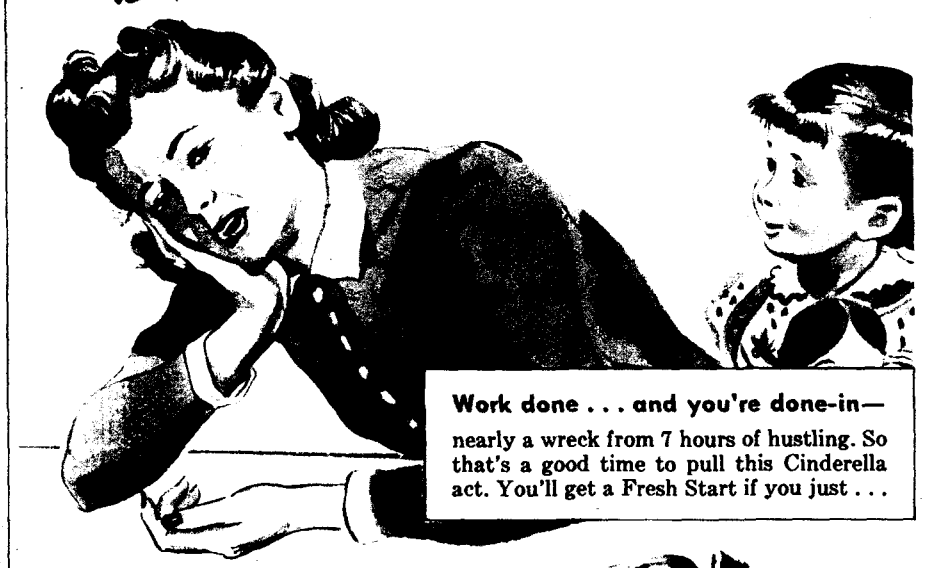

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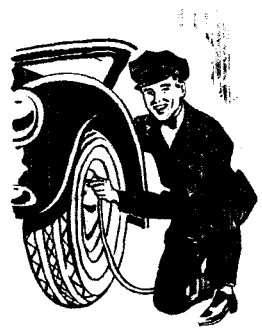

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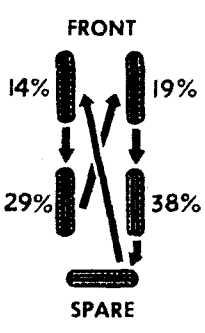

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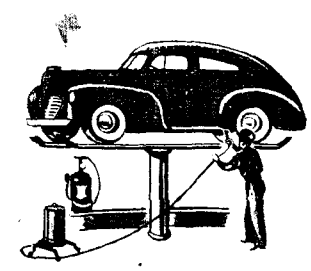

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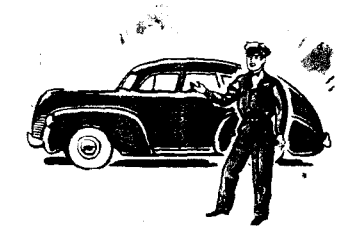

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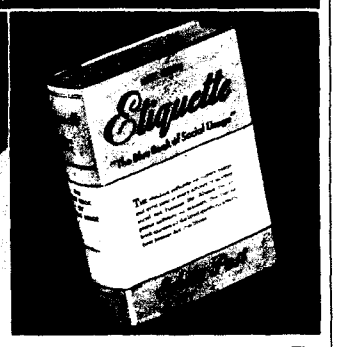

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B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

Faithfully, Judith

Continued from page 13

sky, its heat blown out of the world by the wind which went crying on into space.

"You'll board at Mrs. Rand's hotel in Ingrid," he said. "Wasn't anything out on the flats four months ago. Then Teddy Roosevelt opened the reservation to homesteadin' and five hundred people filled it in a week. Big argument on the school. Some wanted it, some didn't."

"How could anybody not want a school?"

"This country," he said, "requires a strong back and a weak mind. Not that I'm prejudiced. Never had schoolin' myself, but maybe it is necessary. World's changin'."

"Do you have a homestead?"

He shook his head. "Man like me wouldn't like a hundred and sixty acres after chasin' cows all his life. I'll be movin' on one day, away from the bobwire. Fences and houses close together ain't natural." He dragged the team to a stop, shouting "Who-aa!" He tucked the loose blanket more securely around her and sent the horses on again with a yip and a yell. In the forward distance dots of dust showed in the haze and at the end of an hour they began to pass wagons full-loaded with household goods and families.

"THE weak ones give up," pointed out Charley Graves. "They came for somethin' free, figurin' to get rich. But it is a year until crop time and winter's comin' and there's considerable work and starvin' to go through. People wantin' things free never have the sand to stick. These kind have been leavin' for a month. What's left now are the tough—good tough and bad tough."

A great woolly grayness raced across the sky as soon as sunset came and the rustle and roar of the wind was all about them. They began to run by wagons loaded with wood, these moving toward the blur of a settlement in the distance. Three hours exactly after leaving Virgil the buckboard came into Ingrid, which was half a dozen houses on the prairie, and wheeled before Mrs. Rand's hotel. Mrs. Rand, young and soft-faced and pretty, stood at the door. "I'm glad you're here," she told Judith. "It is always a tiresome ride. Charley, take the trunk to the corner room upstairs."

Judith entered a living room warmed by a huge central stove. Mrs. Rand lighted an extra lamp, and Charley Graves, having carried the trunk upstairs, came down and paused by the stove. Judith noticed that he was ordinarily a shy man but when he smiled, as he did now, the devil flickered in his eyes. "Feel the house shake? That's the way it is out here—bend or break." He went on out of the house.

Mrs. Rand showed Judith to her room and departed. Wind jolted the house like a giant hand and this motion added its uneasiness to the ride on the buckboard and gave Judith a moment's seasick feeling. She freshened up and she stood still in the room, tired and now depressed by the rawness about her. "I'll never keep clean," she thought, and went down to supper.

Afterward some of the settlement people came in to meet her. The elderly Adam Brewerton and his wife appeared, with their daughter Letty, who was a fair, serene girl of Judith's own age. Charley Graves came by and stopped, warming his back at the stove. The Swensons, both beyond sixty, dropped in. The plump and jolly young girl who had waited on table was Ingrid Berg, for whom the settlement was named; and a big and very capable man later entered and was introduced to her as Tom Kertcher. They were all friendly people and they all had the air of being agreeable and this lasted until one more man came to the hotel—thin and somewhat dry of face and with a disagreeable pair of eyes. He was, Mrs. Rand said in her soft voice, Clyde Jacks.

Clyde Jacks gave Judith a civil, careful stare and made it plain how he stood on the school. "I was—and am—against such fool waste of money." As long as he remained in the room there was definitely less friendliness; these other people clearly disliked him and he knew it and showed his bristles, and then departed.

Judith was very tired and presently made her excuses and returned to her room. She wrapped herself in a robe, found her writing materials and drew a chair before the bureau to compose a letter:

"Dear Harry: I have arrived and this is the first night. I had thought of the West as being mountainous but there is nothing here but distance stretched out as flat as the floor of Charpenter's hall as far as you can see. The wind is blowing and the hotel shakes. I think I mind the dust most of all. There isn't much here to remind me of the neat, white houses and the green lanes of Salem."

She wished to add that she missed him, that she was afraid and that his presence was her greatest desire. But they were really not yet engaged and so she ended it by writing, "Faithfully, Judith," sealed the note into an envelope and addressed the envelope to Harrison Gurdon, Salem, Massachusetts. This was her first year of teaching and perhaps it had been foolish of her to wish to adventure so far from home. It had seemed an exciting thought at the time; something like the far voyaging of her earlier sea-captain ancestors sailing around the world. Now she was afraid.

SWENSON and his wife moved homeward through the rough wind. Swenson steadied his wife with his gentle old man's voice: "Lean against me, Anna. Turn your face from the wind. Hold my arm."

"Winter's coming," she said. "We have eleven dollars. It will be a whole year before we can see a garden. It will be hard, Nils."

"Very hard," he said. "If I were a younger man—"

"You should not speak of that."

Their shanty lay a half mile down the road on one of the flat's best homestead quarters. Swenson led his wife inside and moved around to light a lamp. "I would be easier in my mind," he said, "if there was wood. But at four dollars the cord—"

The shanty was two rooms and a shed thrown together of raw pine lumber and sealed with roofing paper. Mrs. Swenson had made neatness of all this with curtains at the windows and a calendar picture here and there. In the kitchen was a big wood stove, a table and a couple of chairs built by Swenson and a huge cupboard with bins and shelves and drawers and dish racks. There was no fire in the stove.

They were an aging, gentle pair who had joined the land rush in the hope of finding a last home, and had been lucky in drawing a good quarter section. But Swenson was older than he liked to admit and there was a fear in him which he held from his wife; and Mrs. Swen-

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son knew it and would not let him see that she knew it.

"I will build a little fire," said Swenson.

"No. We will go to bed and save that wood."

Somebody knocked and opened the door without waiting an answer. Clyde Jacks came in, bulky-shaped inside his fleece-lined storm breaker, his long nose reddened by the wind. He had a lantern with him and carefully dimmed it to save oil. "I been noticin'," he said, "you ain't got your wood yet."

"No," said Swenson, "we have not. Have a chair."

Jacks ignored the invitation. "You're shy of money. We all are. But you ain't goin' to get through the winter without ten-twenty cords of wood."

"You are maybe right," agreed Swenson courteously. He did not like this man but he would not let himself show it. "Momma," he said, "I will light a fire and you will make Clyde some coffee."

"Even if you had wood," said Jacks in his dry, pressing voice, "how you goin' to plow and plant and how you goin' to fence, and how you goin' to harvest?"

"Those things are to be considered when they come," said Swenson.

"Consider them now," said Jacks. "When time comes to prove up and take title you got to have your improvements made and you got to pay the government five dollars an acre. You ain't goin' to do it. You're broke and you'll freeze if you stay. You'll lose this quarter except you get help. Now listen, I will stake you to twenty cords of wood and I will give you money enough to keep grub. When time comes to get title I'll advance enough for you to pay the government's fee. Then you deed the quarter to me and I will throw in another five hundred dollars for you."

"The government says I cannot do that," said Swenson.

"The government won't allow a deal to be made before you get a deed. After that you can sell where you please. You got my word and I will take yours and we say nothin' to nobody. What's the difference? Half the folks on the flat will be doin' the same thing."

"It was my wish," said Swenson slowly, "to make a nice place of this. We're not young, and movin' around is not good now. Five hundred is not much for this nice land."

"You're broke," pointed out Jacks, "and you will lose it."

Swenson murmured, "That is probably right," and fell silent. His wife had moved into the other room, out of sight. Swenson sighed and dipped his head and had his thoughts, and knew that every word spoken by Jacks was wholly true; it had been a problem in his mind since the beginning. Suddenly he hated Jacks, but he thought of his wife and he came to his hard conclusion. "I will accept the bargain," he said.

Jacks gave Swenson a sharp, sly look. "None of this is on paper. You could do me, but I take you for a man of your word, or I wouldn't be botherin'. Say nothin about it to people." He went out into the brawling night.

Nils Swenson stood in the cold small room, knowing the last and greatest of many defeats; and he wanted the support and the nearness of his wife but he would not go to her, thinking she would be feeling worse than he felt. Then he heard her voice behind him as she came out of the little bedroom, loving as it had always been: "It is nothing, Nils. We are together. That is enough."

JUDITH dreaded failure. Now, looking out upon the sixteen youngsters seated in the dull light of late afternoon, she knew she was failing. The long rough wind, ceaselessly blowing since her arrival ten days before, shook the flimsy schoolhouse, and the sound of it made the youngsters nervous; they turned in their seats and scraped their feet along the floor and whispered and would not keep their attention on lessons. Tara was at the moment reading aloud from the fifth-grade book, her voice indistinct. The end of the hardest day so far was at hand and the cordwood piled around the schoolhouse half covered the windows, so that the light, never very good, was now almost gray. Kurt Dyckman made a fugitive motion with his hand half under the desk and the restless youngsters began to titter.

"Kurt," Judith said, "straighten on your seat and be still."

That boy, she realized at last, was the cause of her trouble. He was not a boy at all, but an eighteen-year-old giant as large as two ordinary men, with a dim, sly mind which would never grow big enough to grasp seventh-grade work. The school could do nothing for him and he did not belong in it; he was a mountainous shape above the other lit-

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tle figures of her class and his furtive rebellion ran among them and ruined all her efforts at discipline.

She said, "That will be all, Tara." She sat at the desk before them, slim and straight, her gray eyes very serious, her small shoulders squared. The children were on the edge of their seats, ready to bolt at her word of dismissal. Kurt Dyckman stretched both legs into the aisle, knowing she disliked this. Each day his impudence increased. She said, "School is out. Kurt, I wish to see you."

The youngsters made a scurrying storm down the aisles; they went crying and shouting into the wind. Kurt Dyckman lifted his huge bulk and walked deliberately away. Judith Murray waited until he had reached the door before speaking again. "Kurt," she said, "just a moment."

He went through the doorway and turned and sent back his dull grin. Judith Murray stiffly checked her anger and rose and crossed the room, going into the yard to face him.

"Kurt," she said, "I know it is difficult for you to be among children. After all, you're a man. I need a man to help me with some of the chores. I'd like to count on you."

He listened to her with his head lowered. He was slow-minded, and therefore suspicious. He laboriously turned the proposition over in his mind and looked up with his unpleasant grin. "I got chores enough at home." He came half a step nearer, made bold from knowing she could not control him. "You're a mighty pretty woman," he murmured, and walked away from her. Some of the youngsters had stayed in the background. Now they ran on, knowing she had failed to control Kurt. It had not helped discipline at all.

She was angered enough to cry and she thought, "That meanness should be beaten out of him." She put the thought away as unworthy—and lifted her head to see Charley Graves sitting on his horse twenty yards off. She wheeled into the schoolhouse, hating to have him witness her distress.

WHEN she at last closed the school door behind her Charley Graves was still waiting, smoking a cigarette, one leg tossed across the saddle horn. The wind whipped color into his face and he wore no coat and time seemed to mean nothing to him. He dismounted and fell into step beside her, leading his horse down the rutty road toward Ingrid.

"Why," she asked, "did they pile the wood against the windows?"

"Come a good windstorm, it sort of anchors the shebang. That shack ain't stout."

"It is a cheap, flimsy thing."

"Folks," he said in his easy way, "don't have much to work with out here. Not much money and not much time from their own chores."

She was rebuked and knew it, but she kept still, involved in her own troubles as she marched along the up-and-down ruts of the road with the wind beating at her face.

"Everything all right?" he asked. "Havin' any trouble at school?"

"No," she said. "Charley, when will this wind stop?"

"Maybe in an hour. Maybe not for a month." He cast his quick, direct glance at her. She felt its bite, its force. Then he looked away, idly saying: "You got to learn to bend with it, or you'll bust. Kind of hard on educated folks."

"The way you speak," she said, "it sounds as though an education is a handicap."

"The way I figure, education ought to make a person see more and feel more. That's all to the good, except that if you're strong on feelin', you're goin' to be more miserable in bad times. It ain't the dumb folks that go crazy when the wind blows. It's the ones that feel too much."

She felt a small glow of surprise. He had little learning of the kind she taught and yet now and then his observations dug deep. Harry Gurdon, so wise and sometimes so prematurely weary with his culture, could not have said it better. She felt slightly disloyal for making the comparison, and then her own troubles returned and she grappled with them as far as the small shanty of the Swensons. Clyde Jacks was at the moment unloading wood beside the house, bending and lifting with a kind of mechanical regularity. Mrs. Swenson stood at the door, beckoning.

Judith noticed the narrow way Charley Graves looked upon Clyde Jacks. She said, "The Swensons seem lonely. I'll drop in for a moment." She wanted to thank him for walking with her but suddenly she was embarrassed and turned quite abruptly from him. Mrs. Swenson waited for her at the doorway with an old woman's vague and beaming smile. "Coffee is ready for you," said Mrs. Swenson. "It is cold today."

CHARLEY GRAVES rode back toward the schoolhouse. Wind shredded out his cigarette at once and wind lifted loose earth from the plowed lands and darkened the air. He thought, "There goes the soil, hell-bent for China." There never had been any excuse in his language for the plowing under of this beautiful grass; and still he had some reservations lately. Maybe it wouldn't do to judge too soon. People had to farm somewhere. Past the schoolhouse he saw youngsters dotting the distant horizon, homeward bound; and he saw Kurt Dyckman's big-lumped shape forward on the road. He narrowed his eyes on Kurt and rode up to him.

"Wait a minute," he said, and got down. The giant boy's face looked upon him and showed insolence; he was a full head taller than Charley and a natural bully. Charley considered him with a grave thought, and got down. There wasn't any use of explaining anything; only way to break a bad horse was to beat him humble. He was taking some chances, considering Kurt's plain animal strength.

He went at Kurt the same way he chopped trees, one lick at a time. He beat him on the soft flesh under his jaw, he dug at Kurt's flanks. They went ambling down the road as they fought and once Kurt got in a wild swing and jarred Charley clear to his boots. Charley ducked his head, and took a chance on his knuckles with a full flush punch on Kurt's chin. Kurt went to his knees.

Like all animals, he was all through when something stronger came along; there wasn't any pride to make him fight after he was hurt. He looked up at Charley and shook his head. His lips were bleeding and he put a hand on them and saw the blood, and a thin point of fear glittered in his eyes. "Cut it out. Cut it out."

Charley Graves swung up to his saddle. The kid was a mountain of butter, a bully turned into a yellow pup. Charley said, "Your education's all over—don't ever go near that school again," slanted his hat over his forehead and loped away.

JUDITH drank Mrs. Swenson's strong Scandinavian coffee brew and felt considerably improved, and meanwhile observed how little the Swensons had. There were these two rooms, sealed in with building paper, and a shed built on behind. The shed had a floor and a window and tar-papered walls.

"It's nice," she said, "that you have your wood."

Mrs. Swenson was a guileless soul and her smile simply faded and she sat

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with her eyes pointed to the door. "Yes," she said, without heart, "that's nice enough."

"Where's Mr. Swenson?"

"Helpin' Mr. Carney build a barn." Mrs. Swenson shook her head. "Even for two dollars a day he is too old for that. Maybe he's on top of the roof and this wind blows him off. If it wasn't for the wood he wouldn't feel so small." Mrs. Swenson drew up the edges of her apron to her face and began to cry. Not with much sound; the tears rolled along her smooth, flushed, girl-like face, into the waiting apron, and presently she sighed and ceased to cry. "You know how that is?" she asked and then, needing to tell this to someone, she related the whole story of the homestead and the wood and Clyde Jacks to Judith. "You must say nothing. Swenson promised, and when he promises a thing he will do it."

"If the government doesn't permit agreements like that," said Judith, "then the promise needn't be kept. He's taking advantage of you."

"Poor people cannot choose."

Judith said, "Right is right," and looked at the bare walls and the neatness of Mrs. Swenson's kitchen cupboard. She moved to the end of the room and looked into the shed. "You should talk to Jacks. Make him see what is fair."

"You are still a girl. Things in this world are not all straight."

Judith said, "Thank you for the coffee," and left the cabin, marching across the rolling Swenson quarter section toward Ingrid's buildings a mile distant. Wind slapped her and dust rolled like smoke around her. She bowed her head, thinking of the Swensons and knowing for the first time their desperate poverty. Then she thought, "Perhaps others here are equally poor," and was appalled at the quick suspicion that her pay of fifty dollars a month caused somebody privation.

She stopped at the Brewertons' for her expected letter from Harry Gurdon and went on to the hotel. She read the letter in her room, its serious lines, its little sallies of humor and she saw Harry as he wrote it, a tall man, leisurely and whimsical, with a character that produced actions always right and never unexpected. He was a comfortable man. She saw him; yet as she brought his face before her mind's eye there was a vagueness that was strange, as though distance dimmed what he was.

She had her dinner and returned to the room and began her letter to Harry. She sat long still, thinking of her own troubles at school, feeling the cold dread of failure; and the problem of the Swensons never was out of her mind. Presently she sighed and went to bed, the letter unfinished. There had to be some way of waking Kurt Dyckman's good instincts. That was the purpose of education.

WHEN she faced the class next morning and saw he was missing she felt an enormous relief, and immediately afterward was reproached by her conscience. He did not appear after lunch hour and this day was her best day until, when school was out, young Reeves Pownder brought the news:

"Kurt ain't comin' back any more. Charley Graves beat the tar outa him last night and told him to stay away."

She was glad it was gray enough in the room to conceal her blush. All the youngsters rushed at the doorway, leaving her to struggle with the information. She was relieved to know Kurt was gone; but this relief shocked her conscience and she grew slowly angry and the anger remained as she marched against the endless wind. Charley had done something for her which she should have done herself. Moreover, everybody would know at once about it and speculate on her attitude toward Charley Graves. She was in a grim frame of mind when she turned in at the Swenson house. Mrs. Swenson had the coffee already poured.

"I must move from the hotel to a place nearer to school," said Judith. "Your house is the closest. If you will put a bed in the shed it will make a very satisfactory room. Twenty dollars a

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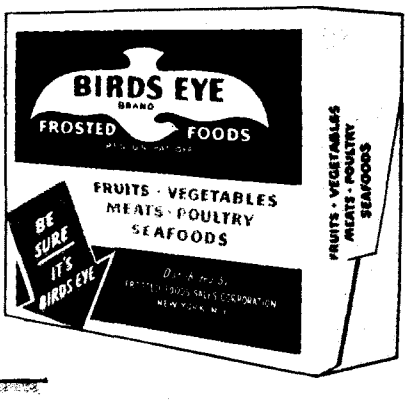

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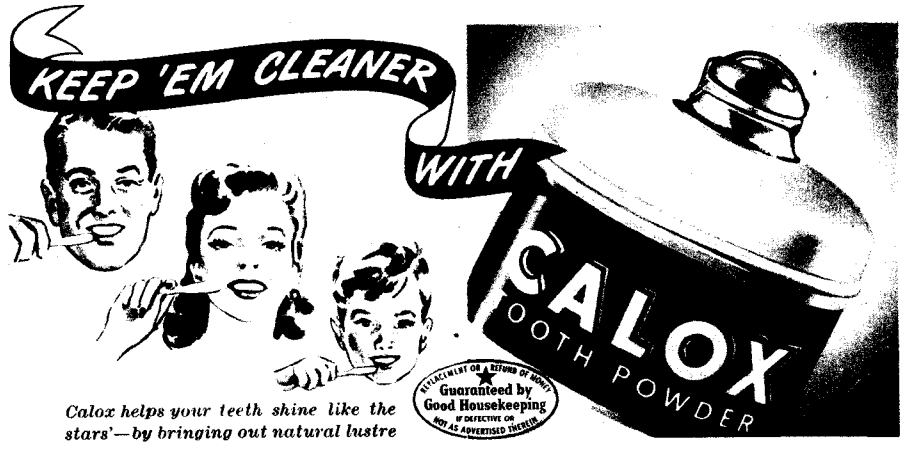

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month is what I would be charged elsewhere. Is that all right?"

"Daughter," said Mrs. Swenson, "it will be cold."

"We have wood, haven't we? And perhaps later we can get a little stove." She saw that Mrs. Swenson was about to cry and so hurried on with her brisk tone. "You will have rent money enough to pay Clyde Jacks for the wood. You must go to him and ask him to release you from your promise. Do it tonight if you possibly can. I'll see about the bed today and perhaps I can move over tomorrow." She carried the talk rapidly to the end and left the house at once and moved across the quarter section toward Ingrid. When she reached the road near the settlement she saw Charley Graves riding forward. She stopped in the dust, waiting for him. When he rode up and prepared to dismount she pitched into him:

"You stay right there. I'm angry with you. I'm ashamed of you. What gave you the notion to interfere in my affairs? Everybody will laugh at me for needing a man to straighten out my troubles. What made you think it would be any good to knock Kurt down and scare him away from school? That's just force. It doesn't settle a thing. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to tell him to come back to school. I've got to find a better answer than yours. Education isn't violence."

He looked down at her, not smiling but close to a smile; and the admiration in his eyes further irritated her. He said: "The lad's a dumb brute and the only kind of education he savvies is a punch in the beak. I reckon I was a pretty good teacher." He rolled in the saddle, perfectly self-contained. "You can invite him back but if he comes I'll whale him again, which he knows. So he won't come back."

"Charley Graves, you stay out of my business! There's too much violence out here. You have taught him something wrong."

"I taught him that bein' balky will bring him a beautiful punch in the nose. That's education in any language."

"Fighting," she said, "settles nothing at all."

"Maybe not," he said, "but it sure does a lot of mind-changin'."

She went by him with her outrage. "How can you reason with a man like that?" she asked herself. She stepped into Solomon's store and priced a bed and a mattress and bedding and made arrangements to have it taken to the Swensons the following day. In her room she seated herself at the bureau before the unfinished letter to Harry Gurdon, but could write nothing. He was far away, and vague, and her problems here were too real to bring the memory of him before her. She sat quite still and felt the shock of knowing he was not uppermost in her mind; and at last went down to supper.

SHE hated to tell Mrs. Rand of her decision to move but Mrs. Rand, the most understanding woman, seemed pleased. "The Swensons," she said, "need that help badly, and this is the nicest possible way. You are kind to think of it. I will lend you sheets and pillow slips."

There was a deep feeling of neighborly obligation among them, the close tie of people all in a common lot, and that came upon Judith with its goodness. Later, when the usual group dropped in, Mrs. Rand spoke of the move, and Judith felt the approval of their eyes. She had done something which placed her within the group; it was the first time she had sensed this. Charley Graves stood with his back to the stove, his head bent over the manufacture of a cigarette; he lighted it and his glance struck over the edge of his cupped hands, grave and searching. Tom Kertcher came in, looking puzzled.

"Swensons just walked into Clyde Jacks' place. Now I wonder."

Judith remembered a question she had in her mind and now asked it: "What is a quarter section worth after it has been patented?"

"Depends," said Kertcher, "where it is. Anything within two-three miles of here is worth five thousand dollars of anybody's money."

Charley Graves casually murmured: "Any particular claim in mind, Judith?"

She shook her head, but all these people were watching her and she felt they knew why she had asked. They were sharp and wise in many things; not in things that came from books, but in the knowledge of people and the common troubles of people—the close and small and always pressing items of living. She thought of the Swensons and worry came upon her and she looked over the room and went out into the windy darkness. She stood there and in a little while she saw the Swensons leave Clyde Jacks' house and walk forward, very slowly. When they came to the hotel they paused and Mrs. Swenson said: "It was a nice thing of you, but Clyde said it was a promise. So, if we gave our word and he will not give it back to us, we will keep it."

SHE watched them go on, shadows moving slowly into the beat of the steady wind; and she was outraged again, and this outrage made up her mind for her. She walked straight down the road, past the store and Brewerton's place, toward Clyde Jacks' window light, and she walked with the inflammatory sense of justice of all her ancestors roving within her, and she was shocked at the vigor of her hatred. People, she thought, shouldn't let themselves go so freely; but she still felt all this, and knocked on Clyde Jacks' door with firm knuckles.

When he opened the door—a long, slack man who seldom bothered to shave—she walked into the room, past him, and waited for him to turn about. It was a queer room, more like a woodshed than anything else, filled with gunnysacks and bits of wire and rope and empty bottles and pieces of harness. A stove stood at one end and there was a table made out of packing boxes and a bed in the corner with dirty quilts on it. Then she was aware of Clyde Jacks' narrow, scarcely civil stare.

"If you want anything of me," he said, "you ain't goin' to get it. Everybody wants somethin'. Just because I'm thrifty and work hard is no sign I got to share with them that ain't got push enough to keep from starvin'."

"The Swensons can pay for their wood. That should be enough for you."

"They would of starved or froze if they stayed. If they left they'd of lost the place. I made a fair deal and I expect 'em to keep it."

"They can pay you now."

"They couldn't when we dickered. A deal is a deal."

"You can't keep a bargain that's against the law."

He gave her a narrower stare. "Ain't you got enough to do without interferin'? Half the folks out here will sell as soon as they get deeds."

"But they can't make agreements to sell before they own," she pointed out.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Amounts to the same thing."

"No, it doesn't. If I told the land office you'd have trouble."

"You got nothin' to prove it," he said. Then he grinned when he saw he had her. "The Swensons ain't the kind to talk after they promise somethin'."

This grew worse and worse. He was a sharp man, trading on other people's

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honesty and he was amused at her foolishness. When she thought of the Swensons, the whole thing became unbearable. "You think," she said very distinctly, "you're safe, don't you?" She looked around her and her eyes fell upon a yard-long piece of harness strap with a metal buckle at one end. She stopped and she seized it and she said, "I'll show you how to be unfair," and slashed him across the face with the leather, its buckle taking him on the mouth. He backed and jumped aside, and came in and seized the strap. She held it with one arm and slapped him across the face and then he seized her and shook her until she grew dizzy. After that she felt cold air pour into the room and Clyde Jacks had jumped away from her. Charley Graves and Tom Kertcher were in the doorway.

Jacks said in a changed voice, "This wasn't anything I started."

Both men stared at Jacks in a way that made her afraid. They were solid, easy men but now they were dangerous; there wasn't any mercy in them at all. Kertcher said, "Well, Charley, you want to do it, or you want me to?"

Jacks backed to the far end of the room and stood sallow and sullen, deeply afraid. She put a hand up to her disturbed hair and was calm. Now she knew how this would be. "The wood is four dollars a cord," she said. "Ten cords is forty dollars. They will pay you ten dollars a month."

"All right," Jacks agreed quickly. "That's all right." Charley Graves had started across the room at him. Judith put out a hand and stopped Charley. "Then," she said, "that ends the Swensons' promise to you?"

"All right," said Jacks and kept his eyes on Charley Graves.

Judith said, "You hear that, Charley? He doesn't hold the Swensons to any promise." She was still a little afraid for Jacks' safety. These two big men were pretty definite in what they thought; she caught Charley's arm and turned him around, feeling his unwillingness, and drew him toward the door. She said, "I brought it on—I had to hit him to make him reasonable." She took Tom Kertcher's arm also and got both men outside the door. As a matter of safety she reached back and shut the door on Jacks, seized the arms of the men again and led them toward the hotel.

They didn't say a word all the way to the hotel. She stopped here, and Tom Kertcher started to turn in. He looked back, suddenly smiling. "Kind of a tough citizen here, Charley," he murmured, and went on into the hotel.

"Charley," she said, "I know what you're thinking. But this was much different."

"Ahuh," said Charley Graves. He was a very deliberate man and he took his own time to build and light a cigarette. The matchlight flickered in his eyes and went out; then he said, coolly, tantalizingly, "Still, it was violence in my book. Mighty shocking. Can't imagine the example you're settin' young children."

She had nothing to say. She watched the glow of the cigarette make its shine on his long, dark cheeks. He pondered the situation deeply and she waited, not knowing why she should. Wind ripped across the flats, bringing its dust and its curt chill; she swung a little, coming into the shelter of his tall body.

"You know," he said, "if I was a farmin' man, I wouldn't homestead on this side of the river."

"Wouldn't you, Charley?"

"I'd go across the river and lease a chunk of that good land from the Indians. Foolish of me to think of such a thing, though."

"Is it?" she said. "Good night, Charley."

SHE went inside and straight up the stairs to her room. She lighted the lamp and stood still. She saw herself in the mirror, her shaken hair and the smudge of dust on her face, and she was rather proud of what had happened. Was sin always this pleasant? She sighed and sat down to the unfinished letter, still conscious of the beat of the wind; but it didn't trouble her at all. It had become a familiar sound and she got to thinking of herself as one of the group—one of the slow and steady people making their fight against the new land. She took up her pen, well knowing she could say nothing of these events to Harry. What then was there left to say to him?

She thought of it a long while, wrote a few sentences and prepared to add her usual "Faithfully, Judith." But before she did she brought the image of Harry Gurdon forward and looked at his face a long while, and saw it slip backward into the mists. She realized then it would never again come forward clearly to her; and she knew also that sometime during the day Salem had ceased to be her home. How strange this was. She signed her letter simply, "Judith Murray," and turned it over on the bureau and rose to leave the room. She heard the group talking below her and she wanted to join that warm and comfortable circle. She hoped Charley was there.

"He's got a great little sense of humor, all right" WILLIAM STEIG

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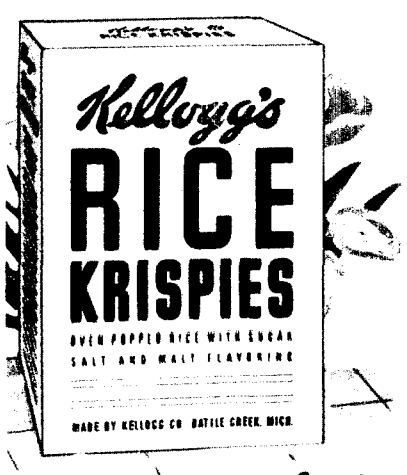

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

sergeant, "is to tell people politely that they can't walk around the airfield. If they don't pay any attention and go trespassing on forbidden ground, I merely refer Private Jason there to them. Private Jason is no military genius but he's got just enough sense to admire to shoot the hell out of anybody who insists."

BUT we're completely at the mercy of the lady with the baby. She seems to have most of our mail and the baby, now awake, has the rest. We've just snatched a letter from the baby. His name is Tinsley. It's not much of a letter but we can't be choosy under the circumstances. It's from Mr. L. R. Simons, Extension Director of The New York State Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics. It reads: "Dear Sir: The simplest way to avoid chick losses for the first four weeks is to buy them with a guarantee that they will live and grow for the first month." We have read Mr. Simons' letter several times and are unable to find a flaw in it. And if we ever get time enough to go fooling around buying chicks we will follow his advice.

BUT we shall have to stop because we are unable to find the rest of our mail. The baby has four or five letters but he bawls horribly if we try to take them away. And his mother doesn't seem able to do any more than we about it. Anyway, she is a little sore at us—the magazine is included. She has just read Grattan O'Leary's article—No Bases In Eire—wherein Mr. O'Leary makes it completely clear that Mr. Eamon De Valera is not anti-British, not anti-American and not pro-Nazi. The article upsets the lady's opinion that Mr. De Valera is pro-Nazi and she's like us in not wanting people to tamper with her prejudices.

WE HAVE another letter here from a Finnish gentleman in South America. Says he: "I am one of your reaters, been more than ten year depending on what kind of exchange fasilityes I happen to have or where I happen to bee. For year 1941 I understod, that I will stay here anyway two years, so I got fixset up for two year all Magazines and news papers for me, also I give to my son a year of Collier's as Xmas gift. The year the boy asks me if I can order some American Magazines, Collier's incluted to him. I told him that is allright (my son has no Dollars in U. S.). Again I send order to New York for some Magazines, also an order to my Bank in Balboa for $15.00 in U. S. Currency to bee sent to above mentioned firm and found out that my dollars, even in use in U. S. A. were or are frozen (I was born in Finland). I been keeping some money in U. S. A. ficurering that if anything stands after that Hitlers mixup is over, the Uncle Sam is the one to stand, if he fals, well I do not think I need anything after that. I mentioned my home country, Finland, once my father told me a storry saying that it has been so cold in Finland that the fire in the stove froze, also recently, I heard in radio news from New York that in Russia it is temperature or as he sait the mercury is hitting 50 below zero, I am wondering what kind of mercury he is talking about, knowing that the mercury I seen, frozes on 39.5 centigrades so there must be lot of ways to get frozen, anyhow here in Colombia it is fairly warm and Got the information that those $15.00 are bound for New York, so I still have some hope."

YOU are hereby implored to be patient. We do the imploring at second-hand, the suggestion coming to us from Mr. Morgan Jamies of Washington, D. C. As we get it, the United States always has indulged in a season of belly-flops and pratfalls at the outbreak of war, regaining her equilibrium in due time and proceeding thereafter to kick out the teeth of the enemy. "Censorship," says Mr. Jamies, "will go along as at present until the public gets good and mad. Already admirals and generals are being canceled in favor of sailors and soldiers of higher explosive content."

BINGO! Just caught the brat looking out of the window and snatched a letter. Not so good. Strictly private correspondence. A bill from a radio repair man. . . . W. D.

"No, our daughters don't live at home—they're not married yet"

TONY BARLOW

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Moving Finger

Continued from page 20

—by Providence! To awaken us to a sense of our shortcomings."

"Surely," I said, "the Almighty could choose a less unsavory weapon."

Miss Emily murmured that God moved in a mysterious way.

"No," I said. "There's too much tendency to attribute to God the evils that man does of his own free will. I might concede you the Devil. God doesn't really need to punish us, Miss Barton. We're so very busy punishing ourselves."

"What I can't make out is *why* should anyone want to do such a thing?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "A warped mentality."

"It seems very sad."

"It doesn't seem to me sad. It seems to me just damnable. And I don't apologize for the word. I mean just that."

The pink had gone out of Miss Barton's cheeks. They were very white.

"But why, Mr. Burton, *why?* What pleasure can anyone get out of it?"

"Nothing you and I can understand, thank goodness."

Emily Barton lowered her voice: "Nothing of this kind has ever happened before—never in my memory. It has been such a happy little community. What would my dear mother have said? Well, one must be thankful that she has been spared."

I thought from all I had heard that old Mrs. Barton had been sufficiently tough to have taken anything, and would probably have enjoyed this sensation.

Emily went on, "It distresses me deeply."

"You've not—er—had anything yourself?"

She flushed crimson. "Oh, no—oh, no, indeed. Oh! that would be dreadful."

I apologized hastily, but she went away looking rather upset.

I went into the house. Joanna was standing by the drawing-room fire which she had just lit, for the evenings were still chilly. She had an open letter in her hand.

She turned her head quickly as I entered.

"Jerry! I found this in the letter box—dropped in by hand. It begins: 'You painted trollop . . .'"

"What else does it say?"

Joanna gave a wide grimace. "Same old muck."

She dropped it onto the fire. With a quick gesture that hurt my back I jerked it off again just before it caught.

"Don't," I said. "We may need it."

"Need it?"

"For the police."

SUPERINTENDENT NASH came to see me the following morning. From the first moment I saw him I took a great liking to him. He was the best type of C.I.D. County Superintendent. Tall, soldierly, with quiet, reflective eyes and a straightforward, unassuming manner.

"Good morning, Mr. Burton," he said. "I expect you can guess what I've come to see you about."

"Yes, I think so. This letter business."

He nodded.

"I understand you had one of them?"

"Yes, soon after we got here."

"What did it say exactly?"

I thought a minute, then conscientiously repeated the wording of the letter as closely as possible.

The superintendent listened with an immobile face, showing no signs of any kind of emotion.

When I had finished, he said, "I see. You didn't keep the letter, Mr. Burton?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't. You see, I thought it was just an isolated instance of spite against newcomers to the place."

The superintendent inclined his head comprehendingly.

"A pity," he said briefly.

"However," I said, "my sister got one yesterday. I just stopped her putting it in the fire."

"Thank you, Mr. Burton, that was thoughtful of you."

I went across to my desk and unlocked the drawer in which I had put it. It was not, I thought, very suitable for Partridge's eyes. I gave it to Nash.

He read it through. Then he looked up and asked, "Is this the same in appearance as the last one?"

"I think so—as far as I can remember."

Nash nodded and put it in his pocket. Then he said:

"I wonder, Mr. Burton, if you would mind coming down to the station with me? We could have a conference there and it would save a good deal of time and overlapping."

"Certainly," I said. "You would like me to come now?"

"If you don't mind."

There was a police car at the door. We drove down in it.

AT THE police station I found Symmington and Griffith were already there. I was introduced to a tall, lantern-jawed man in plain clothes, Inspector Graves.

"Inspector Graves," explained Nash, "has come down from London to help us. He's an expert on anonymous letter cases."

Inspector Graves, however, showed a kind of melancholy enthusiasm.

"They're all the same, these cases," he said in a deep lugubrious voice like a depressed bloodhound. "You'd be surprised. The wording of the letters and the things they say."

"We had a case just on two years ago," said Nash. "Inspector Graves helped us then."

Some of the letters, I saw, were spread out on the table in front of Graves. He had evidently been examining them.

"Difficulty is," said Nash, "to get hold of the letters. Either people put them in the fire, or they won't admit to having received anything of the kind. Stupid, you see, and afraid of being mixed up with the police. They're a backward lot here."

"Still we've got a fair amount to get on with," said Graves. Nash took the letter I had given him from his pocket and tossed it over to Graves.

The latter glanced through it, laid it with the others and observed approvingly, "Very nice—very nice indeed."

It was not the way I should have chosen to describe the epistle in question, but experts, I suppose, have their own point of view. I was glad that that screed of vituperative and obscene abuse gave *somebody* pleasure.

"We've got enough, I think, to go on with," said Inspector Graves, "and I'll ask all you gentlemen, if you should get any more, to bring them along at once. Also, if you hear of someone else getting one—you, in particular, Doctor, among your patients—do your best to get them to come along here with them. I've got"—he sorted with deft fingers among his exhibits—"one to Mr. Symmington, received as far back as two months ago, one to Dr. Griffith, one to Miss Ginch, one written to Mrs. Mudge, the butcher's wife, one to Jennifer Clark,

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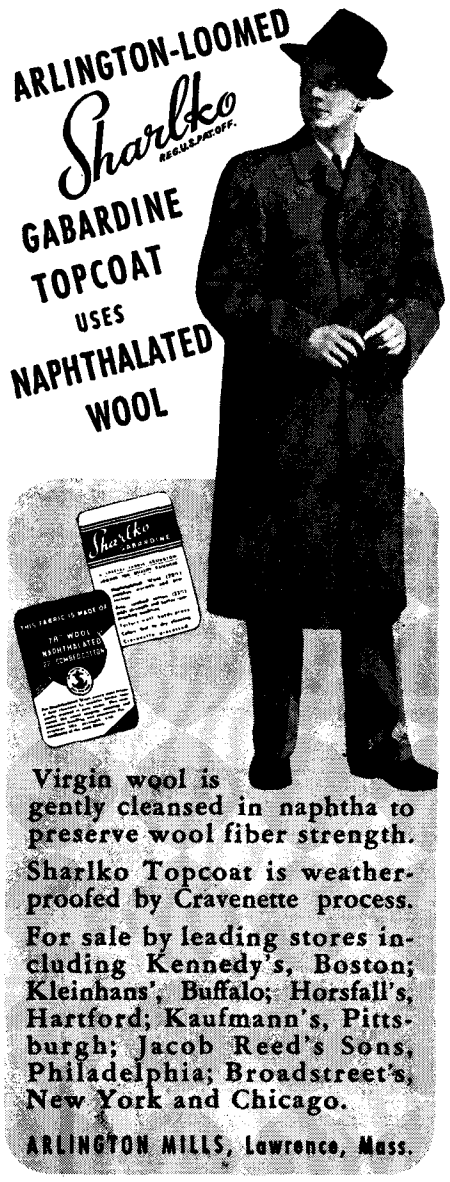
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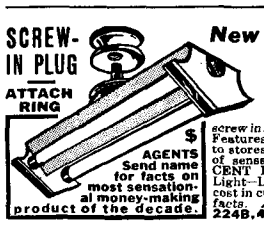

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barmaid at the Three Crowns, the one received by Mrs. Symmington, this one now to Miss Burton—oh, yes, and one to the bank manager."

Symmington asked, "Have you come to any definite opinion as to the writer?"

Graves cleared his throat and delivered a small lecture:

"There are certain similarities shared by all these letters. I shall enumerate them, gentlemen, in case they suggest anything to your minds. The text of the letters is composed of words made up from individual letters cut out of a printed book. It's an old book, printed, I should say, about the year 1830. This has obviously been done to avoid the risk of recognition through handwriting which is, as most people know nowadays, a fairly easy matter . . . the so-called disguising of a hand not amounting to much when faced with expert tests. There are no fingerprints on the letters and envelopes of a distinctive character. That is to say, they have been handled by the postal authorities, the recipient, and there are other stray fingerprints, but no set common to all, showing therefore that the person who put them together was careful to wear gloves.

"The envelopes are typewritten by a Windsor 7 machine, well worn, with the a and the t out of alignment. Most of them have been posted locally, or put in the box of a house by hand. It is therefore evident that they are of local provenance. They were written by a woman, and in my opinion a woman of middle age or over, and probably, though not certainly, unmarried."

We maintained a respectful silence for a minute or two. Then I said, "The typewriter's your best bet, isn't it? Can't you tell something definite from the—er—the touch, don't you call it?"

Graves nodded. "Yes, that can be done—but these envelopes have all been typed by someone using one finger."

"Someone, then, unused to the typewriter?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. Someone, perhaps, who can type but doesn't want us to know the fact."

"Whoever writes these things has been very cunning," I said slowly.

"She is, sir, she is," said Graves. "Up to every trick of the trade."

"I shouldn't have thought one of these bucolic women down here would have had the brains," I said.

Graves coughed. "I haven't made myself plain, I'm afraid. Those letters were written by an educated woman."

"What, by a lady?"

The word slipped out involuntarily. I hadn't used the term "lady" for years. But now it came automatically to my lips, re-echoed from days long ago, and my grandmother's faint, unconsciously arrogant voice saying, "Of course, she isn't a *lady,* dear."

Nash understood at once. The word lady still meant something to him.

"Not necessarily a lady," he said. "But certainly not a village woman. They're mostly pretty illiterate down here, can't spell, and certainly can't express themselves with fluency."

I WAS silent, for I had had a shock. The community was so small. Unconsciously I had visualized the writer of the letters as a Mrs. Cleat or her like, some spiteful, cunning half-wit.

Symmington put my thoughts into words. He said sharply, "But that narrows it down to about half a dozen to a dozen people in the whole place! I can't believe it."

Then, with a slight effort, and looking straight in front of him as though the mere sound of his own words was distasteful, he said:

"You have heard what I stated at the inquest. In case you may have thought that that statement was actuated by a desire to protect my wife's memory, I should like to repeat now that I am firmly convinced that the subject matter of the letter my wife received was absolutely false. I *know* it was false. My wife was a very sensitive woman, and—er—well, you might call it *prudish* in some respects. Such a letter would have been a great shock to her, and she was in poor health."

Graves responded instantly:

"That's quite likely to be right, sir. None of these letters show any signs of intimate knowledge. They're just blind accusations. There's been no attempt to blackmail. And there doesn't seem to be any religious bias—such as we sometimes get. It's just sex and spite! And that's going to give us quite a good pointer toward the writer."

SYMMINGTON got up. Dry and unemotional as the man was, his lips were trembling.

"I hope you find the devil who writes these soon. She murdered my wife as surely as if she'd put a knife into her." He paused. "How does she feel now, I wonder?"

He went out, leaving that question unanswered.

"How does she feel, Griffith?" I asked. It seemed to me the answer was in his province.

"God knows. Remorseful, perhaps. On the other hand, it may be that she's enjoying her power. Mrs. Symmington's death may have fed her mania."

"I hope not," I said, with a slight shiver. "Because if so, she'll—"

I hesitated and Nash finished the sentence for me:

"She'll try it again? That, Mr. Burton, would be the best thing that could happen, for us. The pitcher goes to the well once too often, remember."

I shook my head with a shudder. I asked if they needed me any longer, I wanted to get out into the air. The atmosphere seemed tinged with evil.

"There's nothing more, Mr. Burton," said Nash. "Only keep your eyes open, and do as much propaganda as you can—that is to say, urge on everyone that they've got to report any letter they receive."

I nodded.

"I should think everyone in the place has had one of the foul things by now," I said.

"I wonder," said Graves. He put his sad head a little on one side and asked, "You don't know, definitely, of anyone who *hasn't* had a letter?"

"What an extraordinary question! The population at large isn't likely to take me into their confidence."

"No, no, Mr. Burton, I didn't mean that. I just wondered if you knew of any one person who quite definitely, to your certain knowledge, has not received an anonymous letter."

"Well, as a matter of fact," I hesitated, "I do, in a way."

And I repeated my conversation with Emily Barton and what she had said.

Graves received the information with a wooden face and said, "Well, that may come in useful. I'll note it down."

I went out into the afternoon sunshine with Owen Griffith. Once in the street, I swore aloud.

"What kind of place is this for a man to come to to lie in the sun and heal his wounds? It's full of festering poison, this place, and it looks as peaceful and as innocent as the Garden of Eden."

"Even there," said Owen dryly, "there was one serpent."

"Look here, Griffith, do they know anything? Have they got any idea?"

"I don't know. They've got a wonderful technique, the police. They're seemingly so frank, and they tell you nothing."

"Yes. Nash is a nice fellow."

"And a very capable one."

"If anyone's batty in this place, *you* ought to know it," I said accusingly.

Griffith shook his head. He looked discouraged. But he looked more than that—he looked worried. I wondered if he had an inkling of some kind.

We had been walking along the High Street. I stopped at the door of the house agents.

"I believe my second installment of rent is due—in advance. I've got a good mind to pay it and clear out with Joanna right away. Forfeit the rest of the tenancy."

"Don't go," said Owen.

"Why not?"

He didn't answer. He said slowly after a minute or two, "After all—I dare say you're right. Lymstock isn't healthy just now. It might—it might harm you or—or your sister."

"Nothing harms Joanna," I said. "She's tough. I'm the weakly one. Somehow this business makes me sick."

"It makes *me* sick," said Owen.

I pushed the door of the house agents' place half open.

"But I shan't go," I said. "Vulgar curiosity is stronger than pusillanimity. I want to know the solution."

I went in.

A woman who was typing got up and came toward me. She had frizzy hair and simpered, but I found her more intelligent than the spectacled youth who had previously held sway in the outer office.

A MINUTE or two later something familiar about her penetrated through to my consciousness. It was Miss Ginch, lately Symmington's lady clerk.

I commented on the fact.

"You used to be with Galbraith, Galbraith and Symmington, weren't you?" I said.

"Yes. Yes, indeed. But I thought it was better to leave. This is quite a good post, though not quite so well paid. But there are things that are more valuable than money, don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly," I said.

"Those awful letters," breathed Miss Ginch in a sibilant whisper. "I got a dreadful one. About me and Mr. Symmington—oh, terrible it was, saying the most *awful* things! I knew my duty and I took it to the police, though of course it wasn't exactly *pleasant* for me, was it?"

"No, no, most unpleasant."

"But they thanked me and said I had done quite right. But I felt that, after that, if people were talking—and evidently they *must* have been, or where did the writer get the idea from?—then I must avoid even the appearance of evil, though there has never been anything at all *wrong* between me and Mr. Symmington."

I felt rather embarrassed.

"No, no, of course not."

"But people have such evil minds. Yes, alas, such evil minds!"

Nervously trying to avoid it, I nevertheless met her eye, and I made a most unpleasant discovery.

Miss Ginch was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Already once today I had come across someone who reacted pleasurably to anonymous letters. Inspector Graves' enthusiasm was professional. Miss Ginch's enjoyment I found merely suggestive and disgusting.

An idea flashed across my startled mind.

Had Miss Ginch written these letters herself?

WHEN I got home I found Mrs. Dane Calthrop sitting talking to Joanna. She looked, I thought, gray and ill.

"This has been a terrible shock to me, Mr. Burton," she said. "Poor thing, poor thing."

"Yes," I said. "It's awful to think of

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someone being driven to the stage of taking her own life."

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Symmington?"

"Didn't you?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop shook her head. "Of course one is sorry for her, but it would have been bound to happen anyway, wouldn't it?"

"Would it?" said Joanna dryly.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop turned to her.

"Oh, I think so, dear. If suicide is your idea of escape from trouble then it doesn't very much matter what the trouble is. Whenever some very unpleasant shock had to be faced, she'd have done the same thing. What it really comes down to is that she was that kind of woman. Not that one would have guessed it. She always seemed to me a selfish rather stupid woman, with a good firm hold on life. Not the kind to panic, you would think—but I'm beginning to realize how little I really know about anyone."

"I'm still curious as to whom you meant when you said 'Poor thing,'" I remarked.

She stared at me. "The woman who wrote the letters, of course."

"I don't think," I said dryly, "I shall waste sympathy on her."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop leaned forward. She laid a hand on my knee.

"But don't you realize—can't you *feel?* Use your imagination. Think how desperately, violently unhappy anyone must be to sit down and write these things. How lonely, how cut off from human kind. Poisoned through and through, with a dark stream of poison that finds its outlet in this way. That's why I feel so self-reproachful. Somebody in this town has been racked with that terrible unhappiness, and I've had no idea of it. I should have had. You can't interfere with actions—I never do. But that black inward unhappiness—like a septic arm physically, all black and swollen. If you could cut it and let the poison out, it would flow away harmlessly. Yes, poor soul, poor soul."

She got up to go.

I did not feel like agreeing with her. I had no sympathy for our anonymous letter writer whatsoever. But I did ask curiously:

"Have you any idea at all, Mrs. Calthrop, who this woman is?"

She turned her fine perplexed eyes on me. "Well, I can guess," she said. "But then I might be wrong, mightn't I?"

She went swiftly out through the door, popping her head back to ask: "Do tell me, why have you never married, Mr. Burton?"

In anyone else it would have been impertinence, but with Mrs. Dane Calthrop you felt that the idea had suddenly come into her head and she had really wanted to know.

"Shall we say," I said, rallying, "that I have never met the right woman?"

"We can say so," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "but it wouldn't be a very good answer, because so many men have obviously married the wrong woman."

This time she really departed.

Joanna said, "You know, I really do think she's mad. But I like her. The people in the village here are afraid of her."

"So am I, a little."

"Because you never know what's coming next?"

"Yes. And there's a careless brilliance about her guesses."

Joanna said slowly, "Do you really think whoever wrote these letters is very unhappy?"

"I don't know what the darned hag is thinking or feeling! And I don't care. It's her victims I'm sorry for."

IT SEEMS odd to me now that in our speculations about Poison Pen's frame of mind, we missed the most obvious one. Griffith had pictured her as possibly exultant. I had envisaged her as remorseful—appalled by the result of her handiwork. Mrs. Dane Calthrop had seen her as suffering.

Yet the obvious, the inevitable reaction we did not consider—or perhaps I should say, I did not consider. That reaction was Fear.

For with the death of Mrs. Symmington, the letters had passed out of one category into another. I don't know what the legal position was—Symmington knew, I suppose, but it was clear that with a death resulting, the position of the writer of the letters was much more serious. There could now be no question of passing it off as a joke if the identity of the writer was discovered. The police were active, a Scotland Yard expert was called in. It was vital now for the anonymous author to remain anonymous.

And granted that Fear was the principal reaction, other things followed. Those possibilities also I was blind to. Yet surely they should have been obvious.

JOANNA and I came down rather late to breakfast the next morning. That is to say, late by the standards of Lymstock. It was nine-thirty, an hour at which, in London, Joanna was just unclosing an eyelid, and mine would probably be still tight shut.

However when Partridge had said, "Breakfast at half past eight, or nine o'clock?" neither Joanna nor I had had the nerve to suggest a later hour.

To my annoyance, Aimée Griffith was standing on the doorstep talking to Megan.

She gave tongue with her usual heartiness at the sight of us:

"Hullo, there, slackers! I've been up for hours."

That, of course, was her own business. A doctor, no doubt, has to have early breakfast, and a dutiful sister is there to pour out his tea or coffee. But it is no excuse for coming and butting in on one's more somnolent neighbors. Nine-thirty is not the time for a morning call.

Megan slipped back into the house and into the dining room, where I gathered she had been interrupted in her breakfast.

"I said I wouldn't come in," said Aimée Griffith—though why it is more of a merit to force people to come and speak to you on the doorstep, than to talk to them inside the house I do not know. "Just wanted to ask Miss Burton if she'd any vegetables to spare for our Red Cross stall on the main road. If so, I'd get Owen to call for them in the car."

"You're out and about very early," I said.

"The early bird catches the worm," said Aimée. "You have a better chance of finding people in this time of day. I'm off to Mr. Pye's next. Got to go over to Brenton this afternoon. Guides."

"Your energy makes me quite tired," I said, and at that moment the telephone rang and I retired to the back of the hall to answer it, leaving Joanna murmuring rather doubtfully something about rhubarb and French beans and exposing her ignorance of the vegetable garden.

"Yes?" I said into the telephone mouthpiece.

A CONFUSED noise of deep breathing came from the other end of the wire and a doubtful female voice said, "Oh!"

"Yes?" I said again encouragingly.

"Oh," said the voice again, and then it inquired adenoidally, "Is that—what I mean—is that Little Furze?"

"This is Little Furze."

"Oh!" This clearly a stock beginning to every sentence. The voice inquired cautiously: "Could I speak to Miss Partridge just a minute?"

"Certainly," I said. "Who shall I say?"

"Oh. Tell her it's Agnes, would you? Agnes Waddle."

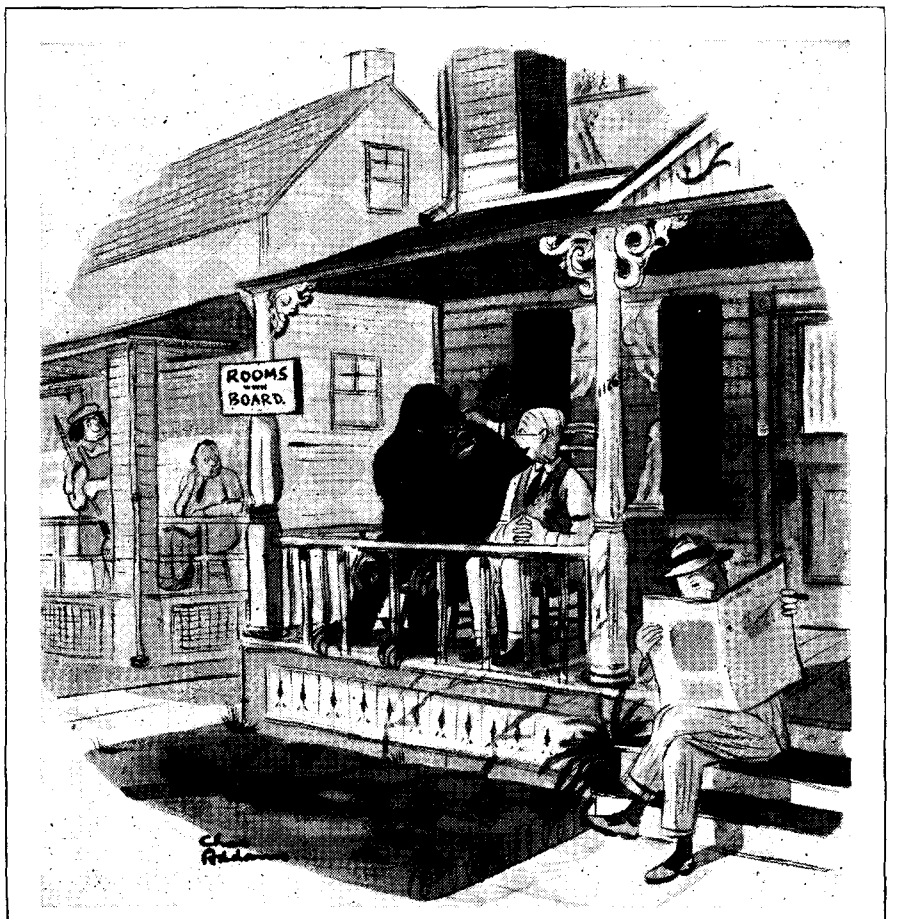
"Agnes Waddle?"

"That's right."

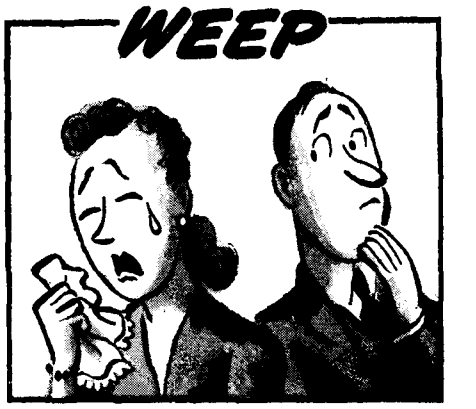
Resisting the temptation to say "Donald Duck to you," I put down the telephone receiver and called up the stairs to where I could hear the sound of Partridge's activities overhead.

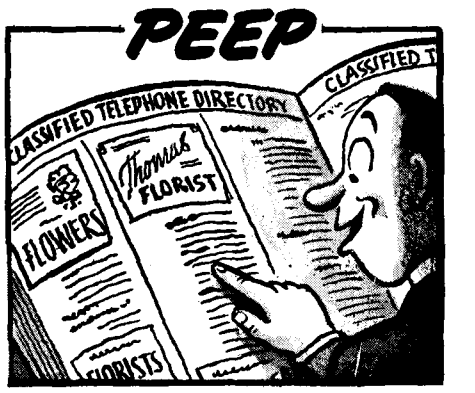
"Partridge! Partridge!"

Partridge appeared at the head of the stairs, a long mop in one hand, and a



"I understand you're with the circus" CHARLES S. ADDAMS





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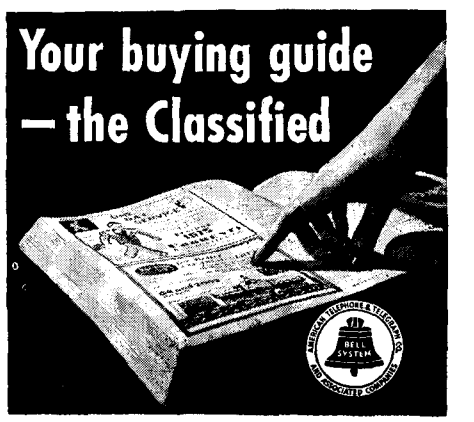

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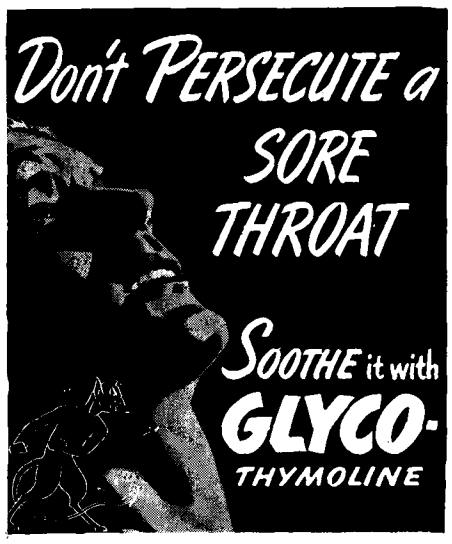

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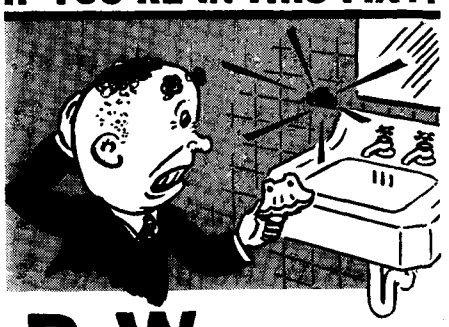

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look of "What is it *now?*" clearly discernible behind her invariably respectful manner.

"Yes, sir?"

"Agnes Waddle wants to speak to you on the telephone."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

I raised my voice: "Agnes Waddle."

I have spelled the name as it presented itself to my mind. But I will now spell it as it was actually written:

"Agnes Woddell—whatever can she want now?"

Very much put out of countenance Partridge relinquished her mop and rustled down the stairs, her print dress crackling with agitation.

I beat an unobtrusive retreat into the dining room where Megan was wolfing down kidneys and bacon. Megan, unlike Aimée Griffith, was displaying no "glorious morning face." In fact she replied very gruffly to my morning salutations and continued to eat in silence.

I opened the morning paper and a minute or two later Joanna entered looking somewhat shattered.

"Whew!" she said. "I'm so tired. And I think I've exposed my utter ignorance of what grows when. Aren't there runner beans this time of year?"

"August," said Megan.

"Well, one has them any time in London," said Joanna defensively.

"Tins, sweet fool," I said. "And cold storage on ships from the far-flung limits of Empire."

"Like ivory, apes and peacocks?" asked Joanna.

"Exactly."

"I'd rather have peacocks," said Joanna thoughtfully.

"I'd like a monkey of my own as a pet," said Megan.

Meditatively peeling an orange, Joanna said:

"I wonder what it would feel like to be Aimée Griffith, all bursting with health and vigor and enjoyment of life. Do you think she's ever tired, or depressed, or—or wistful?"

I SAID I was quite certain Aimée Griffith was never wistful, and followed Megan out of the open French window onto the veranda.

Standing there, filling my pipe, I heard Partridge enter the dining room from the hall and heard her voice say grimly, "Can I speak to you a minute, Miss?"

"Dear me," I thought. "I hope Partridge isn't going to give notice. Emily Barton would be very annoyed with us if so."

Partridge went on:

"I must apologize, Miss, for being rung up on the telephone. That is to say, the young person who did so should have known better. I have never been in the habit of using the telephone or of permitting my friends to ring me up on it, and I'm very sorry indeed that it should have occurred, and the master taking the call and everything."

"Why, that's quite all right, Partridge," said Joanna soothingly, "why shouldn't your friends use the phone if they want to speak to you?"

Partridge's face, I could feel, though I could not see it, was more dour than ever as she replied coldly:

"It is not the kind of thing that has ever been done in this house. Miss Emily would never permit it. As I say, I am sorry it occurred, but Agnes Woddell, the girl who did it, was upset and she's young too, and doesn't know what's fitting in a gentleman's house."

"That's one for you, Joanna," I thought gleefully.

"This Agnes who rung me up, Miss," went on Partridge, "she used to be in service here under me. Sixteen she was, then, and come straight from the orphanage. And you see, not having a home, or a mother or any relations to advise her, she's been in the habit of coming to me. I can tell her what's what, you see."

"Yes?" said Joanna and waited. Clearly there was more to follow.

"So I am taking the liberty of asking you, Miss, if you would allow Agnes to come here to tea this afternoon in the kitchen. It's her day out, you see, and she's got something on her mind she wants to consult me about. I wouldn't dream of suggesting such a thing in the usual way."

Joanna said bewildered, "But why shouldn't you have anyone to tea with you?"

Partridge drew herself up at this, so Joanna said afterward, and really looked most formidable, as she replied:

"It has never been the custom of this house, Miss. Old Mrs. Barton never allowed visitors in the kitchen, excepting as it should be our own day out, in which case we were allowed to entertain friends here instead of going out, but otherwise, on ordinary days, no. And Miss Emily keeps to the old ways."

Joanna is very nice to servants and most of them like her but she has never cut any ice with Partridge.

"It's no good, my girl," I said when Partridge had gone and Joanna had joined me outside. "Your sympathy and leniency are not appreciated. The good old overbearing ways for Partridge and things done the way they should be done in a gentleman's house."

"I never heard of such tyranny as not allowing them to have their friends to see them," said Joanna. "It's all very well, Jerry, but they can't *like* being treated like black slaves."

"Evidently they do," I said. "At least the Partridges of this world do."

"I can't imagine why she doesn't like me. Most people do."

"She probably despises you as an inadequate housekeeper. You never draw your hand across a shelf and examine it for traces of dust. You don't look under the mats. You don't ask what happened to the remains of the chocolate soufflé, and you never order a nice bread pudding."

"Ugh!" said Joanna.

She went on sadly: "I'm a failure all around today. Despised by our Aimée for ignorance of the vegetable kingdom. Snubbed by Partridge for being a human being. I shall now go out into the garden and eat worms."

"Megan's there already," I said.

For Megan had wandered away a few minutes previously and was now standing aimlessly in the middle of a patch of lawn looking not unlike a meditative bird waiting for nourishment.

She came back however toward us and said abruptly, "I say, I must go home today."

"What?" I was dismayed.

She went on, flushing, but speaking with nervous determination:

"It's been awfully good of you having me and I expect I've been a fearful nuisance, but I have enjoyed it awfully, only now I must go back, because after all, well, it's my home and one can't stay away forever, so I think I'll go this morning."

BOTH Joanna and I tried to make her change her mind, but she was quite adamant, and finally Joanna got out the car and Megan went upstairs and came down a few minutes later with her belongings packed up again.

The only person pleased seemed to be Partridge, who had almost a smile on her grim face. She had never liked Megan much.

I was standing in the middle of the lawn when Joanna returned.

She asked me if I thought I was a sundial.

"Why?"

"Standing there like a garden ornament. Only one couldn't put on you the motto of only marking the sunny hours. You looked like thunder!"

"I'm out of humor. First Aimée Griffith—and then Megan beetling off. I'd thought of taking her for a walk up to Legge Tor."

"With a collar and lead, I suppose," said Joanna.

"What?"

Joanna repeated loudly and clearly as she moved off around the corner of the house to the kitchen garden:

"I said 'With a collar and lead, I suppose?' Master's lost his dog, that's what's the matter with you!"

(*To be continued next week*)

"My wife's bills! No more dresses, no more hats—just uniforms, uniforms, uniforms!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 18

ball, stone or stick hurled by a soldier pal. Fact is, Rags didn't seem to get the drift entirely until, during grenade practice, he raced out and came trotting back with a mouthful of very bad news. The unit scattered and prayed and their prayers were answered. Nothing happened to the grenade in the pooch's puss. "However, men," continued the instructor, who still hadn't uncrossed his fingers, "the fact that one grenade turns out to be a dud is no excuse for taking the slightest chances with them."

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. A recent War Department release began: "The Secretary of War announces the formation of the 1st Filipino Infantry Battalion, with station at Camp San Luis Obispo. This new unit is formed in recognition of the intense loyalty and patriotism of those Filipinos now residing in the United States . . ."

Officers at headquarters watched teletypes and the mail for official orders. Three weeks later they still awaited further word. Meantime, Filipinos from all over California phoned, wrote and wired for information. Sport coupés loaded with from two to eight nattily dressed Filipinos rolled into camp. QMC supply sergeants took one look at the diminutive occupants and began scratching special requisitions for size 3½ shoes and pint-size uniforms. "We want to fight with General MacArthur," the volunteers announced. Officers like the eager glint in the California Filipinos' eyes, and the feverishly grim manner in which they train. Once red tape is unwound and the 1st Filipino Battalion really gets going, this camp will have the fastest featherweight outfit in the Army. "We'll call it the Runt Battalion," said a cook. "Maybe *you* will," retorted a corporal. "Just once."

LUKE FIELD, Arizona. Speaking of little guys, they're training Chinese aviation cadets at this West Coast Training Center school, and the boys are making quite a record for themselves in anticipation of getting wings and returning to their native land for a chance at the Axis. A Hollywood newsreel gang trekked over to get some shots of the Chinese in training, and had worked out a sequence showing the men getting last-minute dope from an instructor, turning and trotting to their ships, kicking the motors over and taxiing off. It would have made an interesting shot, but as the camera whirred and the Chinese turned to go to their planes, the lens got nothing but a bunch of bobbing bed pillows strapped to the posteriors of the tiny Orientals. Director of Flight Training Lt. Charlie Lancaster explained: "Some of those boys are so short we had to ask the Quartermaster department for pillows so they could reach the pedals."

RANDOLPH FIELD, Texas. You might as well get acquainted with Cadet U. S. Bond, whose picture is plugging the sale of War Stamps and Bonds. His full name is Urban Selar Bond but his patriotic initials were lost in the shuffle in home-town Wentworth, S. D. (pop. 300), where he went by his middle name and answered to Zeke at high school. Joining the National Guard in 1936, his name went down in the roster as Urban S. Bond, but the initials still didn't mean anything to anybody until Bond, after serving through the Louisiana maneuvers last summer, chucked his sergeant's stripes in favor of a cadet's uniform. A public relations photographer at Randolph finally noticed the name U. S. Bond at the bottom of a small identification picture and wrote a story about it. The Treasury Department read the story. This brings you up to date on Cadet Bond, who is maturing rapidly.

> Your trials and tribulations have broken my heart. They are unique. I have never heard of anything like them before. As proof of my deepest sympathy, I give you this card which entitles you to one hour of condolence from the closest chaplain.

Don't be startled by the black border. At Army posts in many sections of the country, cards similar to this one from Randolph Field, Texas, are handed by noncoms to enlisted men who come to them with complaints

ARLINGTON CANTONMENT, Va. They've opened a new school here for training both officers and men in M.P. Service, and from it will come the personnel for nearly 100 new battalions of military cops. The newly completed manual for the eight-to-ten-weeks course hasn't been made public, but it would seem that the new M.P. has to undergo all the training an infantryman does, with a little more thrown in. Besides learning all about field and battle tactics and the handling of all types of weapons your M.P. has to know traffic control; guarding, escorting and questioning of prisoners and enemy aliens; must have knowledge of criminal investigation and military intelligence work; and must be able to plan and carry out protection of vital defense plants against sabotage. Moreover, he has to learn to handle the civilian populace with tact and success in the event of riots, strikes, fires, floods and other clambakes.

It's a big job, because you can't push civilians around the way you can an enemy. Civilian bloodshed at the hands of soldiers is about the worst thing that could happen to an M.P.

As fast as the officers and men are trained they'll become the nuclei for new battalions. Just to make sure everything's running all right, two officers from existing outfits go along, one acting as executive officer, the other as adjutant. After three or four months with the new organization they give up their places to new officers and move on to the next embryo outfit.

Keep your eyes peeled for the gents with the white trimmings on their uniforms; and when they tell you to do something, do it.

GENERAL

ACTUAL warfare doesn't dim the Army's sense of humor. From an unidentified source comes A Glossary of Staff Phraseology which deserves more than passing notice. There's a good deal of it, but these excerpts will give you an idea:

"With reference to—" (whether it has or not, this letter must begin somehow). "Submitted for information" (this means nothing to me but it may to you). "I approach the subject with an open mind" (completely ignorant of the whole subject). "Under consideration" (papers temporarily mislaid). "Under active consideration" (propose instituting a search for the file). "Have you any remarks?" (can you give me an idea what this is all about?). "Snowed under" (able to take only an hour and a half for lunch). "This will be borne in mind" (no further action will be taken until you remind me). "You will remember" (you have forgotten, if indeed you ever knew). "In due course" (never). "All orders issued by my predecessor are to remain in force" (I haven't read them yet, but shall take the first opportunity of altering them). "As you know" (as you didn't know)....

NOW that Saturday is no longer a half holiday at military and naval posts the graph on week-end romances shows a decided decline, with correspondingly brisker business at post exchanges, service clubs, movies and USO camp shows. Ever since the Japs attacked on a Sunday, Uncle Sam is taking no chances. It's a six-day week, and a sharp lookout on the seventh.

WITH no extra dough for overtime, either. G. W.

COLLIER'S SHUT-MOUTH POSTER AWARDS

WE INVITE the officers and men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard to design and submit for competition posters which seriously or humorously symbolize the importance of spiking rumors. This week's Collier's cover is the type of idea which will be considered. One hundred dollars will be paid for each poster, not exceeding five, adjudged suitable for reproduction in this department.

Here are the contest rules, as originally announced in Collier's for March 21st:

1. The Shut-Mouth Poster Contest is now open to officers and enlisted men in active service in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

2. Posters may be drawn in any medium on any kind of drawing paper, but must be neither more than 18″ by 20″ nor less than 8″ by 10″ in over-all size. Unfinished or "rough" sketches will not be considered. All entries must be presented in complete, finished form, either in black and white or color. The name, service unit, and address of the contestant must be on the back of each drawing. Addresses will be held confidential and will not be published.

3. $100 will be paid for each winning poster, which will become and remain the property of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

4. A contestant may submit as many posters as he wishes, but entries which win no awards will not be returned unless the entries are accompanied by letters setting forth the method of return shipment desired, and sufficient funds in postage stamps or money order to cover the transportation cost.

5. Judgment will be based on the originality and effectiveness of the idea and on the artistic merit of the poster. When similar ideas appear in several entries, the poster which most closely approximates Collier's standard of art will be selected.

6. Entries must be mailed to the Poster Contest, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., and will be received until 5:00 P. M. on April 24, 1942, when the contest will close. No acknowledgment can be made of entries.

7. The Editorial Staff of Collier's will be the judges, and their decision in all matters affecting the contest and the making of awards will be final.

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Panama Jungleers

Continued from page 15

a gang of black men to help him lug the tracks and hew the ties. There's not a straight-away yard of track in the whole nine miles, the tracks having been laid in haste by eye and guess. They say that when he came upon a snake, he built around it. No such nonsense as the engineer's transit or level influenced it. Couldn't be bothered, says Enoch John who, with his black boys, chopped through the steaming blackness with ax and machete as they went along. They bridged the jungle streams, half of them building while the rest danced around frightening off the alligators and snakes below and the beasts above.

"Monkeys and parrots? Aaaaaaaw shooooo. Them apes swung along with us howlin' like a tetched preacher sorta cheerin' us on like folks do at the ball game and at the same time scarin' back the cats. Look yere."

And Enoch John will yank his shirt off his mighty back and show you the deep grooves of a black panther's claws, from his shoulders to his waist.

"Right oncheerful that was," sighs Enoch John. "Big Colombian boy named Mossui carried me out. Carried out the cat, too. Mighty handsome cat it was but Mossui ruint the hide."

Jungle Philosopher

In all the nine miles we crept on Enoch John's flatcar (he made that, too, with his own hands just as he had the engine with an old Ford motor geared in some mysterious way to four crazy wheels beneath a plank raft), on all the nine miles we left the tracks only twice.

"Reckon the ole dee-lerium tremens special's gittin' tard," explained Enoch John Hooper. "Reckon she's gittin' mee-lancholy like me, her daddy. Used to leap the tracks right often, makin' as high as maybe six, seven miles an hour, full load of bananas and maybe some sour sops, oranges and breadfruit for the hell of it. Hold on, mister."

Enoch John threw the engine out of gear, jammed on the brakes and yelled something—part Alabama, part Spanish, part Choco—to his water boy, the skinniest sliver of boy we've ever seen. As the banana special quivered to a stop, teetering first on one rail and then the other but keeping to them, Enoch John and the water boy leaped. Enoch John had his gun and the boy had the machete. There were three shots and the boy slashed at a low vine trellis. In two sections a six-foot snake fell into the underbrush. We hadn't seen it.

"Bushmaster," said Enoch John, starting the engine again. "Mean. Lay out on a branch on a level with your head. Right smart. But I don't know. Don't see many no more. Gittin' tard like me and the ole banana flier. Sort gits you down the way these soldiers come in here lookin' downright sickly, white like a lady, no eyes for the jungle and next thing you know these nice lady-white boys from the city are whistlin like the birds is their steady company, totin' big snakes up to camp for pets and tryin' to put dog collars on jungle cats. By the time they know enough about the jungle to be skeered of it it's too late—too late fer the jungle."

About that business of putting a dog collar on a puma—it didn't work. It might have been done if Izzy Gishmick hadn't been stricken with a strictly Mickey Finn idea. A kid drafted nine months ago out of a movie usher job on Market Street, San Francisco, caught a panther cub nuzzling at the breast of its deceased mother. He toted it to camp, where, fed on condensed milk and scraps, it presently developed into a junior menace. Rather than throw it back into the jungle, they decided to put a collar on it and chain it up when it became too rough. Several attempts failed and Izzy got his idea—chloroform the creature, collar it and appeal to its pride. After a considerable struggle in which the beast lost some fur and several antiaircraft artillerymen shed considerable skin, they choloroformed it, collared it and stepped back to see what would happen when it came to. They waited for six hours. The funeral was strictly regulation plus a stretch of Dorothy Lamour music on the harmonica by Private Gishmick who, of the harmonica, said that he had collared that, too—from Larry Adler.

We thought that we were seeing jungle from Enoch John Hooper's flat car. But it wasn't until we reached the end of the tracks and began to climb up a trail two feet wide that we began to understand what the Darien forest was like, what these kid artillerymen from New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other American soft spots had licked.

After that nine-mile jolt that Enoch John and his black boys had slashed through, back in the days when Hooper's 5,600 acres grew cargoes of bananas and Hooper was rich, we took to the black trail on foot. We might have made a couple more miles on the flatcar but, suddenly coming out of a begloomed tunnel of sweating palm lashed over with a rainproof roof, and made tight by vines that seemed as much alive as the snakes, we slammed into the high dirt embankment of a road that the Army engineers were building through the jungle. It was all news to Enoch John, owner of the railroad. He dismounted, waved a huge hairy hand toward the new road and almost wept.

Mr. John Won't Sue the U. S.

"This is shore a surprise," mourned he. "I kin carry you no further. Last week I could have toted you right down to the mountain but the on-predictable United States Army has throwed up a road right across my tracks buryin' the same from sight. It will cost you ten dollars for as fur as you've come, and the couple miles more that the United States Army has conquested wouldn't have cost you nothin' extra. All out fer the end of the jungle as fur as Hooper's concerned. Jungle, hell! There ain't nothin' sacred no more."

We began to climb, leaving Enoch John explaining to an engineer colonel that as a freeborn American from the great state of Alabama he had the constitutional right to sue the United States of America. But he won't.

"If my country wants my railroad it kin have it," said Enoch John. "In fact, it don't have to ask fer it. It's got it."

At the end of a sunless tunnel of cuipa, corotu, wild figs, ilang-ilang and camphorwood, thatched and sheathed with palm upon palm, we were halted by the first outpost of the great searchlight battery above. Four kids in fabric helmets, shorts and boots protecting their legs from the crawlers, halted us, examined our passes. They gave us a water canteen and filled it for us from a water vine. With a machete one of them slashed down six feet of a wrist-thick vine that was trying with a minimum of success to strangle a rubber tree. Swiftly he held it vertical and let the purest

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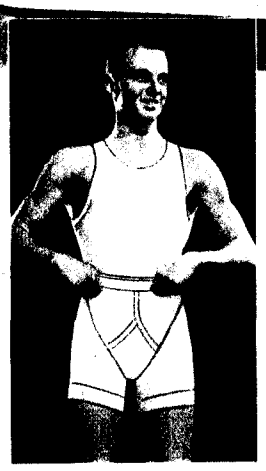
Jockey UNDERWEAR-"NO GAP OPENING"



Jockey Midway

NO. 2 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES

Close in on Comfort!

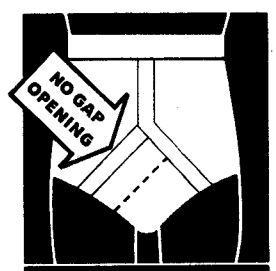
It's all right for our Jockey dog to yawn . . . but, if we caught a single pair of Jockey lowers gapping, we'd sentence it to hard labor for life—as a windshield cloth in a filling station!

•

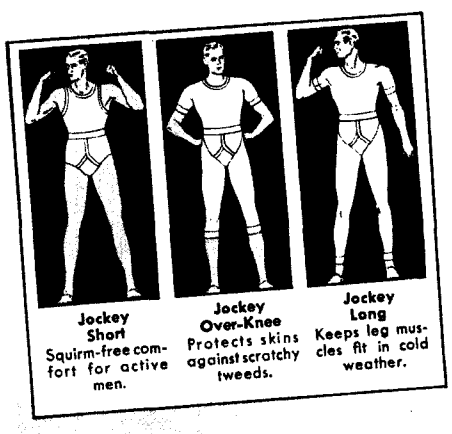
There's little chance of that, however, for Jockey is masculinized to fit the male figure everywhere. Cooper's patented Y-front* construction, found only in buttonless Jockey Underwear, couples a conveniently-angled opening—that positively will not gap—with mild, restful support and complete freedom from bunch, bind and squirm. Jockey is cool, too, and easy to launder. Its knit fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration, gives your skin a chance to breathe, rinses clean in a jiffy, and needs no ironing. Get a supply of Jockeys now—and see if they don't bring comfort closer to you than it's ever been.

•

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.



Patented Y-Front Construction. The Source of Support



Jockey Short — Squirm-free comfort for active men.

Jockey Over-Knee — Protects skins against scratchy tweeds.

Jockey Long — Keeps leg muscles fit in cold weather.

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Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

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water we'd had in the tropics spill into the canteen. Over the shelter he stood guard in was the sign: "Chicago Junior. Telephone 000 Mercy. Hell 000 miles. Gatun three days."

At every turn up the mountain the grade grew steeper. And presently, clutching at roots, clinging to long free-swinging vines, we were dragging up a sixty per cent grade digging our feet into toeholds scooped out by the United States Army's Jungle Mudders—lads who, a few months ago, would have made a major tragedy of climbing to the top floor of a three-story walk-up or hiking two miles to school.

An iguana ran over our hand, giving us his lizardly leer as he sped past, spearing with his come-hither tongue. Someone behind us stepped off the trail, cursed bravely, disappeared into the wall of huge fern and jungle matting. A covey of brilliant birds—parakeets we think—gave him hell for being so clumsy. The mountaintop was just above us; that's all we cared about. Something that had been waiting for weeks to get itself a large hunk of amateur war correspondent had entered one of the several large rents in what was left of our shirt. Later Private Gishmick, looking over the missing section of our belly, said that it must have been a prizefighter's manager.

"They always take the soft part, citizen," said Private Gishmick.

They Did the Impossible

Anyway, we made it, as we've already intimated. And before the swift tropical night fell, with no twilight to soften the blow, we beheld the sobering sight of the evening jungle and the work of that most adaptable and resourceful of all God's creatures—the American boy. In crates, in boxes, on limbers, on their backs, these kids newly come from the streets of the city and the corners of small towns, from the cool of the level pasture and the ice of the north, had lugged their huge searchlights to sweep the skies above two oceans for many miles. They had had no mechanical devices to help them, no slings, no pulleys, no cranes, just rope and brawn and the will. Pack mules helped halfway up the mountains and then lay down, rolled over and would have slid back to the bottom with their cargoes if these lads from the pavements hadn't blocked them, lashed them fast to vines and trees.

From the end of the valley trail, for five miles up the matted mountain and finally up the last murderous stretch of the red stone cliff, these American jungleers had dragged antiaircraft guns, huge searchlights that weigh thousands of pounds, the lumber with which they've built their own quarters. No wonder the howler monkeys howled at them. As far as we could learn not even the black bushboys had got that far up, nor the Cunas nor the Chocos. We didn't have to take the word of Colonel Reamer Argo for that, nor of Captain Lee Davis. They had followed us up, observing our struggles with considerable interest, being jungleers themselves in the Panama Coast Artillery. And maybe it was just a coincidence but just behind us as we got what we'd asked for, came a chaplain and a doctor. It helped to hear them grunt and groan. The chaplain was First Lieutenant Dennis Coleman from the Dunwoodie Seminary near Yonkers, New York. We're sorry but the doctor's name—a captain—must have been lost in that bunch of notes we left in that jungle mud bath on our way back to Panama City. That's the only dive we took but it was a honey. The chaplain and the doctor also assured us that these American soldiers were the first to scale that Darien mountain cliff. Maybe nobody had to before. You'd have to be awfully crazy to tackle a job like that just for fun.

The lumber, the guns, the searchlights could be swung and dragged up section by section of course. Even so, each section weighed four or five hundred pounds and there were lots of sections. What dazzled us was the presence on that mountain of a large electric refrigerator that had to be taken up intact—all 800 pounds of it—and of a huge power generator the weight of which is one of the many thousand interesting facts that are regarded here as military secrets and which therefore may not be passed on to you. But some day go look at a generator the size of a ten-ton truck. Try to push it around down there on your tenderfoot level. And when you get nowhere doing that, start wondering what you'd do if you and six or eight more like you had the assignment of lugging it up a Darien mountain through a steaming jungle trail with the thermometer blowing its top. Nice work if you can avoid it. But these former drugstore cowboys, rug-cutters, fraternity house Robert Taylors, ticket scalpers, brush salesman, Kelly pool heroes and counter jumpers did it. And you ought to see them now.

"Listen, citizen," said Izzy Gishmick that night. "If they was to send me this Billy Conn for six weeks, I'd make a punchin' fool outa him. Me, I couldn't slug my way out of a soap bubble maybe, but when I get back to Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street I'm gointa slap two cops I got acquainted with the hard way and find out if I'm only kiddin' myself. I weighed a hundred and thirty-four when they give me this job—all of it vanilla. Today I'm a hundred and sixty-two, all of it dumb muscle. How do I get this way? Well, citizen, the sergeant says to me: 'Gishmick, how's for livin' in the trees like your old man did?' And I says: 'Sarge, my old man was born and lived and died on a fire escape in a tenement that would make a monkey outa Frank Buck and send him back stuffed and mounted for the parlor mantel, so pick me a tree.' So, citizen, you're lookin' at Jungleer First-Class Isador Gishmick, of Pleasant Dollar Boulevard, New York City. When you get back tell the boys on Jacobs' Beach phooey."

Join the Army—for Privacy

We sat on the table top of the mountain, our legs swinging free over the long easy swale of the jungle below. The night falls fast but the air clears in the first gentle rush of the sunset breeze. Across the billowing palm roof of the reeking wilderness we scanned the other peaks. Almost all of them were manned by American jungleers, armed with long, sleek cannon that can spit hell into heaven as fast as you can clap your hands. With their searchlights they can drive the stars out of the night, blazing the path to death. A boy from Chicago sat beside us.

He was almost morosely silent for a long time. We'd ask him questions, but until he got ready to talk all he did was nod and smile although what we'd ask called for neither. Presently, although we hadn't asked, he began to talk:

"Big mountain down that way—see?—that's Cerro Picacho. There's a story about it—something like Rip Van Winkle in reverse. An old Cuna played the rebec for twenty years without stopping and taught the birds to sing. Something like that. Maybe tomorrow you can see Chorcha peak. Everybody down here writes poetry about it. Clear days you can see Cerro Santa Maria and Cerro del Horqueta. Smell the camphorwood? Did you smell the orchids while you were coming up? They aren't dead like orchids back home. They smell."

"You like it here?" we asked.

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"Listen, mister," he replied almost enthusiastically. "This is the first time in my life I've ever known what privacy was."

"Joined the Army to get a little privacy? Must have been slightly hectic at home."

"I'll say. I joined the Army because the draft got me. Didn't want to. But now I've been thinking of writing to the President or somebody, thanking them. I grabbed at this jungle job when it came along. Listen: both my parents were in vaudeville. I was born in a dressing room. I slept with my head on old costumes. I was a night owl before I was five years old—trouping with my mother and my old man. When the movies killed vaudeville, it was the circus, amusement parks, burlesque, fairs. Like that. The older I got, the more I hated it. But so what? Show business, kid. No good at it myself; but what else? So I'm working in an agency when the draft got me. Now I'm here with the antiaircraft, sitting on top of the world looking at the jungle. I can sit up here all night and not say anything to anybody, and nobody says anything to me. Something I've wanted for years. I haven't talked this much to anybody for six months. Up here, the silence gets into you. Nobody talks much at night. Down there—home—it's small and crowded and noisy, all day, all night. Up here, it's too big for noise. It smells quiet. You can think if you want to. Private!"

"Think about what?"

"I think it's swell," he grinned.

And then he left us. We sat there alone and we too began to think. We thought a lot of foolish things. We thought how nice and tonic it would be to have a lot of those war-contract commission merchants, priority whiners and party politicians up in Washington spend a few huge nights on a Panama Coast Artillery mountaintop. We thought about pensions for congressmen —and laughed. We thought of a few calamity-howlers (taxes and debt and after the war) back in the States and wished they could be with us. We thought, "Here's a swell spot for a fireside chat, Mr. President." We thought, "There's unity, truth and vigilance up here, Mr. Willkie. Come on up, Mr. Willkie." We thought, "It's all clear and understandable here above the jungle, Colonel Knox and Mr. Stimson. You could learn about devotion, learn from these kids how to fight without hate. Come on up! We'll carry you if you want!" We thought, "Come up to this rancho in the skies, Archie MacLeish and Leon Henderson, Tom Connally and Ham Fish, John L. Lewis and Bill Green. You can make it, General Marshall and Admiral Stark. Do you good to breathe the rank, sharp reek of the jungle a few days. Listen! These kids don't have to be exhorted to fight, to make sacrifices . . ."

We'd have gone on like that if the droning voice of the officer at the radio hadn't snapped us out of it. Planes were coming. Our own planes? He didn't ask. He didn't ask anything, just repeated what the central yonder on that other mountaintop was saying. Right. Yessir. Right. Yessir. And as he talked, the searchlights and the guns were trained on that square in the dark heavens that in a minute or two would be the frame of the oncoming planes.

This is the way it would come—the long-expected attack on the Canal. Okay, we were ready. Men move in the darkness, swift, sure, to posts. There's a brief whir of wheels, a soft sliding of metal, a quiet, almost murmured command.

In the clear indigo above us, the jungle moon softening it with thin cold light, we saw the planes—six of them. The guns picked them up. A button could be pressed, and the planes would be blinded in the terrible light of the most powerful glares the Army has ever owned. All we were waiting for was the word from below, and these mountaintops would burst into fire—a more murderous fire than ever rose from that now dead volcano yonder.

But the word came that they were Navy planes, on their course, all accounted for. They roared over, their melodious baritone song magnified in this ocean of silence. But that's the way it will come—when it comes.

If this wasn't war we'd tell you how many American Jungleers there are on these mountains. If we could we'd tell you just where we are tonight. Anyway, we wish you were here. You'd stop grousing about sugar, tires, girdles, silk stockings. You'd stop hoarding. You'd pay your taxes and be glad. This place gets you!

But we can tell you that never before in your country's history has anything like this come to American troops. We're here in the Darien jungle for the duration. We're happy, we're healthy, we want a fight. That's what these kids are telling us to write.

They get three days off a month. They can slide down the mountain, hit the jungle trail for civilization. Call it that, for the want of a more accurate word. Some of them do that, maybe catching Enoch John Hooper's epileptic rattler and maybe not. But many times they don't leave the jungle or the mountains but carve new machete trails to neighboring mountains to see what gives with the guys across the valley.

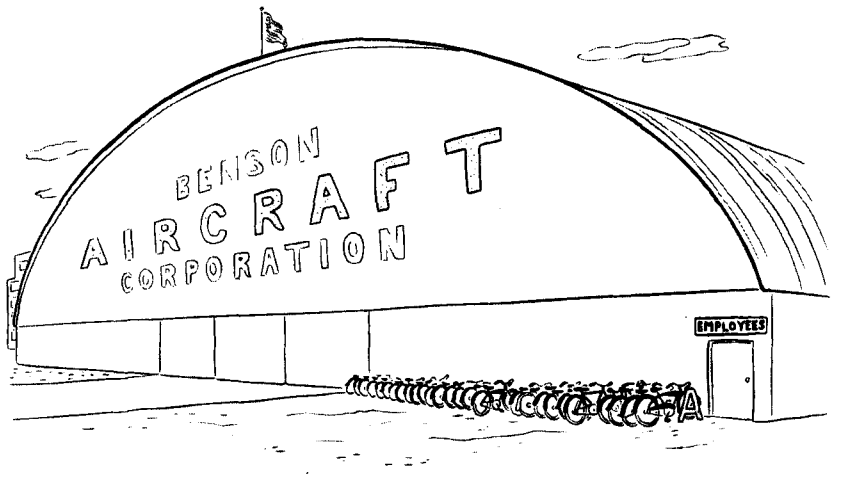
Their hero is General Douglas MacArthur, to whom they send word that never gets to him: "Wish we were with you, Pal."

Their peeve is the Jap to whom they extend the invitation: "Come up and see me sometime, li'l boy!"

Their motto, the new war cry of the Panama jungle, is carved high upon the blue-black mountains:

WHATEVER THE TASK.

Hell! Something's just bitten our belly again!



DAVID B. HUFFINE

Pour it with Pride...

Brown diamond ring courtesy of De Beer.

Drink it...with Pleasure!

I. W. Harper is unexcelled in taste and quality . . . for which it has been awarded gold medals at many great international expositions . . . in making I. W. Harper, cost is no object.

I. W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 100 Proof, Bottled in Bond, Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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FEEL the difference!

Feel the Velvety Softness, yet that *Supporting* Firmness

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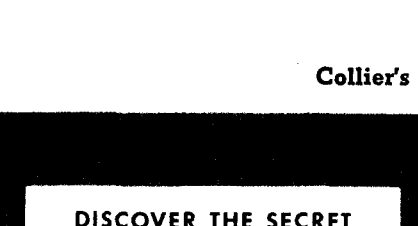

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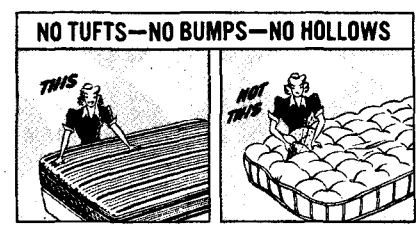
Absolutely Smooth! You actually see the Extra Comfort

No tufts, no dust hollows, no tied-down, tilting coils to break loose. It's lighter weight, easier to keep clean and handle. Makes a smoother, neater bed.

✚ Fine quality Sertaseptic coverings are fully ventilated, permanently germ and odor repellent... fresh... antiseptic.



★

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The Perils of Judy

Continued from page 14

that there's no longer any way for an actor to get experience. "It's a vicious circle, my dear!"

For those who can take it—for those willing to chance the terrible perils of Pauline for a crack at the lived-happily-ever-after part—here's how it's done: First, book passage on the Athenia, or a reasonable facsimile thereof—which is to say, a boat aimed at a torpedo.

Judith did precisely that. An American woman alone in London just before the war, she could hardly prove that her work on the radio was essential to the national interest. Therefore, she packed the wardrobe she had finally got together after a year and a half of hard work; packed it tenderly because the lack of proper costume had more than once defeated her professionally.

How to Learn About Life

The ship was overcrowded with refugees—mainly female and infant—and on the night war was declared Judith went down to dinner beset by the feeling that she was playing in a rather seedy revival of Outward Bound.

Nothing seemed very real to her as she sat between her fiancé and his father. Then there was a crash, the smell of cordite, and all the lights went out. "This is it!" she remembers remarking, and there was stumbling and carefully-not-pushing and a great deal of trying not to get panicky.

Eighty people in a lifeboat built for a maximum sixty—Andrew, her fiancé, the only able-bodied man aboard. Finally, high seas got them; the boat capsized.

Of the eighty, nine dragged themselves onto the overturned craft, clung grimly to it and shivered. An old man slipped off into the darkness, and Andrew dived after him. A few minutes later Andrew was back—without his father.

They say an actress has to know life, and they usually spell it Life. Nobody's ever been quite sure whether this means she should live immorally, fully, or just frequently. If it's the last two, Judith agrees. At one point in Angel Street she has the stage to herself and is required to imitate a woman blowing her top. Of her performance in this scene, a critic wrote: "If she'd played it any better, the audience would have screamed aloud—in fact, some did."

Judith thinks that maybe her portrayal of hysteria is helped by some of the things she saw on that ship; certain vivid memories of gaping, terrified faces. In particular there are the eyes of a woman who—just as the half-dead eight on that capsized lifeboat were being pulled aboard a destroyer—released her tired hold on her baby and watched it drop into the sea.

The fact that she was on the Athenia has been noted in many newspaper interviews which quote Judith as saying that those experiences helped develop her acting technique.

"Now you have to have been on the Athenia to get a part!" was the reaction of one of the young actors of the vicious-circle turn of mind.

This isn't so, Judith thinks. It's almost as helpful to have been a child prodigy. She, for instance, graduated from the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada, at the advanced age of seventeen. She was valedictorian of her class and, equally important, had the opportunity of playing most of the leads in the dramatic club's productions.

It all gave her a kind of head start so that now, at twenty-nine, she can look back on what seems to her a very long and active life. "I'd feel like the grand old lady of the theater," she says. "That is, if I were grander."

Tall—five feet six—a thin hundred and sixteen pounds, she's inclined to be pale under her blond ringlets. The kind of woman who looks best in great big hats, she's also the kind of woman who usually wears little hats because they're easier. See her on the street and you'd know immediately that you were face to face with a careerist—a woman doctor, a writer, somebody with very clear ideas on how to vote and what's the best source of Vitamin B.

Actually the only way she betrays her scholarly turn of mind is in her passion for correct pronunciation. She's rarely more than a minute's walk from five or six representative dictionaries and is likely to confound her stage directors with something like this: "Well, if you want me to pronounce it med-i-cine, of course I will. However, the Oxford gives med-sin and, as this is an English play, I really feel—don't you agree?"

People usually do.

Which is not to say that she's self-righteous about her speech. She simply has a certain calm undertone of clipped British diction which makes everything she says seem absolutely, impeccably right. For instance, one of the stagehands at Angel Street is an individual known familiarly as "Liver-lip."

He loves Judith dearly. "Gosh," he says admiringly. "With her, my name sounds like it was *Sir* Liver-lip. I admire the English."

"The English," in this case, was born in South Dakota. When Judith was one year old, she and her mother moved to the bustling metropolis of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada; to Judith, "Moose Jah." There Judith whizzed through grammar school and a case of the mumps.

For hopeful actors, the mumps are optional but grammar school is definitely obligatory. It was there that Judith not only learned to read but to read aloud. That was her own idea. Because she was ahead of her classmates and because she had to spend much time alone, she used to whistle up companionship by quoting the literary masters to herself in full voice.

Today she's still at it. The walls of her single room at the Hotel Algonquin are regularly regaled by Judith Evelyn's readings from the classics. The people next door love it.

"Only one little suggestion, Miss Evelyn. With things the way they are—English, please. Not German."

No Money—No College

For after graduating from Manitoba, she got a Master of Arts degree in German with an eye toward taking her Ph.D. at Heidelberg and returning to Canada, a full-fledged university professor.

But there was one bug in the gravy. Her stepfather was an automobile dealer and the year was 1932. "Dear," he said sadly, "about that trip to Heidelberg. Uh-uh."

Judith shrugged. "Oh, well. I can get my degree at Toronto."

"Er, dear, about eating and all that sort of thing—uh-uh."

Thus we find our heroine acting, directing, operating marionettes, doing stenography, occasionally chopping a little wood—all for Canadian Chatauqua. This group toured every town in Canada that could boast either a pop-

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ulation of two or more, or an auditorium with a roof, in which case population was optional.

"A very interesting ten months," she says soberly. "We reached the northernmost points in the provinces of Alberta, British Columbia *and* Manitoba."

She was quite a traveler by the time she arrived in Hollywood to visit an aunt, and had little or no difficulty managing the trip from Hollywood to Pasadena. There she got a chance to act at the famous Pasadena Playhouse—in a purely amateur capacity. For the first time in her life she began to suspect that acting might be a career for her, not just a siding on the track to teaching.

Twenty dollars a month from home housed her with two other young actresses, fed her occasionally — but bought no clothes. Eighteen months of that before she decided she'd better leave while her one remaining dress still hung from her shoulders. To Toronto, where she learned to be a great many different kinds of people over the air, and where she became engaged to a young Englishman of radio named Andrew Allen.

He went to England; sent for her. But when she arrived she immediately became so busy making money on the air that she couldn't take time out for marriage.

Aside from collecting that important wardrobe of hers—destined to sink with the Athenia—probably the most important event of her sojourn was seeing a play called Gaslight, known in some songs and this story as Angel Street.

A Six Months' Rehearsal

Back in Hollywood after the Athenia disaster, she was worse off than when she'd left. Andrew was toiling on things to do with the Canadian military wireless, so she busied herself with a poor but terribly honest theatrical group which had no theater, no money and no play.

She remembered Gaslight and they all agreed with her that it was a wellnigh perfect script. In living rooms, parks, on beaches, and once in the middle of a children's play street, they rehearsed it for six months to the constant accompaniment of grumbling noises from their own empty stomachs.

Finally two of the sturdier members of the group forced their way into the office of the gentleman who owned a supersmall theater called the Playbox. There in his office Judith and Company gave a violent performance of the melodrama and threatened to keep doing it until he put it on in his theater. Amateur, of course. No money, naturally. Not much scenery, obviously.

When they finally let him speak he said yes, he thought it was a splendid idea and would they kindly get off his desk?

A professional producer saw the Playbox version of the play. He made the kids join Equity and then moved the whole kit and kaboodle to the Hollywood Theater which, to them, was bigtime—salary and everything.

It ran there for several months and then Judith read, with mingled I-told-you-so and why-couldn't-it-have-been-I reactions, of Shepard Traube's plans to present the play in New York featuring Vincent Price and Price's wife, Edith Barrett.

But Miss Barrett fell ill just as rehearsals were scheduled to begin in New York. Producer Traube found himself with a double calamity—first, he was leading-lady-less, and second, he was haunted by Vincent Price and Leo Carroll. This pair followed him all over Manhattan and never stopped dinning into his ears their praises of Judith Evelyn's Coast performance, which they'd seen and he hadn't.

"I tell you," said Price, "she's so good it gives me gooseflesh."

Finally Traube gave in and suspiciously wired Judith's agent: *"Want Judith Evelyn hundred dollars week plus transportation New York to play Mrs. Manningham, also general understudy."*

That "also general understudy" line had Judith chewing a lot of fingernail during the train ride east. The role of Mrs. Manningham is what the trade calls an "actor killer." Arduous in the extreme, it permits the actress to be offstage a total of seven minutes an evening.

What Mr. Traube meant, of course, was that he still didn't have much confidence in this female Lochinvar from the West. If she was as bad as he thought she'd be, he'd make her earn her share of the budget by understudying. Otherwise—well, he'd see.

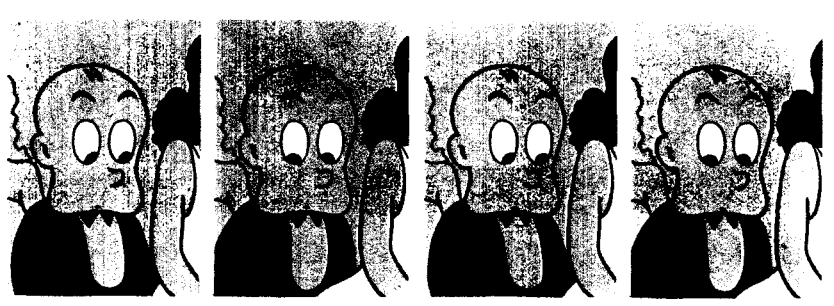
He saw all right. Judith marched onto the bare rehearsal stage and played to an audience consisting of Traube and about half the play's fifteen or twenty backers. She went right through the first act and then turned on her heel and walked off to her dressing room—where she found Traube's lawyer awaiting her. "Sign here," he said.

That contract has been the subject of heated argument up and down Broadway, in drugstores, bars and agents' offices. It provides Judith with a salary of one hundred dollars a week—a sum roughly equivalent to that earned by the ticket sellers in the box office. In a hit of Angel Street's dimensions—low running costs, high profits—it is customary for the producing corporation to tear up old contracts, drawn with an eye on failure, and replace them with something more luxurious—tailored to fit.

Almost alone among those who discuss that contract, Judith is unperturbed. In the first place, she frequently receives a bonus along with her weekly pay check and doesn't much care whether it's backed by a written guarantee or not. Then, too, radio-script shows and guest spots swell her income at least a hundred per cent.

Meanwhile, Hollywood winks and leers and beckons to her. She gets bonafide movie offers by the gross in her daily mail, but for the present she's quite content in a part for which she did everything but steal.

Plans for the future? "Oh, I don't make any plans. That was knocked out of me a long time ago. Not, you understand, that I don't think I've been very, *very* lucky."



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Broadbill!

Continued from page 17

upon them and kept right at it until he had all the supper he wanted.

Swordfish really get tough after dark, and this fellow was no exception. Just at dusk I managed to lift the steel leader out of the water; but the fish got right in our wake and started to chase the boat, which was running as fast as she would go with the throttles wide open. The fish was about ten feet behind the stern and about three feet under water. Around half past eleven, he began to circle and at twelve o'clock came up, stone dead.

Why these fish put up a tougher fight after dark, I cannot explain, but Zane Grey fought one off Catalina, California, in 1924, that began to feed on flying fish more than eleven hours after it had been hooked. Once, at nine o'clock at night, I made Mrs. Farrington quit on one when she injured her back after having fought the fish eight hours and fifteen minutes. I took him on for over two hours more and was unable to move him fifty feet. The rod finally broke.

Mrs. Michael Lerner, who shares with Mrs. Farrington the honor of being the only women to have caught swordfish in both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, fought one for over seven hours off Tocopilla, Chile, which was estimated to weigh over a thousand pounds. The fish was lost after the guide took the leader, so they had a good look at him.

The Big One That Got Away

Mrs. Farrington also had the same experience with a fish estimated to be two feet longer than my 853-pounder. Hers broke loose from the guide after he had hold of the leader, which the fish cut with his sword. This is a common occurrence, even though the steel cable leader tests 500 pounds. Only seven women have ever caught swordfish on rod and reel. The first rod-and-reel-caught swordfish, by the way, was taken in 1913 by the late W. C. Boschen, who injured himself very badly in fighting the fish.

But don't get the idea that they are all tough. Mrs. Farrington took a 396-pounder in four minutes, hooked in the eye, and he came to the boat like a baby. In six days' fishing last year off Chile, I lost five in succession, some of which had been on the hook for as long as two hours. Then I caught a 390-pounder in six minutes!

Hooking and boating a swordfish is satisfaction enough for one day. But to catch two swordfish on the same day is the greatest prize and greatest thrill any angler can ever have happen to him. It's a trick that can only be compared to a pitcher hurling a no-hit baseball game, a golfer making a hole in one, or a hockey player scoring three goals in one game. Eight men and one woman are the only persons so far able to pull this trick in all the years of broadbill swordfish angling. Only one of these has done it more than once, Michael Lerner having actually accomplished the feat four times.

I had to fight my "second-in-one-day" for six hours and twenty minutes off Tocopilla, and you can take it from me, I wanted that fish more than any I have ever hooked. The tension and nerve strain I was under during those six hours in a rough sea (which of course makes the fight much more difficult) were unquestionably the toughest I have ever endured.

In 1940, Lerner pulled that trick of two-in-one-day on every one of the major species of big game fish. On five different days, he boated two black marlin, two blue marlin, two striped marlin, two mako sharks, and a pair of broadbill. He has caught hundreds of fish, large and small, throughout the world, and has shot big game from Africa, Asia, and Indo-China to Alaska and the Canadian Rockies, but he always says that the one fish he wants to catch again and the one that gives him his greatest thrill of all sports is the broadbill swordfish.

The four species of marlin are magnificent fish; so, of course, are the giant tuna. Members of the marlin family jump repeatedly. I have seen the Chilean striped marlin jump clean out of water fifty-two times by actual count. This, of course, tires them out. I believe the swordfish is actually too smart to jump. The striped marlin, as he is found off Chile, is, I believe, the most beautiful fish in the world. The color of his stripes and body are lovely to behold, and believe me, he knows all the tricks of his trade. He can jump, greyhound, tail-walk, somersault, and charge on and over the surface of the water like no other fish I have ever seen. I took the 9-thread world's record striped marlin (a 425-pounder) off Chile last May. In fact, it was the largest fish of any species ever taken on 9-thread (which tests 27 pounds when wet). We used 600 yards of line, but of course nowhere near that amount ever leaves the reel. The rod weighed six ounces. The former record was 351 pounds.

That same morning I caught another that weighed 322 pounds, and lost a third after a two-hour fight. The record on 6-thread is 209 pounds, so I then attempted to catch one on that size line with a four-ounce rod tip. As there are not many striped marlin off Chile that weigh less than 300 pounds, I didn't feel I would have much chance. I hooked eight of them for periods ranging from ten minutes to an hour and a half, but on six different occasions the marlin's mate or companion swam up and cut the line. It was a spectacular sight to see them do it. I would stand on top of the cabin roof with the rod over my head, with the line out of water, and the other fish would leap clean out and cut the flimsy line with his bill. We would throw bottles at him, but it was of no avail. The striped marlin off Chile usually swim in pairs, and even though we were a mile away from where I hooked my fish, within an hour his friend would follow him and put in his appearance. With 24- or 39-thread line they are unable to cut it easily.

This is absolutely stunt fishing and I definitely do not advise it. It is comparable to trying to shoot a grizzly bear or an elephant with a sling shot.

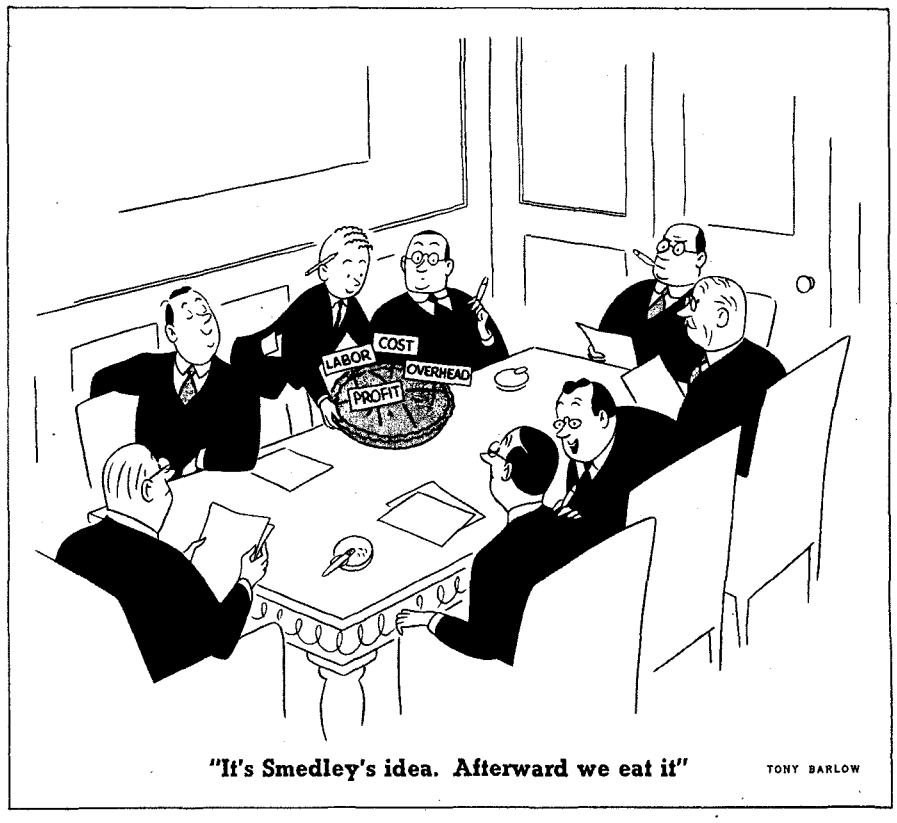
The broadbill swordfish appears to have only one marine enemy—the mako shark. Of all the sharks that swim, he is the finest, fastest and only good one to catch. Sometimes he is able to attack the swordfish from the rear when he is on the surface and cut off his tail, thus rendering him completely powerless. Actual battles have been witnessed between these two gladiators of the sea, and several swordfish have been found dead floating on the surface, minus their tails.

Sportsman's Paradise

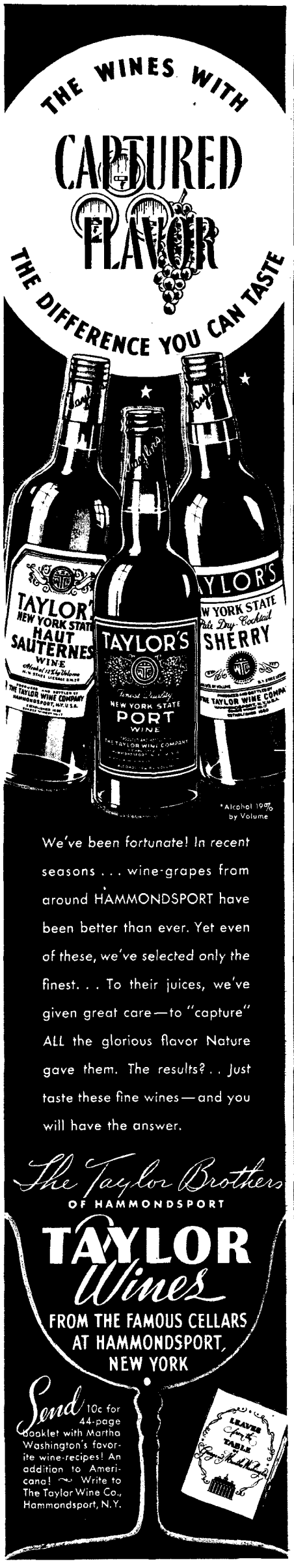
In 1939, off Bimini, Lerner caught a 720-pound mako shark which had inside him, practically intact, a 120-pound broadbill swordfish with his sword still attached. The mako shark has the wickedest set of teeth of anything that swims the oceans.

Chile is without a doubt the greatest sporting country in the world; in my opinion, her fresh-water fishing, dove shooting, duck shooting, and shore bird shooting for golden plover and other species, have absolutely no equal. She also has as fine skiing to offer as can be found anywhere in the world. And for the man who likes the smaller species of salt-water fish, there are plenty of these too. The lovely dolphin, fastest and most beautiful of the small fish, are found off her coast in great numbers; the hard-fighting yellow-fin tuna weighing up to 100 pounds disport themselves there by the thousands; the true Pacific albacora is always plentiful. The striped marlin are more numerous and larger here than in any other place in the world. Mike Lerner counted fifty-one of them tailing in a single day's fishing off Tocopilla.

You can have them all—and to spare! *My* hat is off to the albacora!



"It's Smedley's idea. Afterward we eat it" TONY BARLOW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LEAVES from my TABLE

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Your Sugar Bowl Blows Up

Continued from page 21

famine—one that it takes years to correct. There are a lot of things that can be done about sugar production this year, and most are being tried. Another bit of bright lining is that the Cubans have a bumper crop this year. Over and above the million tons earmarked for ethyl alcohol, they have 2,300,000 tons of sugar for our market. That, with the 2,360,000 tons we can grow at home, now that the quota is on the scrap heap, plus the 1,500,000 tons Hawaii and Puerto Rico will deliver, gives us almost "six million two" for the year, instead of the eight million tons we might have had.

Finally, sugar men estimate that there's another million tons tucked away in the pantries of the country. Housewives, remembering how sugar soared to 26¢ at the end of World War I, have been stocking up since this war first broke out in Europe. In the single month of September, 1939, while the Nazis were blitzing the Poles, retail buying swallowed up a 2,200,000-ton mountain of sugar, almost three times the normal purchase.

The Problem of Containers

Sugar men say that some of the incidental angles to the sugar shortage will hit home harder than the shortage itself. One of these is bags. Raw sugar comes to refineries in this country in heavy burlap bags. After they were emptied, they were laundered, lined with muslin, and used to ship bulk sugar to market. The beet-sugar mills followed the bagging practices of the cane-sugar makers. Both groups put up five-, ten- and twenty-five-pound quantities in muslin bags for home use, because housewives insisted on having them for washcloths, dishtowels, for draining vegetables, cottage cheese, and what not. Down South, some of the customers even used the bags for underwear. For years, the sugar refineries have been trying—but without success—to replace the muslin with kraft paper, which is cheaper, cleaner, and keeps out the moisture. No, thank you, the housewives were not buying their sugar that way.

Well, they're going to before long. The 120 million new burlap bags which the industry would customarily have donated to the grocers, the bakers, the bottlers and the canners, who ultimately dole them out to the consumers, this year are in far-off Calcutta, the burlap center of the world. The available burlap bags that were in this country or on the way have been commandeered by the Army for sandbags to build revetments at airports and coast-defense sites. So the refineries are sending their used bags back to the plantations for more raw sugar and are substituting multi-wall paper bags (like those used for cement and lime) as containers for market-bound sugar.

As might be expected, the sugar men are mobilizing all their resources to fill the gap caused by the temporary loss of our Philippine sources and the demand for shooting sugar. Although almost every plant that grows manages to gather some carbon dioxide from the sunshine and mix it with hydrogen and oxygen from the soil to form $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$, only sugar cane and sugar beets store the stuff in such form that the men can extract it easily and in great quantities. The U. S. Department of Agriculture chemists have tested sugar refined from sorghum, palms, bamboo, maples, watermelons and scores of other plants, as well as cane and beets, and concluded that "no chemical test can the pure crystallized sugar from these different sources be distinguished."

The quickest way to get more sugar is to plant more of the long, wedge-shaped beets that thrive on the Pacific Coast and in the Rocky Mountain, prairie and Great Lakes states. In California, the leading producer of beets, seed planted in midwinter can be beets ready for harvesting in July; eighteen hours after the beets flow into the sugar mill they can be sacks of pure sugar ready for delivery. In Colorado, next largest sugar-beet state, beets planted in the spring will be sugar by October.

This country's 150,000 beet growers—who are unique among farmers in that they invariably sell their crops before they plant them, growing strictly on contract for refineries—have been r'aring to plant more beets for years. Under the Jones-Costigan sugar-quota law, the Department of Agriculture held them down to 916,000 acres last year. Farmers like to rotate their beets with other crops, the idea being that the sugar beets' long roots reach down to aerate and improve the soil for other harvests to follow. Last year's twelve-million-ton crop yielded not only every fifth bag of sugar that we'll have this year, but the sugar-beet tops fed tens of thousands of farm animals, and the beet chips, mixed with molasses and dried in the sugar mills until they resembled breakfast food, fattened additional thousands of steers for market.

This year the sugar-beet growers want to step up their plantings to the point where the beet refineries can provide us with every third bag of sugar. The quota is off, but another limitation confronts them—labor. The Army, the Navy and the defense plants have pulled thousands of workers off the farms, and the wages of those that remain have jumped twenty-five per cent. Labor is the big item of expense in beet farming because it takes a squad of seventy men per thousand acres for thinning, and forty for harvesting.

A Cinch for the Inventors

Fortunately, the Sugar Beet Institute in 1938 sent a committee to see Professor H. B. Walker, head of the engineering staff of the University of California agricultural school at Davis. Professor Walker had gathered together a group of gadget inventors to solve the problems of farmers, and the beet men hoped that these Edisons might evolve a machine to thin and harvest beets.

Well, said the professor, maybe it could be done if he and his colleagues had a little money to build some experimental machines. They'd just finished an invention for the walnut growers, a machine to hull walnuts. Would the committee like to see it work? The professor fed some walnuts into a near-by machine, which neatly drilled a tiny hole in each nut as it passed by, and shot some gas into it, exploding the shell and leaving the meats bared.

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed one of the committee. "Anybody who could invent that exploder can figure out a machine to blow beets out of the ground."

The Institute promptly raised some money, and Professor Walker and his staff began inventing. Last year, after discarding a lot of contraptions that didn't work, they had proven up three ingenious machines the beet men think will cut their labor requirements and costs to one third.

The first is a beet-seed "segmenter." A sugar-beet seed is a curious corky

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Already our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these rarer food-factors to be at their best.

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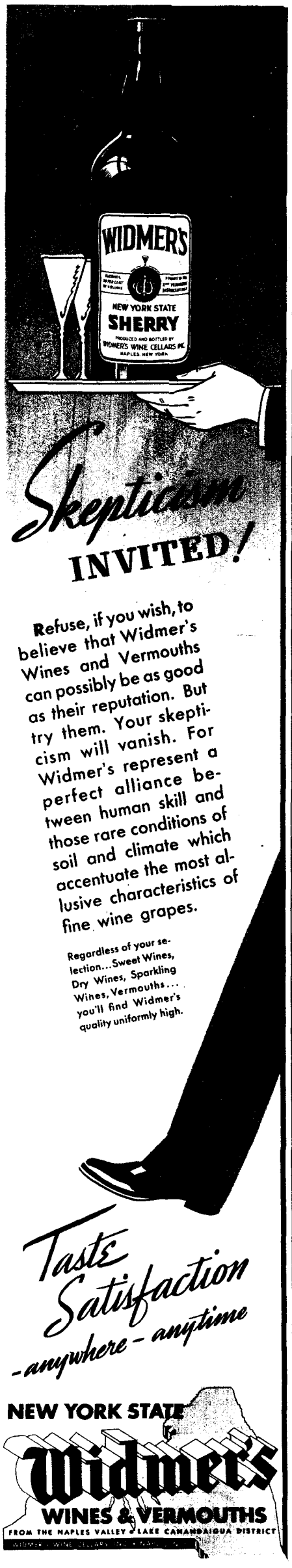
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proposition, about the size of the eraser on your pencil. In it nestle from two to five seed germs. Each germ makes a plant, and when all the plants are allowed to grow, they crowd together in long, skinny roots with little room for sugar storage. The tedious job in beet growing is to remove carefully all but one of these plants after they have sprouted. Thinning usually gives the remaining plant a setback in growth.

The "segmenter" devised by Roy Bainer, one of Professor Walker's men, consists of a hopper beneath which is a coarse emery wheel and a tiny shear bar. As the corky seeds feed out of the hopper, the whirling wheel clips them against the shear bar. When the pieces drop into the sack below, each has just one seed germ in it. The speedy, inexpensive gadget eliminates the job of thinning hills with multiple plants.

Meantime, the professor's gang perfected a single seed planter, which spaces the individual seeds an inch to two inches apart (depending on how the grower wants them), and two other gadgets for mechanically thinning the plants, after they are up and established. The ideal space was to have a beet every ten inches in the row because the professor had a still more ingenious machine up his sleeve, a beet harvester which does everything but think.

Last year, two of these machines were tested in commercial fields of California and Colorado. As the harvester, attached to a tractor, moved down the row, discs cleared away the dead leaves and loose soil, a finder found the beet crowns (some of them level with the ground, some a foot above it), indicated their level to a self-adjusting topper with a series of revolving knives.

Next, a series of V-shaped revolving rollers jiggled the wedgelike beets loose from their roots, making them setups for a battery of tapered rubber rollers that tossed them against a screen. After sifting out the loose earth, this screen deflected the beet to a conveyor which fed it into a bin.

The whole device weighs only a thousand pounds, costs only $800 to build. With one operator, it harvests sixty tons of beets a day, does the work of twenty hand-toppers. The only hitch in turning the machines out in quantity is priorities on metal.

From Beets to Bowl

The process of turning the beets into sugar in the country's 101 beet-sugar refineries scattered from Michigan to California is a simple one. After their hot-water reception bath, the beets are sliced by revolving knives into strips resembling shoestring potatoes. The beets are not crushed, as sugar cane is, because the sugar is leached out in hot water. The resulting diffusion juice is concentrated by heat, then treated in lime-water vats to precipitate the non-sugar elements. Next it is routed through a series of filters for purification, concentrated again, whirled at high speed to toss off the moisture, finally shot through long revolving hot drums from which it tumbles in a snowy cascade, 99.9 pure crystal sucrose.

Refilling our sugar stock pile by the cane process, upon which the country must rely for two thirds of its next year's supply, is slower business. The fastest growing cane—which reaches its maximum sugar content when the cane stalks are one year old—is that of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Florida and Louisiana. In Hawaii, where the growers have developed a special disease- and insect-resistant cane, H-109, after thousands of hybridizing experiments, sugar cane is an eighteen-month crop. Where the West Indies growers harvest from January to May, the Hawaiians cut and crush their staggered crops of cane all year around. That is one of the difficulties in harvesting the Hawaii supply. The mills, which have hitherto run day and night, can't do that now because all Hawaii is blacked out nightly.

To get the sugar-bearing sap, the plantation mills feed the cane through three sets of rollers under tremendous pressure. From the third set, the bagasse, or cane fiber, emerges almost as dry as wood, to be used as fuel or processed into wallboard. The sap, caught in great pans, is pumped into heated vats, where lime settles the impurities, after which the molasses (except that earmarked for ethyl alcohol) is dehydrated into brown raw sugar, sacked and loaded onto sugar boats bound for American refineries.

Purity is What Counts

The world's largest sugar refinery, at Crockett on San Francisco Bay, is owned by a co-operative of thirty-six Hawaiian plantations. Here, as in the other plants, the raw sugar goes through an astonishing series of chemical transformations: It is melted into "sweet water," subjected to a new lime treatment, concentrated into a thick, oozy brown fluid called "magma," treated to a whirling shower bath which turns it into brown sugar molasses, and liquefied again into "liquor." It is then fed through diatomaceous earth, the diatoms being microscopic sea animals that flourished and died in such numbers a million years back, that their porous skeletons form a mountain near Lompoc, California.

Finally, the amber-colored liquor flows through three-story tanks filled with charred bones of carefully selected beef shanks (there is $600,000 worth of bone char in the Crockett refinery alone), and emerges from this Stygian mass—believe it or not—crystal clear, and 99.9 pure. At this point, the chemists call it a day and shoot the stuff through vacuum tanks and hot revolving drums into which you can peek through a little round window and watch the snowstorm of sugar whirling off to the storage bins.

The sugar makers of both the cane and the beet camps take unholy pride in their products. Each refinery's chemists make about 800 tests in the course of each day's batch of sweets, and either group would eat a Jap raw for a practical way of increasing the 99.9 purity to, say, 99.99—practically perfect. "We'll get it some day," they insist.

In the meantime, the sugar makers are right tickled with what the nutrition experts have been finding out about sugar as a food. When you invest in a pound of sugar, you buy 1,860 calories. A pound of beefsteak, costing much more, yields 1,130 calories of energy. A pound of eggs gives you 700 calories; a pound of whole milk about 300. So there you are. Of course, the steak, the eggs and the milk have other values which sugar, being a pure carbohydrate, lacks. But if you're going to play the old calorie game, you've got to play it with sugar. The sugar people figure that the twelve billion pounds of sugar they will produce this year will generate about one fourth of the energy requirements of the nation; which is pretty good for one food.

In this country, nutrition experts have been more interested in how quickly sugar is converted into energy. In tests, they have detected sugar's stimulation in the heart, the brain and the muscles in less than a minute after patients ate it. This lightning action is explained by the fact that sugar, being completely combustible in the human organism, makes no work for the stomach, the liver or the blood stream before it is assimilated. Downright quick energy, we call it.

"It's spring. He forgot to clean out his radiator with Sani-Flush"

Don't take chances this year on a clogged radiator. When you remove anti-freeze, clean out dangerous rust and sediment. Sani-Flush does it scientifically. Costs only a few cents.

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Action at Sea

Continued from page 22

the first uncomfortable acquaintance with the motion of a corvette in a heavy sea, the shuddering crash of green water that sometimes took him up to his knees on the little bridge—and more than once threw a small flood into the asdic room. He remembered the beards they grew because shaving was impossible—the beards they still wore, even ashore, especially ashore, as a badge of their hard service.

All that was far behind. There had been months of convoy work. He remembered thirty days on end, in the famous Western Approaches, herding merchantmen in fog and dark and all sorts of foul weather, or in bright sunshine when danger was something you could almost put out your hand and feel. He remembered the littered sea in those parts, the lifeboats sometimes empty, sometimes full of bullet-riddled flesh, the rafts, the dead men bobbing soddenly in lifebelts with their heads bowed, as if in resignation, and all the other raffle of the unceasing battle.

But mostly he remembered the strain, the awful incessant strain that squeezed his brain in an all-but-visible cider press and kept his insides wound up like a spring. Four hours', five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, for days and weeks on end. Uneasy sleep, liable to be interrupted at any moment. Even in port, in those blessed spells between patrols, he lay for hours awake in his berth, and his days were filled with a thousand worries and responsibilities.

There was an antidote for strain. It was action—action against a submarine, or a raiding Heinkel—anything. Other corvettes had luck like that. Never Windlestraw. Convoys had been bombed, but not where Windlestraw could fire a shot. Ships had been torpedoed, and several times Windlestraw had got an asdic contact, a good contact—Reckling was sure of it—and every time the Senior Escort Officer had signalled, "Rejoin convoy" before anything could be done.

HE HAD not minded the strain at first. He had laughed at it, and waggled his rich black torpedo beard, and vowed that this was the life. Now it weighed upon him like a stone. Raith said that Windlestraw had a charmed life. An evil charm, said Portingale. He was thirty, and his wife in her last letter had said how well he looked in his Glasgow photograph—"and, darling, what a handsome beard!"—when he felt like a broken old man.

It wasn't himself alone, either. He could see the mark of these months in every face aboard. He felt a certain savage pity for them, the prairie flowers, the poor fresh-water devils. They couldn't stand the gaff as he could, even though he carried on his big shoulders the burden of the whole ship. He wondered which would be the first to go.

But Goswill, the blue-water man, was the first. Rheumatic fever, the sickberth attendant thought. They carried him ashore at the first port, grinning wryly and swearing he'd be back in a month, and Barnadine, a Wavy sublieutenant, came in his place. And one day, only a month back, somewhere in thirty west, with a dirty cross sea threatening to roll the funnel out of her, and a bitter wind from Iceland shrieking through the corvette's stays and aerials, poor old Gilbroath had appeared on deck, dressed in his best shoregoing duds and carrying a packed valise, announcing quietly that he was going ashore for a rest, and would they kindly lower the gangway and call a taxi.

Some of the young seamen had grinned, and Portingale had rebuked them savagely. He remembered how they had struggled to get Gilbroath below, and left him weeping with the sickberth attendant sitting on his chest; and how he, Portingale, had paced the little bridge that night, whistling for action, superstitiously, as his father would have whistled for wind.

And the action came, next morning, under the eyes of a whole convoy. An asdic contact—a good one, young Reckling swore. Portingale had rung Action Stations and signaled "Preparing to attack." He remembered the convoy sheering aside in a hurry to give him room, and the Senior Escort Officer's destroyer tearing back to join action, and the thrill of firing his first depth charges at a definite foe. The cans had made a good pattern, a very exact diamond, with a pair—one light and one heavy—at each corner and a pair in the middle for luck.

HE REMEMBERED the terrific upheaval astern, the towering columns of water, the lift and jar of Windlestraw's stern which rattled all their teeth and broke the sanitary pump, and his sharp command that spun the corvette on her heel, running back to plant another lot. And after that, the silence, the sea churned to a milk shake by his explosions, and the thin patch of oil that appeared and spread in colors beautiful as paradise. And particularly he remembered his triumphant signal to the S.E.O., "Got a Hun!"

He should have known that asdic, frequently denounced as a lady of uncertain virtue, could also lie like a gentleman. But Reckling had been sure. And Portingale had thrust in and watched the uncanny instrument himself. A beautiful contact; he had never seen a better, not even in the training course, where everything was cut and dried. And there was the beauty of his depth charge patterns, and finally the oil, plain to be seen.

He remembered the S.E.O.'s silence, and then Raith's opening mouth and lean, accusing finger, and the shattered carcass of a whale slowly breaking surface in that pool of its own blood and oil.

It might have happened to anyone. But it had to be him, Portingale the cocksure, and the convoy howled. He remembered the quips that passed by flag and blinker from ship to ship of the escort. He had quipped back, of course; it was part of the give and take of naval humor, where no man asked or offered mercy.

But now the tale was going the rounds. In wardrooms all over the North Atlantic they were spinning the yarn of Portingale's submarine, and what the S.E.O. had said about it. They were telling it over tall drinks in the hotels of Glasgow and Liverpool and Derry and other places where men from the Western Approaches blew themselves to dinners after long patrols. It was the current jest of Halifax. And in the officers' club at Reykjavik they were calling him Jonah Portingale, the man who swallowed the whale.

THROUGH the porthole he could see the steep rock wall of the fiord. Raith and Hogarty were up there somewhere, climbing like goats for exercise. They had invited him to go along, but he'd refused, just as he refused to go with Barnadine and Reckling to dinner aboard one of the Yank destroyers anchored down the fiord. He wanted

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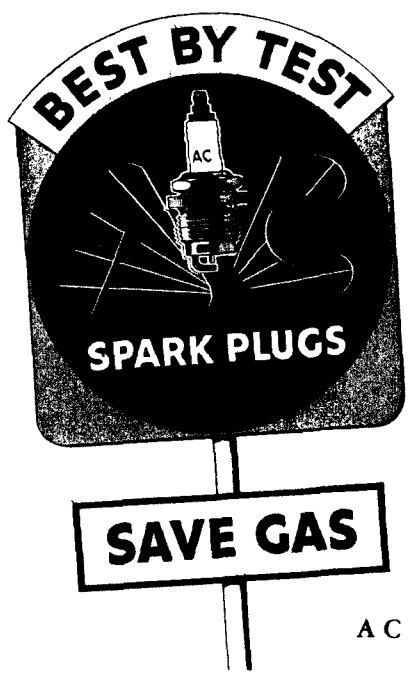

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Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

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neither exercise nor cheerful company. Tomorrow the eternal round would start again, Windlestraw to join an eastbound convoy, the Yank and her lean gray sisters heading west. He went to his cabin and threw himself on his berth.

He heard the return of the duty boat, its exhaust echoed thunderously in the enormous silence of the cliffs. Before long Raith and Hogarty were aboard, red-cheeked and weary, swearing they had seen a cow—a cow in Iceland, by gad! And later on he heard a clink of glasses in the wardroom, and young Reckling's voice: "You missed a good dinner, Raith—you and your cliffs. Afterward we had a fine rag in their wardroom—no drinks, of course, their ships are dry, did you know that?—but plenty of tomfoolery to pass the time. A good bunch of fellas.

"Somebody had an accordion and we sang a good deal. They insisted on singing Rule Britannia out of compliment to us, so we came back with Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, not to be outdone. And we ended up with—what d'you think?—sea chanteys. They sing the same ones we do, and pretty much as we do, except for the Drunken Sailor. Y'know how we sing it: *te, te-te-te, te-te-te, tum-ta-te?* Well, they go, *tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-ta, te-ta-tum*—"

Portingale snorted and kicked his door shut. Reckling fancied himself as a singer. Probably he'd told the Yanks they didn't sing it properly. Reckling, the prairie flower—and the Yanks probably blue-water men!

THEY sailed in the morning—not that "morning" meant very much in this latitude where the summer sun sat up most of the night—and Windlestraw took post near the rear of the center line. The Yank destroyers pulled hook a little later and kept station astern for a time before heading west with a flicker of dot-and-dash farewells.

They were down in the wardroom shaking the dice for gins before lunch, with Reckling on the bridge, when the alarm bells rattled with a vicious suddenness. Portingale sprang for the bridge with Raith, Hogarty and Barnadine close on his heels. He could hear the men cheering, as they always did, going to action stations. He had tried to cure them of it, without success.

Topside, the asdic operator was on his stool, intent over the instruments, and Reckling standing beside him crying out, "Contact, sir!"

There was a funny little silence. Then Portingale said meaningly, "A good one?"

"Perfect, sir. Come and look!"

"I'll take your word for it," Portingale uttered grimly. "But try for a hydrophone contact before we do anything rash."

He stood at the forward bridge screen, running an eye over the sea. It was choppy, with a stiff breeze flirting spray from the crests; hard to spot a periscope quickly in that. Still, a Hun wasn't likely to attack in broad daylight so close to the land. But you never could tell. You couldn't take chances. Better another dead whale, or a school of codfish blown to smithereens, than a freighter torpedoed right under your nose. It was typical of Portingale that he did not think of danger to Windlestraw herself. It wouldn't do to think of that—not with all those fuel tanks and magazines under you.

A quick low voice within, and then Reckling shouting out to him, "Hydrophone contact now, sir. Engines—unmistakable." He added a course. Portingale snapped to the signalman, "Hoist 'Preparing to attack.' "

The flags went up, snapping in the cold wind, and at once the merchant ships began to sheer off on either side.

The corvette followed up Reckling's contact at full speed. Portingale's mind was busy on the dozen-and-one things that confront a commander at such a moment. His own speed and course, the courses and speeds of the agitated merchantmen on either side, and their distances from him and from one another; the whereabouts of the S.E.O. and his destroyer, of the other destroyers and corvettes of the escort, of the Yanks hull-down astern.

He looked to see that the depth-charge crews were at their posts aft, and at the port and starboard projectors, and—more from instinct than anything else—to make sure that the pom-pom crew were standing by, and the machine guns ready at the bridge wings. Hogarty was watching the forward gun crew as a mother watches a child.

Inside, Reckling plied pencil on paper, consulted asdic, consulted the hydrophone operator and called out directions aloud. As high priest of the oracles he practically commanded the ship when a sub had been spotted, and the boy felt his importance. He pressed the signal button which warned the depth-charge crews to stand by, and then the indicator button which told them to set their detonators for such-and-such a depth. His hard young face stared down at asdic, but Portingale was not watching Reckling's face; he was watching the boy's thumb on the Fire button. Thought Portingale, "He's sure of himself, at any rate. It's all right for him, of course. The Old Man's the goat if the thing's a foozle. Jonah—Jonah Portingale!"

The thumb moved slightly, and at once the after crew let go two cans, a heavy and a light. Windlestraw swept on. Calculating nicely—because the corvette's speed would throw the side cans ahead a bit—Reckling signaled Fire to the port and starboard projector crews. The firing charges barked in the little mortars, and out flew the deadly cans on either side. Now another pair over the stern, and after an exact interval a final pair to make the diamond complete.

All eyes were astern, where suddenly the sea spewed up five giant columns of water and smote Windlestraw's body and bones with mighty hammer blows. A nice pattern. Now for another one.

Vaguely, beyond the collapsing water columns, Portingale observed a flash and a bang from the steamer to starboard. He knew what it was. This stunt of rocketing a fighter plane into the air from a freighter's deck had been upsetting at first, because the explosion and the simultaneous appearance of a low-flying plane made you think of an attack by Hun aircraft. But you got used to it. He could see a bit of the plane's wing disappearing behind the smoke. Windlestraw was on the reverse course now, and Reckling clutching his Fire button ready for another pattern.

Ahead, the convoy was closing up beautifully. Nothing like the *woomp* of a depth charge to get 'em into line.

AS RECKLING poised his thumb on the button for another batch of cans, there was a startled yell aft, and the sound of the airplane was suddenly loud, was terrific, was filling the whole world. Portingale looked aft and saw a huge shape swooping around his stern at practically eye level.

"S'truth! It's a Focke-Wulf! Look out!"—that was his thought, but there was no time to say anything. The anti-aircraft gun broke into a startled pom-pom-pom; but you couldn't sight a pom-pom—or anything else—on a thing moving as fast as that. Not without warning, you couldn't. The thing had come out of the sun, and for a split second cast its immense shadow over Windlestraw like the shadow of death itself.

In that split second Portingale was aware of a number of things. Queer, how fast your mind could work in a time like this. In the first place, he knew that Jerry was staging a daring plane-and-sub attack in broad daylight, right under the noses of the shore 'dromes. The big Focke-Wulf had shot out of the sun and planted an egg square on the freighter to starboard. Then he had dipped low and banked, to avoid the hell of antiaircraft fire that was sure to come up at him. And now the cunning devil was skimming around Windlestraw's stern, knowing that the corvette couldn't do any duck shooting on the level—not with ships to port and starboard. The roar of its motors deaf-

"One by one they started helping us, and the next thing we knew we were back here!" RODNEY DE SARRO

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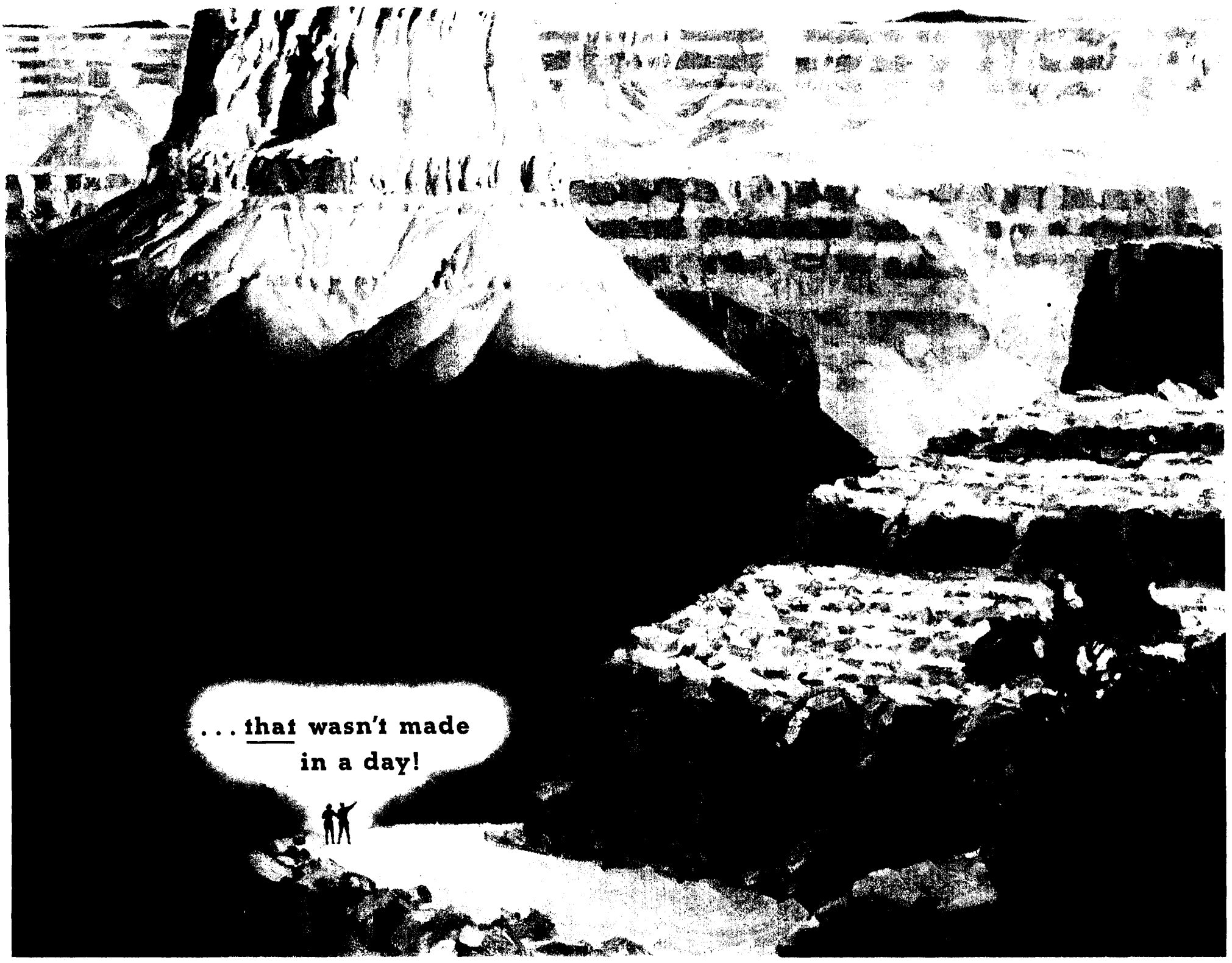

AFTER all, Time is the only real master craftsman.

Generations have lived and died to make that watch of yours keep good time. The trusted airplanes of today, glinting in the sky, were born in the brain of Leonardo da Vinci, five centuries ago. And your automobile dates back to the time when primitive man hewed crude wheels out of logs.

Yes—what we make today is the result of what we learned yesterday, and through long, hard millions of yesterdays.

Studebaker has more yesterdays to draw on than any other company in the automobile industry—for over 90 years we have been creating quality transportation.

This means—it must mean—that more accumulated skill and experience have gone into every Studebaker than into any other car.

But now, with war raging all over the world, Studebaker has stopped building cars—and, along with other automobile manufacturers, has accepted the responsibility of giving America the greatest output of military equipment ever known.

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Today, for the sixth time in a national emergency, the vast Studebaker plants are producing war equipment on a large scale. Unlimited quantities of airplane engines, military trucks and other matériel are moving from production line to firing line to assure America's victory. We at Studebaker are proud of our assignments in the arming of our United States!

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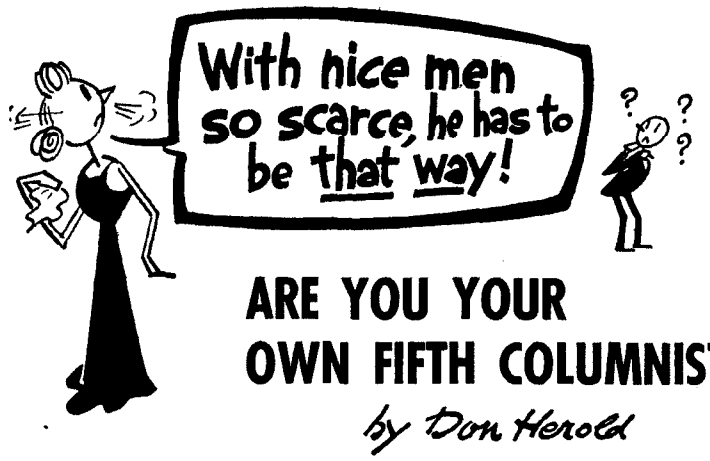


ARE YOU YOUR OWN FIFTH COLUMNIST?

by Don Herold

Do you sabotage your personal attractiveness with underarm perspiration short wave broadcasts?

Men will never be so scarce in this world that people will want ANYBODY around who is careless about this one thing. Women friends, sweethearts, employers and business prospects may well cease to be such.

I don't say that Mum will put you over socially or in business, but I do swear that if you are guilty of the offense which Mum can prevent—you are as OUT with most people as a man with perpetual smallpox.

Can you, frankly, afford to take this chance? No, 1000 times no—not even if Mum were $1 a jar, which it isn't—not by a long shot.

And your own nose is no test. You may be a veritable one-man zoo and never know it. You just have to sense this offense in others and figure that there, but for the grace of baths and Mum, go *you!*

Baths take care of the past, but even shortly after a bath, you may be a perspiration villain, unless you cinch your cleanliness with Mum. Mum works forward—for a whole day or an evening.

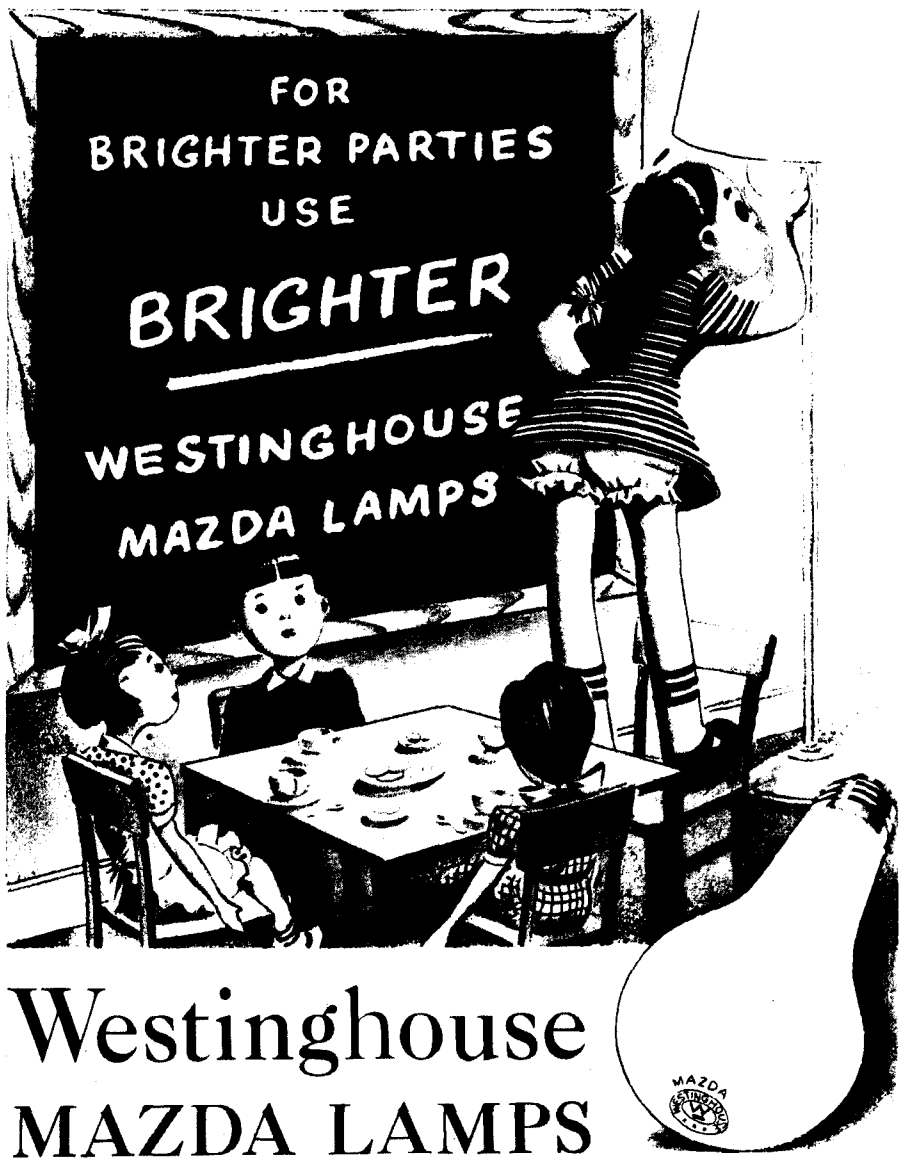
Mum is a pleasant cream in a jar, easy to dab under each arm after your bath and before evenings out.

Does not stop perspiration, irritate skin or injure shirts.

In Winter as well as Summer, play safe with Mum. See your druggist.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Westinghouse

MAZDA LAMPS

ened them all as it came along Windlestraw's starboard side, steeply banked, one wing tip almost touching water and the other high and black against the sky like the steeple of a church.

Everybody had forgotten the submarine—Portingale, and Number One, and Hogarty, the pom-pom crew, the four-inch crew, the machine gunners firing wildly from the bridge wings. Everybody but the men in the wheelhouse and the asdic room. There the helmsman was still at his post although, hearing the roar of the diving plane, he might have dived into the little steel kennel behind the wheel, put there to shelter him in such moments. Barnadine was still bending grimly over his chart. Reckling's gaze was still upon asdic, and his potent thumb had already dropped two cans over the stern. It was a study in discipline, and afterward Portingale was fond of painting that picture of them.

NOW—just as all hell seemed to be falling somewhere aft—Reckling pressed his button for the port and starboard projectors. And the faithful men at the projectors jerked their lanyards, *and the heavy cans flew out.*

The man at the port projectors saw his cans make their usual arc into the sea. But the starboard view was blocked by the hurtling apparition of the Focke-Wulf, and a terrific flash and explosion knocked the men at the starboard projectors flat and breathless. It did the same for the men at the after depth-charge ramps. It knocked the crew of the pom-pom off their feet and stirred them all up together in their armored cup like so many beans in a pot. It smashed the starboard boat in its davits. It blew two ventilators out of their stays and overboard. It stripped the sand-padded screens from the starboard wing of the bridge. It broke all the wheelhouse windows, and a flying sliver of glass cut the helmsman's bearded cheek to the bone.

The seamen at the starboard machine gun had ducked instinctively into the handy cruciform shelter, and were miraculously unharmed. But Portingale, Raith and Hogarty were flung into a heap and stunned.

Portingale dragged himself to his feet by clawing at the rags of the bridge screens. His head sang like a factory whistle and he was aware of blood running down his face and dripping from his beard. He wiped it out of his eyes. A signalman ran up to him crying something, with a hand on his arm. He shook the hand off angrily. He didn't want help—not he, not Orton Portingale!

He stumbled over to the side, to see if the old girl was still under way. She was—at full speed, too, by the look of it. He was turning away when he saw, just astern and to starboard, the tail of an aircraft—a big tail—sticking out of the sea and going slowly down. It went under as he stood there, gasping and fascinated, steadying himself with a hand on the rigid plates of the cruciform shelter. Instinctively he looked ahead, and saw the Yank destroyers coming up fast toward him. They had turned back at the sound of his depth charges.

Again the signalman's voice, cracked and urgent: "Message from the S.E.O., sir." Portingale stared down at the scrawl confusedly. He could taste blood in his mouth, and somebody was standing behind him, winding a bandage around his head.

"S.E.O. to Windlestraw. Abandon sub attack. Cover me while I put fire party aboard bombed ship."

He looked astern and to port, and saw an ominous column of smoke rising from the smitten freighter, and, up-sun a bit, the S.E.O.'s destroyer standing by. Carefully, with the jerky movements of a tin toy, he walked to the shattered wheelhouse windows and gave the order to change course.

Reckling's voice came out to him: "But the submarine, sir—we've only begun—" "Orders," said Portingale. He jerked a thumb over his blood-sodden shoulder. "The Yanks'll take care of your bloomin' submarine." He grinned as he said it, and the grin cracked the dried blood on his cheek. Reckling, like all asdic enthusiasts, considered the ships of other nations blind, deaf and senseless.

His mind was clearing famously as Windlestraw rushed to get up-sun from the destroyer. Evidently the S.E.O. expected further air attack. "Casualties?" he muttered to Raith.

"Seven busted ribs among the pom-pom crew. Some of the depth-charge men badly bruised and shaken up. Forward gunner with a bloody nose; and there's yourself, sir: nasty scalp wound, that."

"Look here," blurted Portingale. "What d'you make of all this?"

"Hanged if I know, sir. The thing blew up, I guess. All by itself."

"The pom-pom was firing."

"Yes, sir, they chucked up half a dozen rounds—all wild. The thing was close enough—and big enough. But it came without warning, like a bat out of hades—faster than the pom-pom boys could move. Same story with the machine gunners. Yes, that's it. It all happened faster than a man could move—or think."

Windlestraw drew up-sun from the destroyer, and the S.E.O. stopped and smartly lowered a boat. They watched it pull over to the steamer, which was still smoking blackly, though the fire seemed to be confined to the forward hold. Her crew had made no effort to lower their boats. They were fighting fire. *Good lads,* thought Portingale. Things like that made you proud to own your origin in the merchant service. There was no monopoly on guts in this man's war.

The convoy had pushed on, with the rest of the escort, leaving the steamer and the destroyer and Windlestraw to settle their own affair. Portingale smiled wryly. You couldn't help feeling a bit lonely when you dropped behind with a lame duck. But now a sudden *woomp-woomp-woomp* of depth charges to westward told him there was company.

HE TURNED and saw the Yank destroyers racing back and forth, dropping cans with a savage science that seized his admiration, not unmixed with regret. Then it *was* a sub, and Reckling had been right. The Yanks wouldn't drop cans just on somebody else's say-so. They'd picked up the sub with their own asdics—or whatever it was they used—and were raising their own particular hell.

He looked at the freighter again. The smoke was diminishing fast, and now a blinker flickered busily on the destroyer.

"S.E.O. to Windlestraw. Return to convoy. Ship's engines intact and fire under control. Make full report to me later regarding aircraft shot down."

Portingale rang full ahead himself. His head was aching. He thought suddenly of the forgotten lunch—and the gins. He made his voice very matter-of-fact: "Let's go down to lunch. I think we could all do with a drink. Let one watch go too, Number One. There's no sign of other aircraft. A lone Wulf, I guess."

He laughed thinly at his own joke.

In the wardroom young Reckling burst out urgently, "The Yanks have got our sub—well, good luck to 'em. But what a pity for you, sir. I mean, if any man deserves a mention, you do—after all these hard months."

"Ah!" said Portingale. "Then let me tell you, I can get a mention if we care

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to lie low. The S.E.O. thinks we shot down that Focke-Wulf—and a Focke-Wulf's very good business."

Their brows shot up comically, and Raith laughed.

"The joke of it is," added Portingale harshly, "—we did! That plane ran smack into the cans from the starboard projector—in mid-air—and detonated one and perhaps both of 'em. I saw one go, anyhow, before I was knocked galley-west. Something to tell your grandchildren. But I'm not telling the S.E.O. This S.E.O.'s a nice old boy, he stood me a dinner in Reykjavik; but apart from that he's a stiff old dug-out, R.N. I can hear him now, givin' me a lecture on depth charges and the reasons why a detonator set for fifty fathoms couldn't possibly explode in mid-air. I can see the letter he'd write recommendin' my relief, and an examination by a nerve specialist, and six months' leave in a quiet area—Canada, maybe. No, boys, it's too preposterous."

"It's a preposterous damn' war," objected Raith warmly.

"Ah, yes. Any other man could tell that tale and get away with it. But not me—not Jonah Portingale. Can't you imagine what they'd be sayin' in every wardroom from here to Halifax? That man Portingale—Jonah Portingale, the man who swallowed the whale—has now, if you please, knocked down a plane with a depth charge! Nothing doing!"

"Oh, come, sir," Hogarty said—but he grinned.

Portingale grinned back. He was absurdly happy. The preposterous blast which ruined the Focke-Wulf had in the same breath blown all the dead weight of the past months from his shoulders. His head still sang from the blow, but the strain was utterly gone. It was marvelous. Actually he felt young again—not thirty, he would never feel thirty again—but five-and-thirty, say. He went on coolly, "Too bad we had to leave the sub. A D.S.O.'s a nice ribbon to swank ashore. I might have got another half stripe, even. But, believe it or not, I don't care a hoot. I don't care a hoot about the plane, either. A Focke-Wulf's too big a feather for a cap my size. My head's not so swelled as it used to be. No, I'm sorry for Reckling, that's all. He took that damn' whale to heart, y'know—worse than I did. He wanted so badly to vindicate himself, and there was his chance, and we had to drop it."

"Fortune of war," murmured Number One. He added, "What *are* you going to say about the plane, sir? You'll have to say something. You'll have to explain why half the Hun's instrument board is now stuck in a great hole in Windy's funnel, and twelve feet of his wing wrapped round the pom-pom platform. And the thing that conked you was the beggar's radio set. An inch lower and—"

"I'm the only man aboard who saw what happened," said Portingale calmly. "I've told you—but that's a matter between us, now and forever. I'll report to the S.E.O. the only truth you can swear to—that the Hun was on us before the pom-pom could get going, and that he blew up from a cause unknown while shavin' our starboard side. That's good enough. I tell you I'm thoroughly happy about the whole thing. It's the luck—don't you see? The luck's turned. Things are comin' Windy's way at last—and I wouldn't swap her for anything, not even a destroyer. I'll tell you something else. I wouldn't swap my crew of wavies for any men on earth. By gad, I'm proud to live in the same ship with 'em. But we're forgettin' the drinks. Pick up your glasses and drink a toast with me—to the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve—the Wavy navy—and long may they wave!"

THE glasses clinked and a moment later Portingale's tiger, coming along with a tray, was astonished to hear his officer in song with the others. Portingale was not a singing man. But it was the song that really startled the tiger. It was a jingle that had come out of one of the corvettes on the Iceland patrol. It went to the tune of a Western ditty that had to do with covered wagons—not ships—but it had caught on like a prairie fire:

"Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along,
Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along;
If they ask you who you are,
You're the R.C.N.V.R.—
Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along!"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

house organ published monthly for the employees of Boeing Aircraft Company by the public relations department, has created a character named Oxnard A. Fumblethumb, Esq., who typifies the type of employee we've been talking about. In each issue the adventures of Fumblethumb are portrayed. The latest shows him utilizing the pliers from his tool kit as a fork for a slingshot and having much fun shooting rivets at the necks of conscientious employees.

Another big aircraft company has just announced a contest for a name for the not-so-typical employee. He is described as the guy who takes short cuts on established production methods and then gets into deep trouble; the guy who doesn't remember the factory rules. If a piane comes off the line with two left wings, it is his fault. He is the plant's version of Flying Cadet Knucklehead. We'll try to remember to let you know how the contest came out.

IT IS most reassuring to learn that we have more than 100,000 civilians in this country who can fly. Three years ago we had 23,000. But to avoid a false impression that at any time these 100,000 can hop into heavy and medium bombers or swift single-seater fighters and go forth to war with a minimum of military and naval indoctrination, we'll take a closer look at the roster.

Of the grand total, about 1,600 are multimotored airline pilots, who are sorely needed where they are. A little more than 15,000 are commercial pilots whose experience extends from 200 hours to many thousands. The largest pilot group in the 100,000 total is represented by the private pilots, who number 84,000. Most of these are graduates of the Civilian Pilot Training Program and they won their tickets by flying 35 to 50 hours solo.

But in this large group of private pilots there are many experienced sportsman pilots who prefer the private classification to avoid the obligations of renewal and physicals imposed on commercial airmen, because they fly only for pleasure. Then there are 3,200 women pilots, of which 184 are commercial and the remainder private.

From the foregoing, neither you, nor I nor the Axis can figure out to the exact head just how many seasoned, experienced airmen and women we do have on civil status suitable for combat work or behind-the-lines flying duty. F. R. N.

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Four-and-Twenty Cobblers

Continued from page 12

a port glass. He possessed a sort of extra sense which, but only at odd times, enabled him to read from a man's eyes what that man was thinking. Such a message had just reached him from Dawney; it was this: "I believe Major de Maura was murdered."

"I take it"—the bimbâshi seemed to be thinking aloud—"that the message, and its strange effect, gave you the idea that there had been foul play?"

COLONEL DAWNEY stared and said: "I don't know how you knew, but you're right. It startled the poor devil like an electric shock, with the queer result I have mentioned. I assume his reaction to have been one of urgency; a sudden, uncontrollable desire to get away—presumably from Gabriel Varez: hence his words, 'My shoes.' "

"Was he undressed?"

"Yes; they found him in bed. But my idea wasn't based on the message entirely. Charlton—he's one of the M.O.'s here—came on duty soon after de Maura died. It was he who phoned me just now. Charlton spent some years in South America; and although I'm inclined to think that the patient's nationality and the mysterious message inspired his theory, Charlton insists that de Maura didn't die of tetanus at all—"

"What's that?" Bimbâshi Barûk's sleepy blue eyes woke up. "Then of what did he die?"

"According to Charlton, of *curare* poisoning."

"*Curare* poisoning?"

"I have never come across a case myself, but I understand that the symptoms are similar, except that the onset is sudden and the end more swift. A mere touch, of course, is sufficient to do the trick with *curare*—and there was that tiny pinprick on his finger. Point is, B.B., that if it was, as Charlton believes, *curare*, the case goes very deep indeed."

"What is *curare?* Is it something one can buy at a druggist's?"

Colonel Dawney laughed. "Don't be a fool. It's an alkaloid found in the extract of some South American tree and principally used as an arrow poison. Next to unobtainable."

"That fact rather narrows down the inquiry, don't you think? If you really think that there's anything underlying this business, I should be glad—if it would relieve your mind, I mean—to look into it."

Colonel Dawney smiled his gratitude. "Thanks, B.B. I should naturally have hesitated to suggest such a thing; but —I'll have Mrs. Saunders called up . . ."

MAJOR DE MAURA had apartments forming a suite, accessible from a side entrance. The sitting room offered no useful evidence. Mrs. Saunders, a hushed little woman who looked fragile, the bimbâshi had dismissed from the inquiry, although, if one were to accept as authentic a spacious and gaily colored photograph of the late Mr. Saunders which hung above a bureau, her survival became a minor mystery. It exhibited a gentleman who wore a well-nourished but angry mustache and a Masonic apron, a gentleman whose hypnotic glare would have frightened anyone to death, the bimbâshi thought, with the possible exception of W. E. Gladstone.

A row of textbooks in English, French, German and Spanish lay on the bureau. The bimbâshi glanced at them and went into the bedroom. This he found in wild disorder.

There were few tasks he liked less than that of taking stock of another man's private possessions, made pathetic, and in a sense sacred, by the seal of death. It approached sheer indecency. But he went on with it and presently found himself considering a parade of shoes, lined up two deep in a cupboard. Clearly Major de Maura had been a shoe fancier: the bimbâshi counted ten pairs. Another pair lay under a chair beside the bed, and near by he saw some red Persian slippers.

For a long time Bimbâshi Barûk considered the rows of shoes, wondering in what way they differed from other shoes. They were unusually small, certainly, but it was not until he picked one up and compared it with his own that he grasped the real difference. The heels were all but an inch taller than normal. De Maura, a man below average height, had been anxious to add to his stature.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Bimbâshi Barûk came downstairs and bade Mrs. Saunders good night. He had discovered nothing of importance. True, the bimbâshi knew, now, that Major de Maura had had no visitors on Saturday, but had gone out to mail correspondence shortly after seven o'clock, returning before eight; that he was a chronic amorist; that he dyed his hair; that he had been involved in a local intrigue; that he had expensive taste in cigars and a streak of sadism in his character; together with one or two other trivial facts.

But as he walked on through the darkness, Bimbâshi Barûk found himself saying aloud, "My shoes." He said it in a variety of ways, pronouncing the two words with subtle intonations, so that a number of motives might have inspired them. But "My shoes" remorselessly haunted him, until at last he pulled up, turned, and went back. The immediate outcome of his second visit to Mrs. Saunders (from which he brought away a pair of shoes wrapped in newspaper) was a phone call to Colonel Dawney. . . .

"Hullo, Colonel. Barûk here. I believe you are right about de Maura. Looks like an amazingly clever murder. I'm afraid I shall have to glance over the body. You seem to have missed something. Will it be troubling you?"

ON THE following morning, Bimbâshi Barûk set out on a tour of cobblers' shops in and around Lychgate. His routine was as follows:

"Good morning. My friend Major de Maura left a pair of shoes to be repaired. Are they ready?"

On learning from one that Major de Maura was not a customer, he inquired the name of another. In this manner he had made six futile calls when somebody suggested that he might try Mr. Stickle. The name sounded faintly familiar, but although Mr. Stickle's establishment proved to be not more than three hundred yards from the White Hart, he had no small difficulty in finding it.

The cottage, an eighteenth-century survival like the inn, had a rusty red roof, diamond-paned windows, and it was smothered in sweet brier, now jeweled richly with scarlet berries. A brick path, worn in the center so as to resemble a shallow ditch, led from gate to porch. Above this porch appeared a sign which stated:

Jeremiah Stickle
Shoemaker
Established 1739

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And, cross-legged on a bench inside the front window, so that he commanded a view of the path, was seated at his last none other than the little red man who had a voice like a macaw. The bimbâshi entered.

"Good morning," he said. "My friend Major de Maura left a pair of shoes to be repaired. Are they ready?"

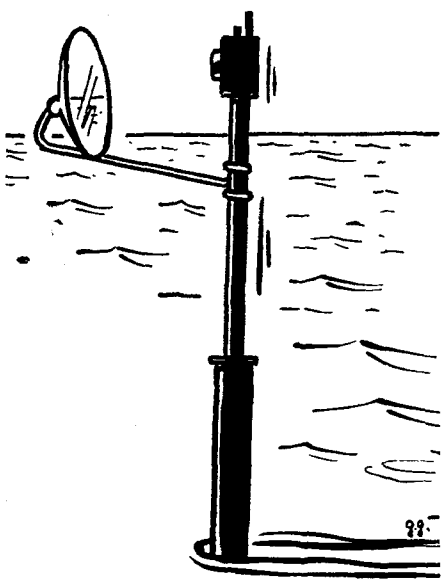
Jeremiah Stickle took some nails out of his mouth. "Collected 'em hisself on Friday mornin'," he squeaked.

"H'm." The bimbâshi looked puzzled. "You mean of course a pair of brown shoes with perforated white uppers—sometimes known as 'corespondent's' shoes?"

"I do—and he had 'em Friday mornin'. Punctual I am and knows me trade."

"So I gather," said the bimbâshi. "While you were amusing yourself at the White Hart on Thursday night, who was in charge here?"

"Amusin' myself!" Mr. Stickle's beard almost audibly crackled. "Let me tell you something, mister. Nobody can't get me out of a night—nobody. But Thursday night were a challenge. I never refuses a challenge. If there's a champion shoemaker around these parts, I reckon everybody knows where to find him. But"—his voice assumed



its most pathetic squeak—"I wish I knowed who done it."

"Who was here while you were out?"

"Nobody. I lives by meself. When I goes out for a pint I puts this here board up what says, 'Back in ten minutes.' The other night there wasn't no board—but I got a good lock and all the windows was fastened."

"Had anything been disturbed when you returned?"

"Course nothing had been disturbed. Who'd disturb it?"

"When did you finish work on the shoes?"

"Thursday afternoon. Half-heelin' were the job. He has extra high heels and wears 'em down accordin'."

"Who, except you, could have known when the shoes were finished and when they were to be called for?"

"Anybody who knowed me methods. Lots of people drops in for a talk like. Any of 'em could have knowed."

"Name some of these people."

MR. STICKLE scratched under his beard. "Well—Tom Payne were in We'nsday, I think it were. Then Bill Hookey come in Friday. Sam Jollet, the constable, he steps in nearly every day some time."

"Has any of these a key of the door?"

"Key o' the door! I wouldn't trust a key o' me door to no livin' man, no, nor woman neither, nobody livin'—except Dr. Allardyce."

"Why 'except Dr. Allardyce?' "

"Because Dr. Allardyce have one." He laughed as though he had scored a point. "Maybe you think Dr. Allardyce stole them shoes? Likely, too, I'd say!" He chuckled until his spectacles threatened to fall off.

"But why has Dr. Allardyce a key?"

"Cause I never ask for it to be give up. When I were layin' in me bed here with me bronchitis last spring, Dr. Allardyce have a key made to come in an' out. Stay best part o' one night along o' me, too. Aye, there ain't another doctor in Lychgate would have did it. I challenge you to find one. That's what I calls a real doctor. Always droppin' in for a chat, too, friendly like—"

"I see," said the bimbâshi. "Does Dr. Allardyce live near here?"

"Heath House. That's where Dr. Allardyce live." He took up the notice "Back in ten minutes," and: "Would there be any objection to me goin' along to the White Hart for me pint?" he inquired.

HEATH HOUSE, tendrils of creeper running like veins across its weather-beaten face, challenged the Heath in rather forbidding silence. On a brass plate beside the gate appeared:

Julian Allardyce F.R.C.P. (Edin.)
Dr. M. Allardyce.

A trim, grim and elderly Scotswoman opened the door to Bimbâshi Barûk. He was presently shown upstairs and left in a well-appointed study, both windows of which commanded extensive views of Lychgate Heath. He had waited no more than a minute, when one of three doors opened, a man who wore a long white coat came in; and the bimbâshi felt the impact of a powerful personality.

"Good morning, Major Barûk. I understand that you wish to see me."

"Dr. Allardyce?"

"Julian Allardyce, at your service."

Julian Allardyce was tall, of a lean but athletic build of which his visitor approved; clean-shaven, with abundant silvering hair brushed back from a fine brow. His gray eyes were steady in their regard and he would have been strikingly handsome if the bridge of a strong, straight nose had not been broken at some time.

"My call concerns one of your patients—"

"I do not practice, sir, although I hold a medical degree." He had a light, vibrant voice and at times a somewhat arrogant academic manner. "I am employed in research work." Another of the three doors opened and a woman came in. Julian Allardyce extended a large, capable hand. "*This* is Dr. Allardyce."

Bimbâshi Barûk turned, and was about to say something about "your daughter," but his nimble wit stepped on his tongue in the nick of time: he contended himself with a formal bow.

"Major Barûk wishes to see you about one of your patients, Marian." Julian Allardyce bowed slightly to the bimbâshi. "This is my wife. And now, no doubt you will excuse me, sir, as I am engaged upon work of some urgency."

He went out.

"Won't you sit down, Major Barûk?" Mrs. Allardyce spoke in quiet, cultured and musical tones.

Bimbâshi Barûk took a seat in an armchair and Mrs. Allardyce on a deep settee placed between two windows. The bimbâshi wondered how even Jeremiah Stickle had contrived to gabble for several minutes without betraying the fact that "Dr. Allardyce" was feminine. He noted that she was dressed now in a smart tweed suit, that she was slight and shapely and her husband's junior by many years. Her dark hair, in which one might detect faint coppery

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streaks, had a most intriguing wave. She wore spectacles, and, smiling, so as to display small, milky teeth, she removed the spectacles and laid them beside her.

"My professional disguise," she explained. "I have learned that they give patients confidence."

He found himself looking into amber eyes fringed by long, curling lashes, and he knew that Mrs. Allardyce was a remarkably beautiful woman; he knew, too, that she was not English.

"Actually, I am interested in two patients," he replied slowly. "The first is Gabriel Varez."

Mrs. Allardyce watched him steadily; her expression was unfathomable.

"I have no patient of that name."

"Shall I say, then, *was* Gabriel Varez? The other is Jeremiah Stickle."

"I have certainly attended Stickle, but not lately. Is he ill again?"

"Not at all, nor is he of more than secondary importance. I am chiefly anxious to know why you sent a phone message to Major de Maura on behalf of Gabriel Varez."

"You say that *I* sent such a message?"

The bimbâshi hated his task more and more every minute. His peculiar system of interrogation called for great moral courage in practice; but he had outlined the inquiry to Colonel Dawney in this way:

(1) Definite evidence that *curare* was used. This he believed he had secured. (2) Somebody who had some or who could obtain it. In this household he had found, at least, somebody who could obtain it and also somebody who could have had access to de Maura's shoes while they were in Stickle's workshop.

"My dear Mrs. Allardyce," he said, "it would be nearly impossible to mistake your voice."

"My voice?"

"Your words were, 'Please tell Major Rafael de Maura that Gabriel Varez is with him in spirit.' Your voice is undisguisable."

"But *you* did not—"

SHE checked herself, dropped protective lashes; but it was too late. At last, that extra sense of the bimbâshi's had awakened. The completed sentence reached his brain: it was—"But *you* did not take the message." He sighed and stood up. He was actuely uncomfortable. He stared out of a window, learning that the cottage of Jeremiah Stickle was visible from that point. Then, he turned.

"Let me make my position clear." His voice was gentle, almost apologetic: "I hold a sort of warrant, authorizing all officers commanding, chief constables and others, to afford me every facility. In point of fact, my present visit is not an official one." Mrs. Allardyce rose from the settee and confronted him. "Would you care to give me particulars and leave the result to my conscience, or do you prefer that I pass the inquiry over to the police, with such evidence as I have?"

Her hands had been clenched, but she relaxed them. "What evidence have you?" she asked coldly.

He took out a small leather box, velvet-lined: it had formerly held pearl studs. It now contained an odd-looking object which he handled gingerly.

"This thorn—a brier thorn, I think—neatly attached to a wooden peg. It was inserted in a hole bored between the sole and the upper leather of de Maura's right shoe, so that his toe would come in contact with the point. In fact, this occurred according to plan, and he removed the shoes to learn the cause of the trouble. His finger also was pricked by the thorn. Now, the case rests like this:

"There is a black substance on the thorn; and I suggest that no one in this neighborhood—except your husband and yourself—knows, or knew (a) Gabriel Varez; (b) Major de Maura; and (c) where to obtain this substance—which is *curare*. Furthermore, no one else, other than Stickle, has a key to Stickle's cottage. No, Mrs. Allardyce, I did not receive your telephone message, but I believe that it was you who sent it, and I suggest that it was someone in this house who lured Stickle out on Thursday night. I have only one question to ask: Why was it done?"

THERE was an interval during which amber eyes searched his own, an interval which the bimbâshi knew must decide the swing of the pendulum. Then, Mrs. Allardyce pointed to the armchair and returned to her place on the settee.

"You are a clever man, Major Barûk," she said, speaking with perfect composure. "I salute you. Since you have found the shoe it would be useless on my part to refuse your offer. Scotland Yard would meet with no difficulty in tracing my former relations with Rafael de Maura and the identity of Gabriel Varez. So I will tell you the story, and you may do as you please. Shall we smoke?"

She offered a cigarette from a box beside her and took one herself. Bimbâshi Barûk took one also and lighted both. He sat down again.

"Am I to suppose from your words, Major Barûk, that you believe my husband to be concerned?"

"Not necessarily. I await your story with an open mind. You spoke of your former relations with Rafael de Maura. Suppose we begin there?"

Mrs. Allardyce nodded quietly; her expression grew introspective. . . .

"Rafael de Maura was a member of a well-known family which owned large estates in South America. They adjoined our own. Rafael was handsome, fascinating, and an experienced woman-hunter, although I did not know it at the time: I was nineteen. But deceived by all sorts of solemn promises, or perhaps because I was blindly infatuated, I consented to his proposals—only to discover that he had a devoted wife living in Buenos Aires. Even this might have failed to cure me completely, if I had not met Gabriel Varez. Gabriel was the son of a neighboring doctor and we were both studying medicine. I learned then that what I had mistaken for love was no more than an outburst of adolescent passion. Gabriel taught me this."

Her eyes glowed as if a somber fire burned in the brain behind them; and the bimbâshi wondered by means of what arts the dour Scottish scientist had won the affection of this beautiful, turbulent woman.

"To come to the point of my story: Rafael found Gabriel and myself together. There was an unpleasant scene. Later, there was worse, when I told him quite plainly that Gabriel knew everything about us and that Gabriel and I were to be married. Now, you must understand that Rafael's ardor had by no means cooled. He was not yet tired of me; nor would his vanity permit him to believe that I was tired of him. He made threats which would have shown me—supposing I had not known it already—that I had been infatuated by as callous a ruffian as ever breathed. . . . All the same, the next two months were among the happiest of my life. Then came the end. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will show you in what form it came."

Mrs. Allardyce stood up and went out. When she returned and resumed her place on the settee, she handed the bimbâshi a faded note. He glanced at it and shook his head: it was in Spanish.

"I will translate for you, Major. It says, 'Please tell Gabriel Varez that I am with him in spirit. Rafael.' Gabriel was dying when it came—I nursed him throughout. And *this* was the cause of his death."

FROM a wooden box she took a thorn fixed to a round wooden plug and held it up for the bimbâshi's inspection.

"An *Opuntia* thorn—prickly pear—coated with *curare*. The de Mauras employed an old colored servant, Hannibal, who was widely credited with being an Obeah man—and such people understand the use of secret poisons. He was utterly devoted to Rafael. I knew from experience that Hannibal could smuggle messages with incredible cunning; he seemed almost to be able to make himself invisible. Gabriel one evening walked over to see me, and had scarcely set his foot on the veranda when he collapsed. I had him undressed and put to bed. I was terrified. His symptoms were those of paralysis.

"I sent for the nearest doctor—his father—and almost lost my reason because he was so long in coming. When he arrived, it was already too late. Gabriel's mind was clear, but he had lost the power of speech—"

Her composure, which had earned the bimbâshi's respectful admiration, threatened to break down, but she conquered this weakness and went on:

"Late that night, Hannibal came with a message from Rafael de Maura. It was this, which you have seen. He left the room before I had read it, but I ran after him. What is more, I caught him—stealing out of the back porch with the shoes that Gabriel had worn! In one of them I found this thorn. . . ." She replaced it in the box. "Now, I am sure you understand that I belong to a hot-blooded race—I was Mariana Borrego. I swore a most solemn—as I realized later—a most dreadful oath, beside Gabriel's bed, that I would repay."

She shrugged her shoulders and lighted a second cigarette from the stub of the first. "The de Mauras had met with misfortune. Indeed, we all had. Rafael fled to Spain so soon after Gabriel's death that I had no time to act. I went to Buenos Aires and later took my degree there. It was during my first year that I met my husband. He came as a visiting lecturer from the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine.

"Ah, Major Barûk, England seldom knows her greatest men. Beginning as an almost religious respect for a wonderful intellect, my affection for Julian grew into a love that nothing in life can ever change—perhaps nothing afterward. If Gabriel had lived, it would not have been possible, but, Gabriel dead, I found in Julian all that I had lost—indeed, more. He does not work for profit, nor to aid destruction. He works for human good. He might have been wealthy, titled, if he wished. He does not so wish—nor do I."

SHE paused, and the bimbâshi noted that her eyes glowed in a new way. He found occasion to reproach himself for his bad habit of jumping to conclusions. This was not the story as he had reconstructed it.

"We returned to England, and I set up in practice. I was fairly successful. Then, one day—nearly two months ago—I saw Rafael de Maura, and I remembered my"—she hesitated—"solemn obligation; but I made up my mind not to tell Julian, as I knew how it would disturb him. I saw Rafael going into the shop of an old patient, Jeremiah Stickle, and I could not refuse to believe that I had been chosen as an instrument of justice.

"My husband is working on a new treatment for tetanus: it is based on *curare*. And I remembered that I had a key of Stickle's door! All that remained was to get ready and to await another visit of Rafael to the shoemaker. I prepared a brier thorn, coating it with *curare* from Julian's laboratory and then fixing a bead of gum on the point (as had been done in Gabriel's case) so that the scratch would not take place until the heat of the foot dissolved the gum. This, a bradawl, and a tube of glue, were all that was necessary.

"I made it my business to call often on Stickle when passing—for I should have known Rafael's shoes at a glance because of their small size and high heels. My opportunity came a month ago—"

"A month ago?"

"Yes, my first opportunity. I discovered that a pair of Rafael de Maura's shoes would be finished on a certain Wednesday evening—and I gave Stickle a seat for the local cinema. He blankly refused to go. I am afraid I got really

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds

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angry. But the attempt had to be given up. He declared that nothing would induce him to leave the house at night. I thought over the problem for a week or more before a possible solution came to me: Stickle's professional vanity and his love of money.

"In the meantime I found out all I could about Rafael de Maura. He saw me once, but owing to my 'disguise,' I suppose, failed to recognize me. I discovered the name of the poor little soul who was risking her happiness to amuse him. Beyond saying that she is the wife of a young officer commanding a submarine in the Mediterranean, I must be silent. Many women would condemn her—but few who had had the misfortune to be hunted by Rafael de Maura.

"Yes"—her brilliant eyes challenged the bimbâshi's— "I know you thought at one time that I was his secret visitor. Well—my second opportunity came, and I put that absurd advertisement in the County Mirror. I typed it on a sheet of plain paper and enclosed a ten-shilling note. It succeeded. While Stickle was out on Thursday night, I opened his door and made a fairly neat job of what I had come to do."

"BUT the telephone message?" the bimbâshi asked.

"It was purely by accident that I learned on Friday night how well I had succeeded. I was called out to a case in the same street and was told about the ambulance calling at Mrs. Saunders'. This tempted me to send the message from a public call-box—spoken in carefully bad English—which, I suppose, completed the case against me. So, now, you know how Rafael de Maura died, and why."

"On the contrary, Marian," came a light, vibrant voice, "you have grossly misled the major!"

Bimbâshi Barûk sprang up and turned, all in one movement. Julian Allardyce stood in a doorway directly behind him. His expression was puzzling, for he was looking at his wife, and there was something like a smile about his lips and in his steadfast eyes.

"Julian!" she whispered—and that was all.

"Major Barûk, I fear I have been eavesdropping. I beg your pardon. I happened, not by design, to see my wife take from her bureau certain—relics. I thought it to be my duty to do what I have done. The story which you have heard, of the death of Gabriel Varez, is true in every particular. I have, myself, examined the substance on the thorn which killed him. It is *curare*. But that upon the brier which you have is *not*."

"Julian!"—his wife's voice was husky—"what are you saying?"

"I am endeavoring to correct any misapprehension under which Major Barûk may be laboring. Allow me to make my meaning clear, Major. When Rafael de Maura first appeared in this district, some two months ago, I chanced to hear of his arrival. I may say that I had never met him, but I knew the whole story. I knew, also, that one of Marian's family might well hold views regarding the sanctity of an oath made to a dying man which others would look upon more tolerantly. I feared the outcome of a meeting."

He crossed to his wife, with that light, lithe step which characterized his movements, and stood beside her, one hand resting on her shoulder.

"Nevertheless, Marian, I knew from your behavior that you had seen him—and those fears of mine were shown to be justified. Your earliest experiments with brier thorns and small spigots of soft wood did not escape my attention." He fixed his analytical gaze upon the bimbâshi. "You may possibly inquire, sir, why I hesitated to put an end to these preparations for murder. I will answer you in this way: By the common laws of men, de Maura's life was forfeit; by the private laws of the Borregos—of whom my wife is one—it was forfeit to her. But I hoped and believed that if the attempt should be made, and fail, she would consider her duty—for as a sacred duty she regarded it—to be done. I knew, also, that de Maura was soon to be posted elsewhere."

Julian Allardyce sat down beside his wife.

"Forgive my discourtesy, Major. Please be seated. I cannot know if Marian has told you—I overheard only part of your conversation—but I am engaged upon experiments with a new antidote for tetanus, a condition which accounts for so many casualties in war. I am employing, not without success, one based upon *curarine*. It follows that I have a stock of *curare* in my laboratory. It is somewhat difficult to come by in England, and I keep what I have in a special container. However, detecting my wife's purpose, I transferred it to another and placed a harmless preparation of similar appearance in the original flask—"

"But, Julian"—Marian Allardyce's voice remained husky—"how could it have been harmless, when—"

"When de Maura died?" He patted her shoulder. "You planned your murder perfectly. Do not reproach yourself." Unmistakably, now, Julian Allardyce was smiling. "You see, de Maura did not die of *curare* poisoning; he died of *tetanus*."

"If I may interrupt for a moment," said the bimbâshi diffidently, "I have seen the scratch on his foot as well as that on his finger."

"No doubt, sir. I have conceded the point that this attempt was well planned. But there are laws higher than those of Spanish retributive justice. De Maura some days before had sustained a cut on his left calf from partly buried barbed wire. No doubt you have seen this scar also?"

The bimbâshi inclined his head.

"He called upon a local practitioner, who noted unsatisfactory conditions and who also chanced to be acquainted with me and my special studies. Dr. Weldon and his patient came to consult me a few days ago—"

"YOU mean"—Mrs. Allardyce spoke in a low tone—"that Rafael de Maura came *here*?"

"Certainly. I made the appointment for a time when I knew you would be away from home, and de Maura had no reason to suspect the identity of my wife. Perhaps I need not stress the point, Major Barûk, but prognosis in such cases is extremely difficult. Tetanus sometimes supervenes as late as ten days after infection. Even I am not infallible. Indeed, I am weakly human. I will not deny that the temptation to thrash de Maura to within an inch of his life was strong upon me. He would have defended himself, for cowardice was not among his vices; but man for man I stood in a different class, and I conquered the impulse.

"I examined the wound and gave the best advice in my power. Finally, I should be glad if you would arrange to have the substance upon the thorn examined by a competent person, other than myself. I naturally regret this exposure of intimate domestic matters, but I have complete confidence in your discretion. I do not pretend to apologize for my wife." He put his arm about her shoulders. "Circumstances and the heritage of Borrego blood explain her slightly irregular behavior. If I can assist you in any other way, at any time, pray call upon me, Major Barûk. I shall be at your service."

"Friends! Romans! Comptometer operators!"

• "Lend me your eyes!

• "I come to praise this man, not to bury him! And I don't mean Caesar — I mean the guy who invented the Keystroke-Censor on Comptometer adding-calculating machines: the device that makes it practically impossible for us Comptometer operators to make an operating error! The exclusive Comptometer feature that protects us from the Boss' wrath, and gives us confidence to turn out figure work at top speed (and that's some speed, on a Comptometer!) without having to worry about fumbled or incomplete key strokes.

• "While I'm at it, permit me to orchid-ize the bird who figured out how to eliminate answer-dial zeros on the Model M Comptometer — unless they occur in the actual answer, of course! I'll personally contribute to a monument for him!

• "Fellow-Comptometer operators, I don't expect to be operating a Comptometer all my life! But even if I get to be a big shot with two secretaries and ten buzzers, I'll never forget that not only does the Comptometer handle more figure work in less time at lower cost — it's also the machine that makes this a better world for adding-calculating machine operators!

• "I thank you!"

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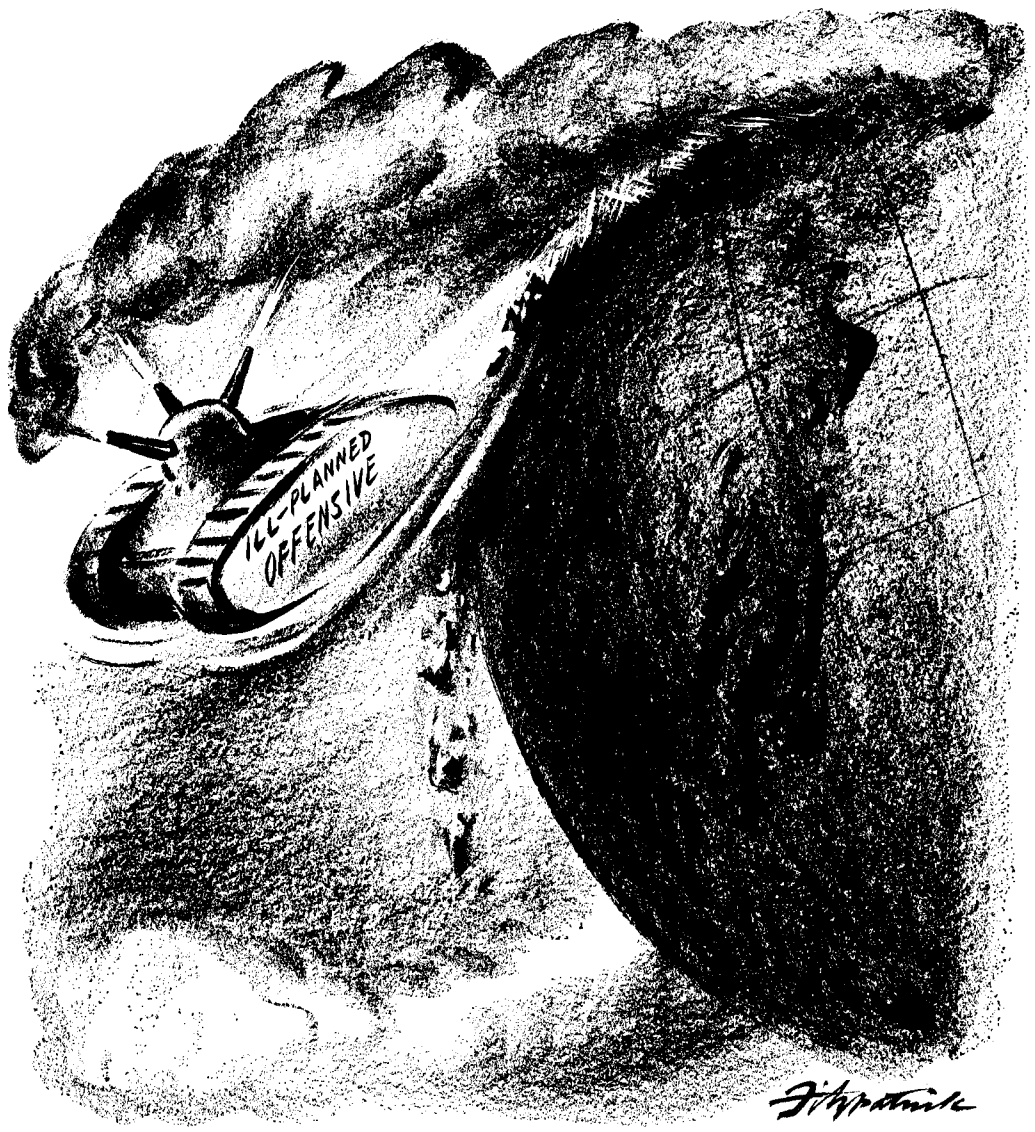

Aggressive, But Not Crazy

PUBLICATION of Lt. Col. W. F. Kernan's book, "Defense Will Not Win the War" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1942, 193 pp., $1.50), touched off a conflagration of demands for an American offensive, somewhere, this spring.

It's a fine book. We admire especially its pugnacious tone, and Col. Kernan's insistence that we must become offensive-minded and actually mount an offensive sometime if we hope to win the war.

However, we want to point out a few things which Col. Kernan does NOT advocate in this book. It is as important, we think, for all of us to know what he doesn't advocate as to know what he does.

The distinguished field-artillery officer and military scholar does not urge a blind, ill-planned, sketchily implemented offensive at some point or points chosen more or less at random, just for the sake of being able to say, "We're on the offensive, boys, gr-r-r!"

Col. Kernan does not suggest that we dissipate our armed strength by scattering it in a dozen places around the map, thus setting up fragments of it like so many ninepins for the enemy to knock over.

He does not advise that we strip this country so bare of defenses and fighting men that we shall invite invasion.

He does not urge any leeching away of defensive strength from such key points as Hawaii, the Aleutians, the Canal, the West Indies bases, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, Dutch Guiana.

Some of our more excitable civilian strategists and tacticians are urging some or all of those near-suicidal steps.

Kernan, a hardheaded, realistic military man, thinks he sees a chance for us to hit at Italy, the Axis' Achilles heel, this spring or summer, provided Russia keeps Hitler sufficiently busy on the Eastern Front. Kernan proposes that we jam an initial A.E.F. of 200,000 men into Italy, and follow this with waves of 200,000 men a month till victory. Thus, he believes, a second front can be set up, and the Allies enabled to rip the Axis up the back and rally the Greeks, Yugoslavs and French to their aid.

But, to repeat, Kernan does NOT advocate throwing this multiple fist into Italy without careful planning and thorough bracing of the fist with brass knuckles before the punching begins.

We hope that if our war chiefs go in for Kernan's plan they will follow it, by and large, instead of some would-be improvement dreamed up by amateurs.

Boom Year for Babies

IT TURNS out that 1941 was a big year for the arrival of babies in the United States—2,500,000-plus, or close on the heels of the 1921 record of 2,600,000. This showing hoisted our birth rate for 1941 to 18.8, or fairly near Germany's 1940 high of 20. Incidentally, U. S. marriages in 1941 hit an all-time high of 1,565,000.

All of which furnishes a peg on which to hang some remarks which we think should be made.

You hear more than a few people nowadays wondering out loud why anybody should "risk" having a baby in times like these. Bring a poor little walloper into the world without its consent, to grow up to wars, panics, revolutions, possible famines? It is felt by some alleged thinkers to be some kind of crime.

Very superficial thinking, if you ask us. There never has been a time in the world's history, in any country, when a case couldn't be made out in the same way against having a baby. This always was an uncertain world, in which you can't predict today what's going to happen tomorrow, let alone 10 or 20 years hence. That was as true in the quiet deeps of the mid-Victorian era, along about 1885, as it is in the maelstrom of today.

Our notion is go ahead and have one or more babies, provided only that you want them and have a fair prospect of bringing them up in healthy surroundings. We hope 1942, the United States' first full year in World War II if it lasts that long, will see both the 1941 and 1921 birth records knocked staggering by several hundred thousand.

Some Sugar and Some Saps

THE country is settling with many a grunt and groan into the sugar-rationing nuisance, while it gloomily anticipates rationing of other commodities.

We can blame some of these squeezes on our enemies—rubber, of course, and oil if the submarines in the Atlantic and West Indies nail enough tankers to compel oil rationing in some sections of the country. But much of sugar constriction was brought on us by none other than a bunch of saps on our own home grounds.

A comparatively few people got jittery soon after Pearl Harbor because of rumors of heavy cuts in sugar imports. Undoubtedly there will be less sugar imported from Hawaii this year, and some of the Cuban crop will go into smokeless powder. But sugar, unlike rubber, is a commodity we can do something about. We can raise a great deal more beet sugar in the United States, for one thing, as Mr. Frank Taylor explains in his article on sugar in this issue of Collier's. These considerations did not stop people from grabbing up sugar and storing it away, thus precipitating an apparent shortage before there was any such thing and before we could do anything about alleviating the one in prospect. The government had to step in to protect the rest of us.

Wartime hoarders almost always outsmart themselves in their efforts to outguess war developments and cheat expected shortages. They usually buy up things that presently become overplentiful, and miss out on things that all of a sudden become scarce. They expose themselves to public hatred and ridicule, and sometimes to legal penalties.

We believe that if you just take this war and its gyrations in your stride—don't let it scare you or get you down, and especially don't try to wring mean advantages over your fellow citizens out of it—you'll stand a better chance than the hoarders and kindred wise guys of going through it smoothly and emerging from it a bigger, broader-visioned person than you were when it began.

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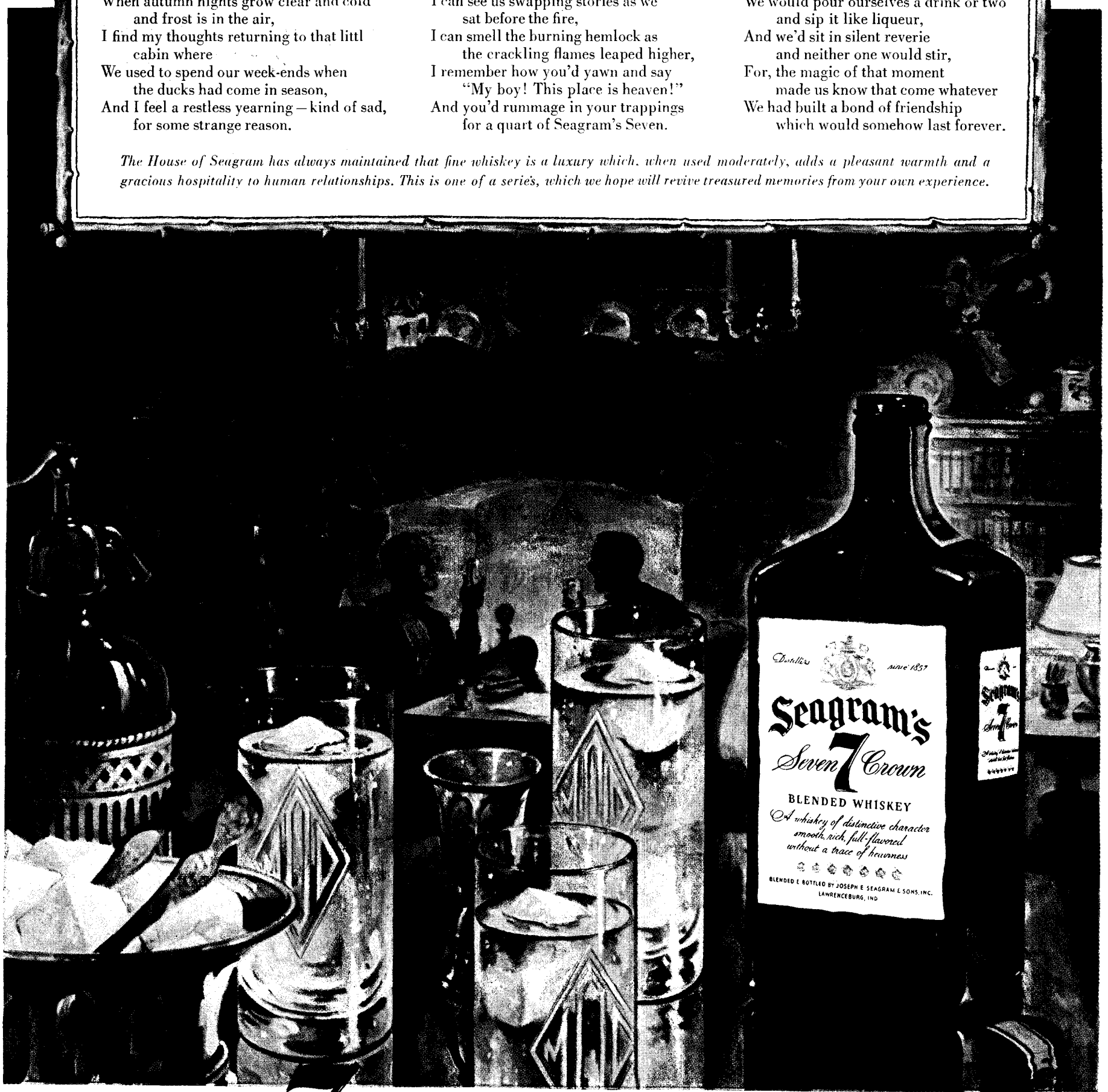
A Friendship that will Last Forever

When autumn nights grow clear and cold
and frost is in the air,
I find my thoughts returning to that littl
cabin where
We used to spend our week-ends when
the ducks had come in season,
And I feel a restless yearning—kind of sad,
for some strange reason.

I can see us swapping stories as we
sat before the fire,
I can smell the burning hemlock as
the crackling flames leaped higher,
I remember how you'd yawn and say
"My boy! This place is heaven!"
And you'd rummage in your trappings
for a quart of Seagram's Seven.

We would pour ourselves a drink or two
and sip it like liqueur,
And we'd sit in silent reverie
and neither one would stir,
For, the magic of that moment
made us know that come whatever
We had built a bond of friendship
which would somehow last forever.

The House of Seagram has always maintained that fine whiskey is a luxury which, when used moderately, adds a pleasant warmth and a gracious hospitality to human relationships. This is one of a series, which we hope will revive treasured memories from your own experience.



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***BLENDED WHISKEY.** 86.8 PROOF. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

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Drink
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Delicious and Refreshing

I'm "Coca-Cola" known, too, as "Coke". Everybody likes to shorten words. Abbreviation is a natural law of language. You hear "Coke"... the friendly abbreviation for the trade-mark "Coca-Cola"... on every hand.

5¢

Once you taste ice-cold "Coca-Cola", you recognize its goodness and its quality. It never fails to please . . . and to refresh. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" brings you something original in the way of a "delicious and refreshing" drink. You'll like "Coca-Cola"... it's *the real thing.*

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